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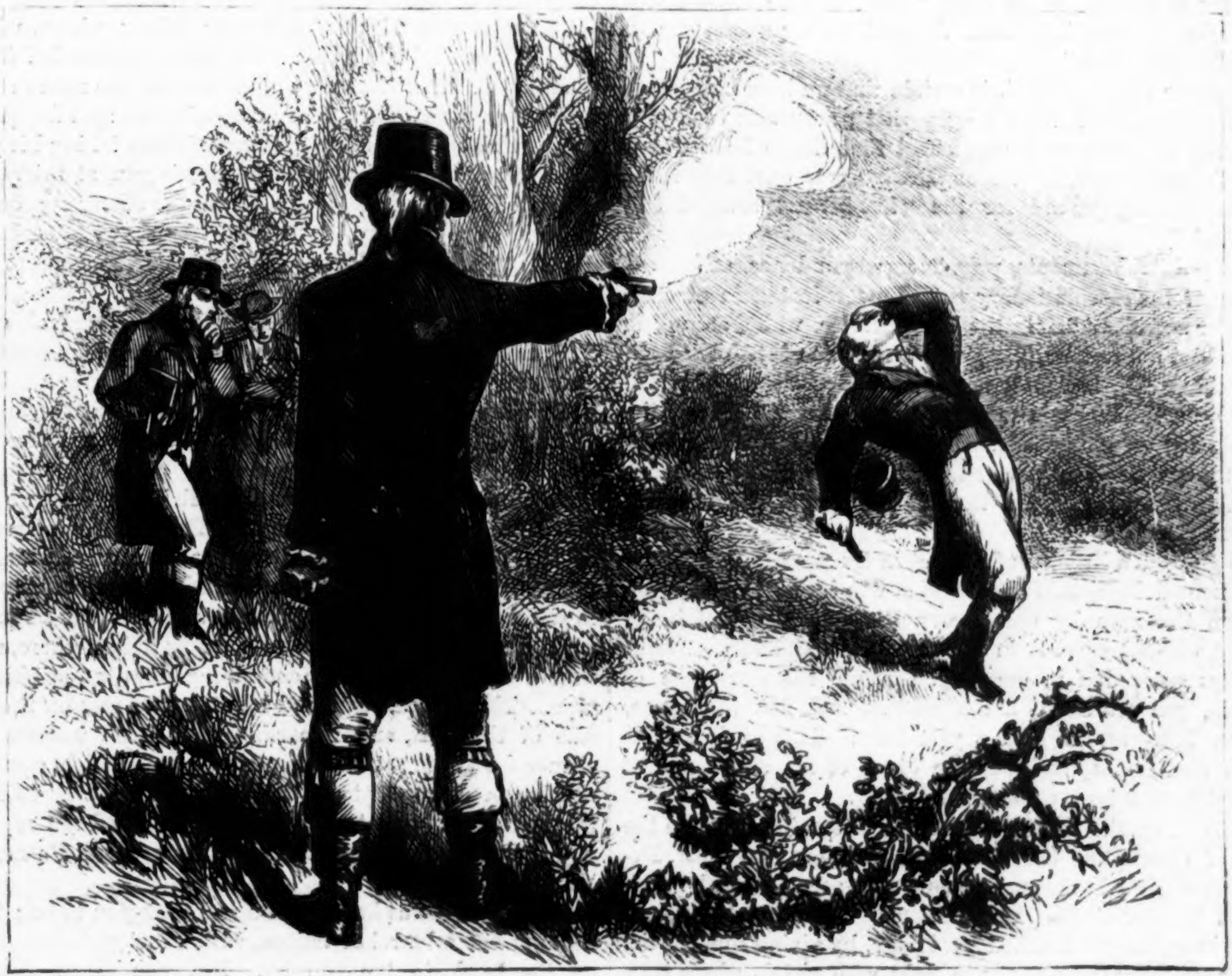
MEMORABLE AMERICAN DUELS.

The history of dueling dates back as far as that of the Romans, when single combat prevailed; and one instance in particular is related as having taken place about 361 B.C., when Torquatus fought in single combat with a Gaul.

Asiatic history shows that the custom prevailed in that country, and the Arabs of the time of Mohammed were familiar with it. It is said that the modern character of dueling was given to it by the barbarians who overran the Roman Empire, and who instituted the "ordeal by battle" or "judicial combat," the purpose of which ostensibly was



DUEL BETWEEN BURR AND HAMILTON.

to vindicate the innocent. This mode of trial was legalized as early as A.D. 501, and for centuries after the practice continued; while even in England it was recognized as legal to so late a date as 1818—being only abolished by Parliament in the following year. In France the judicial character of this custom was never formally admitted after 1547.

What is now understood by the term duel, dates from the first half of the sixteenth century; and within an hundred years later, we find the first instance on record in the history of the western continent. In 1621, on June 18th, a duel took place at Plymouth, Mass., between two servants, one of whom challenged the other to single combat with sword and dagger. In the struggle which followed, both were wounded; and both were thereafter punished by the Plymouth Company for what was esteemed an outrage on the colony, by the ignominous treatment of having their heads and feet tied together, and lying thus without meat or drink. The punishment was at first assigned to last twenty-four hours; but after suffering in the painful posture described for one hour, at their master's intercession and their own humble request, combined with the promise of amendment, they were released by the governor. The names of these two Puritan duelists were Edward Doty and Edward Lester. It is believed that the ridiculous situation which was imposed upon them as a punishment for their misdemeanor, together with the fact that the first combat of this character occurred between menials, combined to bring the custom into disfavor, and may not improbably be the reason for the difference of opinion in this regard between the North and the South. Sabine says:

"A personal combat between the renowned Miles Standish and John Alden to adjust their difference about that arch maiden, Priscilla Mullens, would have been respectable, and might have afforded a precedent; but no persons of standing, for a generation at least, were likely to imitate two serving-men, who had been doomed to a punishment so entirely ridiculous."

However this may be, it is certain that we hear nothing of duels at the North for a long period afterward; though a tradition did grow up to the effect that Castle Island, now Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor, was once celebrated as the dueling-ground for the "hot-headed sons of Old England."

The public documents, private correspondence, and newspapers of the Revolutionary era, cite few instances of challenge or actual contest in the Whig service, while, according to the best authorities, there was very little of it on the Loyalist side. Altogether, it may be readily believed that the practice of dueling was not common during the War of the Revolution on either side. It was not until the year 1799 that the practice had reached such a position in the American Army as to require the intervention of its superior officers.

To go back a little, we find that in the year 1728, a young man named Benjamin Woodbridge was killed in a duel on Boston Common by one Henry Phillips, the duel being fought without seconds in the night-time, and with swords. Phillips succeeded in escaping, through the assistance of friends, got on board a man-of-war, and fled to France, where, however, he died a year later. This affair created much excitement, and was the cause of the enactment of very stringent laws against dueling.

In 1771, on the 16th of August, an altercation arose in the City of Charleston, between Dr. John Haley and a Mr. Delancey, of New York, an "elegant and accomplished royalist," a brother of Mrs. Ralph Izzard. Delancey being irritated in argument, insulted Dr. Haley, by giving him the lie. Haley challenged Delancey to fight with pistols where they then were, and the duel took place in an upper room, alone and without seconds. Delancey took one of the pistols offered him by Haley; they fought across a table, fired at the same moment, and Delancey was killed. Dr. Haley was an Irishman by birth, and an eminent practitioner of medicine in Charleston. Delancey being a prominent man among the royalists, much irritation was exhibited among them about his death, and the circumstances attending it. The Whigs, on the other hand, defended Dr. Haley, and concealed him until his trial came on. He was defended by Thomas Hayward, the Pinckneys, and the Rutledges, who proved that Delancey was the aggressor, and also that he had fired with an intent to kill Haley with his own pistol, the two bullets with which it was loaded being taken out of the wall on each side of where he stood. Haley was acquitted—a result considered as a great triumph by the Whigs, the popular party, and by the Royalists a proportionate source of chagrin.

In 1777, Button Gwinnett and Lackland McIntosh, the former a member of Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the latter an officer in the army in the Revolution, fought a duel with pistols at a distance apart of twelve feet. Both were wounded, Gwinnett mortally. The cause of this duel was personal enmity and rivalry. The two were competitors for the office of brigadier-general, in which competition McIntosh was successful. Subsequently, Gwinnett failed in his expectation of being elected Governor of Georgia, and McIntosh having indulged in some exulting expressions in reference to this, the duel ensued. The duel was fought near Savannah. At its conclusion, the combatants shook hands.

General Israel Putnam, the "Old Put" of the American Revolutionary army, had two "affairs" during the war. His biographer records them in detail, although neither adds to Putnam's fame, since he was bound to fight "according to usage," or decline the calls.

The first was with an American officer, whom, without design, he offended at table. The officer demanded instant satisfaction. Putnam agreed to meet him the next morning without seconds. The officer repaired to the spot designated, armed with sword and pistols, and, before taking his place, was greeted with a shot from Putnam's gun, at thirty rods. As Putnam was reloading his piece, the officer approached, and asked:

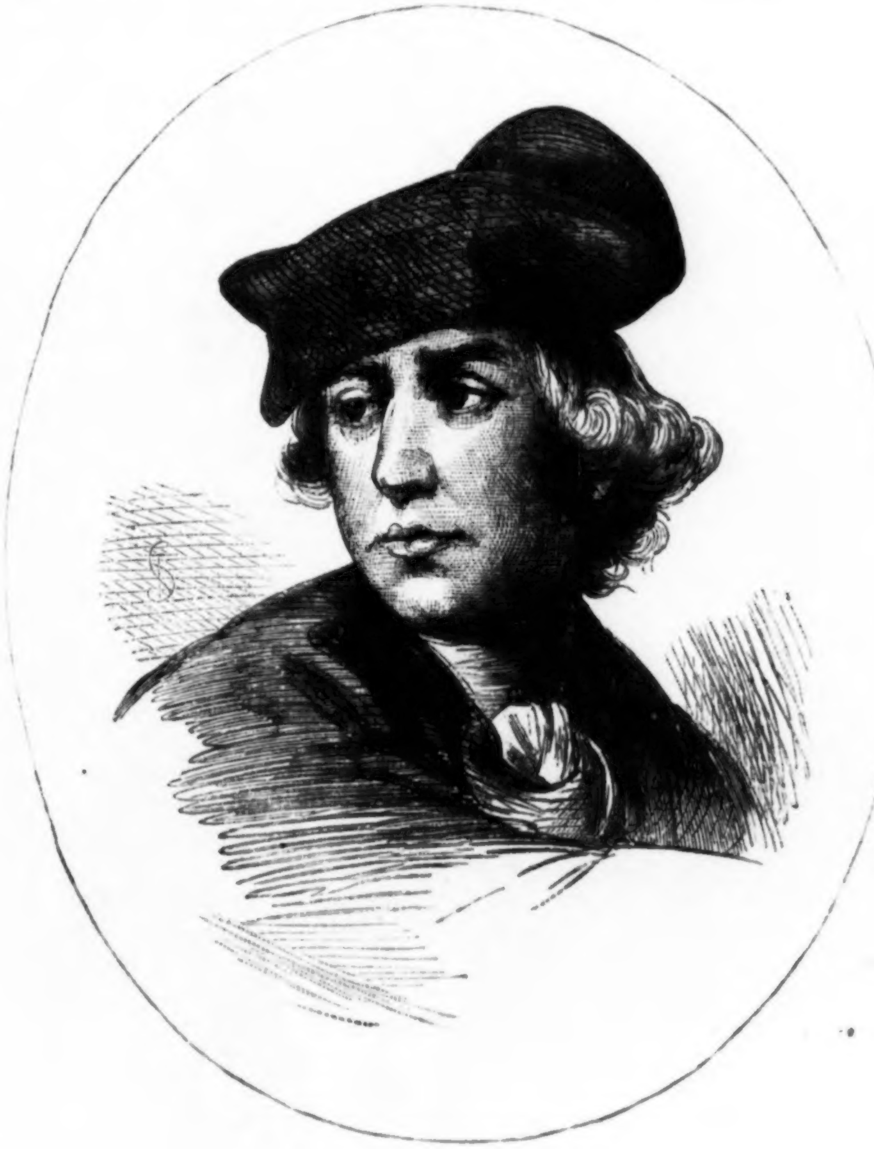
"What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?"

"What am I about to do?" replied the general, coolly. "A pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder! I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." The officer turned and fled.

Putnam's second affair was with a British officer, who was, at the time, a prisoner on parole. Offended at some remarks of the general, he sent Putnam a challenge, which was promptly accepted. As the challenged party, Putnam agreed to select the weapon, and appear at a place which he named, with arms for both. The officer found him there, seated near a barrel—apparently containing powder—smoking his pipe. The general requested him to take a seat on the other side of the cask, and remarking that there was an equal chance for them, set fire to a slow-match which communicated with the contents of the barrel. The officer looked at the match a moment, as the fire approached the supposed powder, and then departed. As he retired, Putnam exclaimed:

"You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions, with a few grains of powder on the head, to try you by. But you don't like the smell."

1778 was a momentous year for duels. At that time, Georgia was the seat of the war. Prevost's invasion had been defeated, and the country rescued from depredation by the Carolina troops under General Robert Howe. But in this expedition the Carolinians suffered greatly, were badly fed and provided, and being stationed during the most sickly season of the year in the most unhealthy part of Georgia, were reduced to half their number by deaths, discharges, and desertions, and were finally driven out of Georgia by Colonel Campbell's 2,000 regular troops. For this result the conduct of Howe was censured, although, as is believed, without just cause. Among others who raised their voices against him, was Christopher Gadsden, of Charleston, who wrote a letter severely characterizing the conduct of General Howe. The latter required a retraction, which Gadsen refused to give, and a duel ensued. They met at Cannonsburgh ; but all the damage sustained by either was a scratch upon the ear, received by Gadsden from Howe's bullet. In this affair, Bernard Elliott was the second of Gadsden, and General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of Howe. The duel occurred on the 13th of August, and after its conclusion Howe and Gadsden became warm friends.



GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

An interesting incident in connection with this combat was the writing by Major Andre of a humorous poetical account of the affair, ending in this wise:

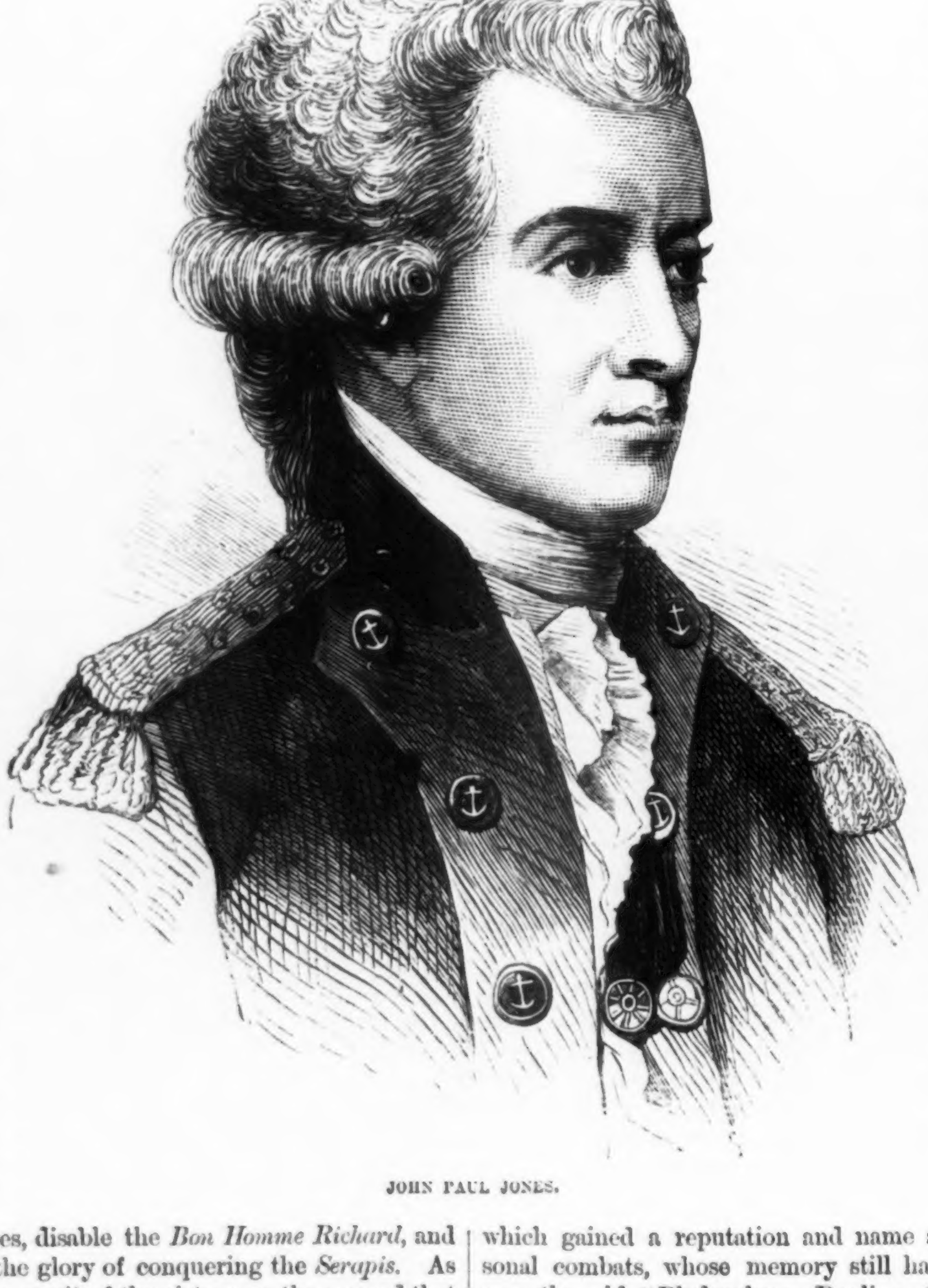
> "Such honor did they both display,
> They highly were commended;
> And thus in short this gallant fray
> Without mischance was ended.
>
> "No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
> Will e'er by them be started;
> And now the chiefs, no longer foes,
> Shook hands, and so they parted."

In the same year a duel was fought between Major-General Charles Lee and Colonel John Laurens, an aid of the Commander-in-Chief. Lee had come to America in 1773, the chief cause of his emigration from England having been, as is believed, his fighting with an Italian officer, whom he killed. He had the reputation of having been concerned in several "affairs of honor" prior to the period under consideration. After his trial, occasioned by his conduct at the Battle of Monmouth, Lee published a defense in which he reflected upon General Washington. Colonel Laurens felt impelled to notice this conduct, and accordingly sent Lee a challenge, which was accepted. The two met in a wood, near Philadelphia, General Lee being attended by a Major Edwards, and Colonel Laurens by Colonel Hamilton. Pistols were the weapons chosen, and the two combatants were provided with a brace each, when General Lee proposed to advance one upon the other, and each fire whenever he chose. To his proposition Colonel Laurens agreed, and the two approached each other until within about five or six paces distance, when they exchanged shots almost at the same moment. General Lee was slightly wounded at the first fire, and the combat was about to be renewed, when the seconds interfered, and the affair ceased.

Shortly after this duel, General Lee became embroiled in a quarrel with William Henry Drayton, Chief Justice of South Carolina. He challenged the judge, who, however, declined to go out; alleging that he was not bound "to sacrifice his public reputation and outrage public character merely to gratify General Lee in the line of his profession."

The next important duel in the history of this country, still in the same year, was that of Thomas Conway, a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, and General John Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania. General Thomas Conway was born in Ireland, and received his military education in France. He came to this country with strong recommendations ; and in 1777 was appointed brigadier-general by Congress. He was chiefly distinguished by his hostility to Washington and by his ridiculous endeavors to place General Gates in chief command of the army. In consequence of having calumniated Washington, he was challenged by General Cadwalader, and a duel was fought between them near Philadelphia on February 22d, 1778. Conway was dangerously wounded, his adversary's bullet having entered his mouth, when he fell directly on his face. Thinking his injury mortal, he wrote Washington a note, in which he expressed his grief for having said, done, or written anything disagreeable to him. He, however, though painfully injured, recovered from the wound. It is said that immediately after being shot, and as soon as he was able to speak, General Conway, turning to his opponent, said, good-humoredly, "You fire, general, with much deliberation, and certainly with a great deal of effect."

Still another duel occurred in 1778, of interest in connection with the history of dueling in the United States, although the combat actually took place in Holland. The antagonists in this affair were Pierre Landais and a Captain Cottinneau, both officers in the navy of the United States. It appears that Landais behaved infamously in the celebrated battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. He was in command of the frigate *Lyons*; and, disobeying the signal of John Paul Jones, he placed his ship in a position where he could be a spectator of the fight, until the *Richard* and *Serapis* had grappled, when he bore down under easy sail and deliberately fired into the *Richard*. This was no doubt his intention, for he would not desist, though he was hailed from the *Richard*. Landais was accordingly, on charges preferred by officers of the American ships, summoned to Paris by Franklin to answer for his conduct. Cottinneau was a witness against him; and this circumstance, combined with the fact that other differences had occurred between the two during the cruise, gave rise to the duel. It was the opinion at the time that Landais intended to kill Jones, disable the *Bon Homme Richard*, and obtain for himself the glory of conquering the *Serapis*. As it was, he claimed the merit of the victory on the ground that he gave a raking fire which caused the *Serapis* to surrender. In the duel with Cottinneau, which was fought with small swords, Landais, who was a master of that weapon, gave his opponent a severe wound. Afterward, elated by his success in this affair, he sent a challenge to Commodore John Paul Jones. The commodore, however, dispatched officers to arrest him, when he made his escape.



JOHN PAUL JONES.

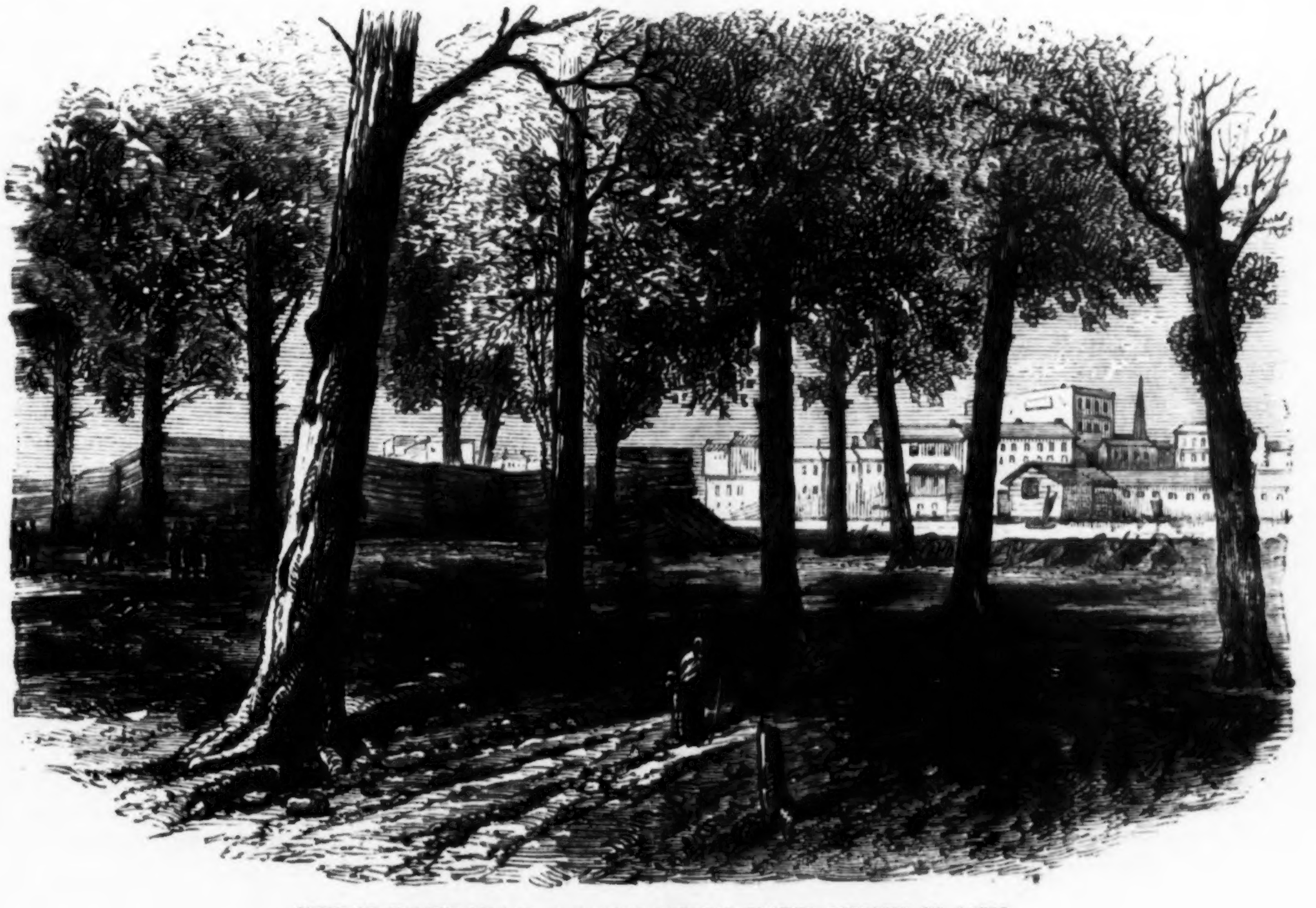
The next historical incident in the way of dueling is the case of Captain Gunn, of Georgia, who, in 1785, challenged General Nathaniel Greene It appears that during Greene's service at the South, Gunn had exchanged a horse with a brother officer, and, by the general's order, had been tried for the offense, and compelled to make restitution. On this circumstance, on Greene's removal to Georgia, Gunn based his demand for satisfaction, and offered a formal challenge. This, on being refused, was followed by a second. The latter meeting with the same treatment, Gunn threatened a personal assault, to which Greene's reply was that he always carried pistols. The two never met. The general, under apprehension that his conduct might be misinterpreted, gave Washington a full history of the affair, and asked his opinion, to which Washington replied:

"I give it as my decided opinion that your honor and reputation will stand not only perfectly acquitted with the non-acceptance of his, Gunn's, challenge, but that your prudence and judgment would have been condemned by accepting it; because, if an officer is amenable to the private difficulties which the discharge of his duty may occasion, he can never move to the right or left, as there are few military decisions which are not offensive to one party or another."

In the early days of the history of the United States there was a small patch of low, unreclaimed land, lying a half mile or so beyond the boundary of the District of Columbia, and within a mile of Bladensburg, which gained a reputation and name as the scene of personal combats, whose memory still hangs about it. This was the old "Bladensburg Dueling Ground." It was a gloomy-looking place, occupying, perhaps, about ten or fifteen acres, shadowed by sycamores and cedars, heavy masses of brambles and shrubbery, all of which served to conceal the spot from the surrounding country. There could scarcely have been a more suitable place for a duel than this. It was just outside the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia, was easy of approach from the City of Washington, and convenient of escape from the authorities of Maryland. Hemmed in on three sides by hills, on the fourth, by which the road ran, it was effectually screened from observation by the foliage of trees and overhanging vines.

As early as 1814 it is recorded that Edward Hopkins, of Maryland, an ensign of infantry, was slain in a duel on or about this spot. Many other meetings occurred here. Indeed, the number is said to have been as many as fifty, in some of which the difficulties were amicably arranged after the parties came on the field, while others were settled after an exchange of shots. In some the conflict was continued until one or both parties were wounded, and in a few death resulted from the first fire.

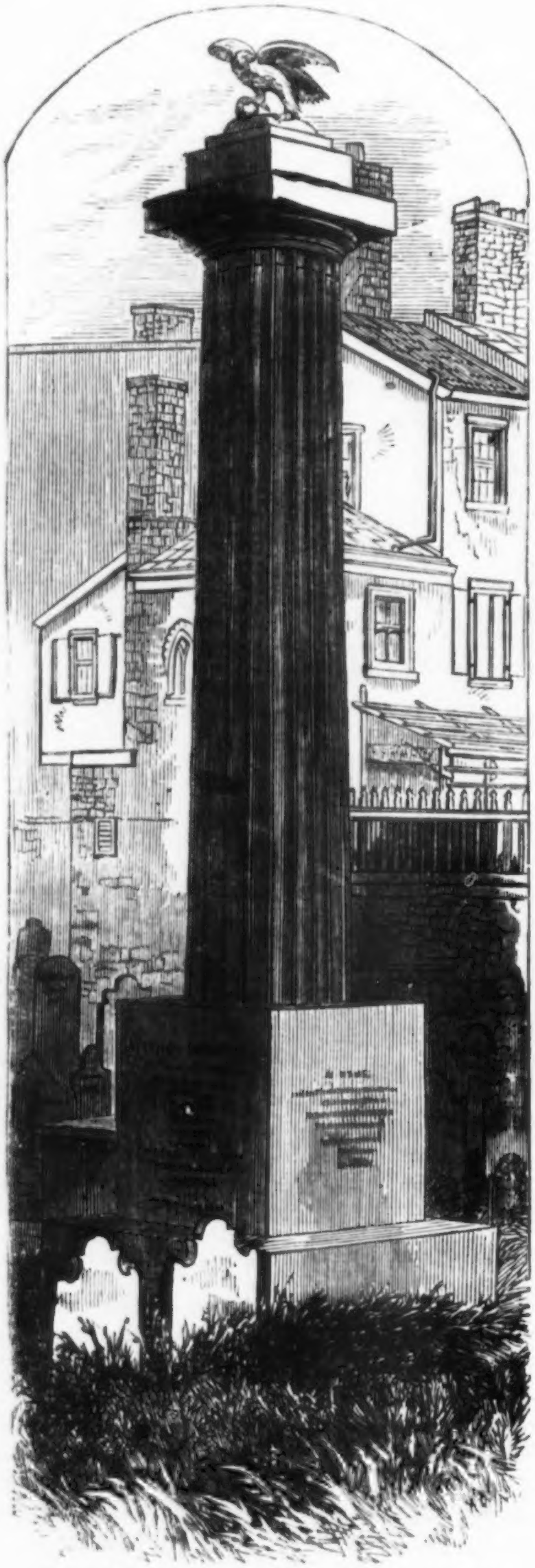
One of the most desperate of the numerous encounters which have made this locality famous occurred on the 6th of February, 1819, between General Armstead T. Mason, formerly a Senator in Congress from Virginia, and Colonel John M. M'Carty. The parties to this affair were second cousins, and quarreled about politics, which ran high in Virginia. Several months previous to the meeting they had an altercation at the polls at Leesburg, occasioned by Mason having challenged M'Carty's vote. The result of this action was a challenge on the part of M'Carty to a duel, for which, however, he prescribed the terms and conditions and method of arrangement, to which Mason refused to submit, and on account of which, by the advice of his friends, he declined the challenge ; notifying M'Carty, however, that he would accept a challenge in proper form. To this notification M'Carty paid no attention, but published Mason as a coward. Mason then challenged M'Carty, when M'Carty declined on the ground of alleged cowardice on the part of the challenger.



VIEW OF BLOODY ISLAND, A FAMOUS DUELING GROUND OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS.

Here, for a time, the affair ended. Some months afterward, by the interposition of other parties—and some say General Jackson was one of them—Mason again challenged M'Carty, after having resigned his commission, as he alleged in a published card, for the special purpose of fighting him. M'Carty again declined, and a great deal of acrimonious discussion resulted between all those who saw fit to concern themselves in the matter, resulting in a number of reckless propositions on the part of M'Carty. One of these was that he and Mason should leap together from the dome of the Capitol ; another, that they should fight together on a barrel of powder ; a third, to fight with dirks in a hand-to-hand encounter. Finally, a proposition on his part to fight with muskets, charged with buckshot, at ten paces distance, was accepted —though this was afterward modified by the substitution of a single ball for the buckshot, and twelve feet instead of ten as the allotted distance—and on Friday evening, the 5th of February, the parties, attended by their friends, drove to Bladensburg, where, on the following morning at eight o'clock, the meeting took place. The muzzles of their muskets, when the duelists were placed in position, were almost in contact ; and when at the word both fired, Mason fell dead, while his antagonist was severely wounded in the arm and shoulder. M'Carty recovered from his wound, but is related to have suffered horribly during the remainder of his life from the effect upon his mind of this unnatural encounter.

The next fatal duel on the Bladensburg ground took place on March 22d, 1820, between James Barron and Stephen Decatur, both post captains in the American Navy. Decatur is said to have always recognized the authority of the duello in adjusting private difficulties, and even went so far in this respect as to favor the adoption of its principles in war, by antagonizing ship against ship. His first affair occurred in 1799, when a young lieutenant, attached to a frigate of the United States. Some of his enlisted men had afterward entered on board an India ship, from whose first officer Decatur demanded the deserters. The officer, in the course of the interview, insulted him, and by the advice of hi father, Decatur demanded an apology, which, being refused, a challenge followed. The parties met on the banks of the Delaware, near Newcastle, when Decatur wounded his antagonist in the hip, escaping himself without harm. In 1801, while serving on board the frigate *Essex*, in the Mediterranean, Decatur challenged a Spanish officer who had treated him discourteously. The Spanish Captain-General interfering, however, a personal conflict was prevented. During the war of 1812, Decatur offered Sir Thomas Hardy, in a written communication, to meet the British frigates *Endymion* and *Statyra* with the *United States*, his own ship, and the *Macedonian*. Sir Thomas Hardy, however, declined the challenge, and the matter came to an end.


THE TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR, IN ST. PETER'S CHURCHYARD, PHILADELPHIA.

In the duel with Barron, Captain William Bainbridge was the second of Decatur, Captain Jesse O. Elliot that of Barron. Before he fired, Barron observed to his antagonist that he hoped, on meeting him in another world, they would be better friends than in this. Decatur replied, "I have never been your enemy, sir." At the first shot both fell. They fired so near together that but one report was heard. Decatur was apparently shot dead; but reviving after a while, he and Barron had a short conversation while they lay on the ground. The physician who attended the parties is said to have made the remark that the situation reminded him of the closing scene of the tragedy of "Hamlet," and the interview between *Laertes* and the *Dane*. Decatur was conveyed to Washington, where he expired just before eleven o'clock on the same night, at his residence near Lafayette Square. The house in which he died was afterward occupied by Mr. Livingston, while Secretary of State during the administration of President Jackson, and subsequently by Mr. Van Buren, while Vice-President of the United States. Barron was also borne to Washington, where he was confined by his wound until the 10th of April, when he left for his home at Hampton, Va.

The death of Decatur produced a profound sensation throughout the country. The cause of this duel was the fact that Commodore Decatur was a member of both the Court of Inquiry and the Court-martial in the trial of Commodore Barron for neglecting his duty while in command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, by whose decision the latter was suspended from the service. Afterward Commodore Barron applied for restoration to his rank, and this being opposed by Decatur, the feeling between the two assumed the character of a personal enmity, which resulted as we have stated.

A painful occurrence, which may be related as prefatory to the celebrated duel between Hamilton and Burr, cost the famous Alexander Hamilton the life of his son. This young Philip Hamilton was only eighteen years of age, a lad of singular promise, and particularly endeared to his father by his brilliant talents and noble temper. He had recently graduated from Columbia College with honor, delivering, on the occasion, an oration which had attracted considerable praise. In 1801, a Fourth of July orator leveled some exceedingly severe and unjust censure at the elder Hamilton. Philip, happening one evening in company with a friend to enter a box at the theatre, discovered the obnoxious orator near him; when, taking advantage of the occasion, the two young men began to ridicule the oration in question in loud tones. Enraged at this, the party who had offended them arose, and summoning the two young men into the lobby, seized young Hamilton by the coat-collar, applied an insulting epithet to both, and then left, with the remark that he expected to hear from them, and if he did not, he should treat them both as disgraced persons. No way appearing out of the unfortunate affair save by a challenge, a meeting took place between Hamilton's friend and their opponent, when four shots were exchanged without injury to either combatant. This was followed by a challenge from Philip Hamilton, and at this meeting the unfortunate young man fell, mortally wounded, at the first fire of his antagonist. He lingered in excessive anguish for nearly twenty hours, when death came to his relief. It is related of his father, that, hearing of the meeting, before he heard of the result he hastened to summon his physician, but fainted by the way. This is said to have been the severest bereavement of Hamilton's life.

The duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, took place on July 11th, 1804, at Weehawken, on the Jersey shore, opposite the City of New York, at seven o'clock in the morning. In this affair Burr was the challenger, his grounds being the alleged assertion on the part of Hamilton that Burr was a "dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." Several letters passed between them in reference to the charge, Hamilton taking exception to the tone of Burr's demand for retraction; and the matter became so complicated in the course of the correspondence, that it became impossible for any amicable solution of the difficulty to be effected. Colonel Trumbull mentions that, on July 4th, he dined with the "Cincinnati" of New York, and met, among others, General Hamilton and Colonel Burr; that the singularity of their manner was observed by all, though few had any conception of the cause; that while Burr was silent, gloomy, and sour, Hamilton entered with glee into all the gayety of the convivial party, and even sang an old military song. It is to be remembered as to this incident, that Hamilton had been chosen to hold the distinguished position of President-General of the Society, and was obliged to preside; and also that, in this position, it was necessary that he should exert himself to appear even more than usually cheerful.

Hamilton himself, in a public explanation of his "conduct, motives, and views," alleges that the impossibility of his avoiding the meeting arose from intrinsic difficulties and artificial embarrassments from the manner of proceeding on the part of Colonel Burr. On the 9th of July, Hamilton executed his will, leaving his entire property, after the payment of all debts, to his wife.

The particulars of the duel have gone into history on the strength of the statements made by the seconds of the parties—Mr. William P. Van Ness on the part of Burr, and Colonel Pendleton on that of Hamilton. The place selected for the scene of the duel was a little secluded ledge beneath the heights of Weehawken, and not far above the level of the Hudson. It was the very spot where Philip Hamilton had fallen about three years before. The parties came up the stream by boat from New York, Burr and his friends arriving first, by special arrangement. The parties being placed, the word was given, when Hamilton, raising himself convulsively, fell forward on his face, his pistol being discharged as he sank to the ground, sending the ball whizzing through the foliage of the surrounding trees. Van Ness and Burr immediately hurried to their boat. Colonel Pendleton and Dr. Hosack, who were in attendance, raised Hamilton into a sitting posture, when it was discovered that he had been struck in the right side. He was just able to articulate "this is a mortal wound," when he fell into a swoon. As he was carried gently to the river-bank, he opened his eyes for a moment, and said, "My vision is indistinct." Later, General Hamilton declared that he met Colonel Burr with a fixed resolution to do him no harm, and that he forgave all that had happened. He lingered during the remainder of that day, and the night following, but died at two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day.

Excepting the assassination of Lincoln, it is probable that no event since the death of Washington has created the general sorrow which was felt and expressed at the melancholy termination of this most unhappy affair. Mr. Morse, in his "Life of Hamilton," says:

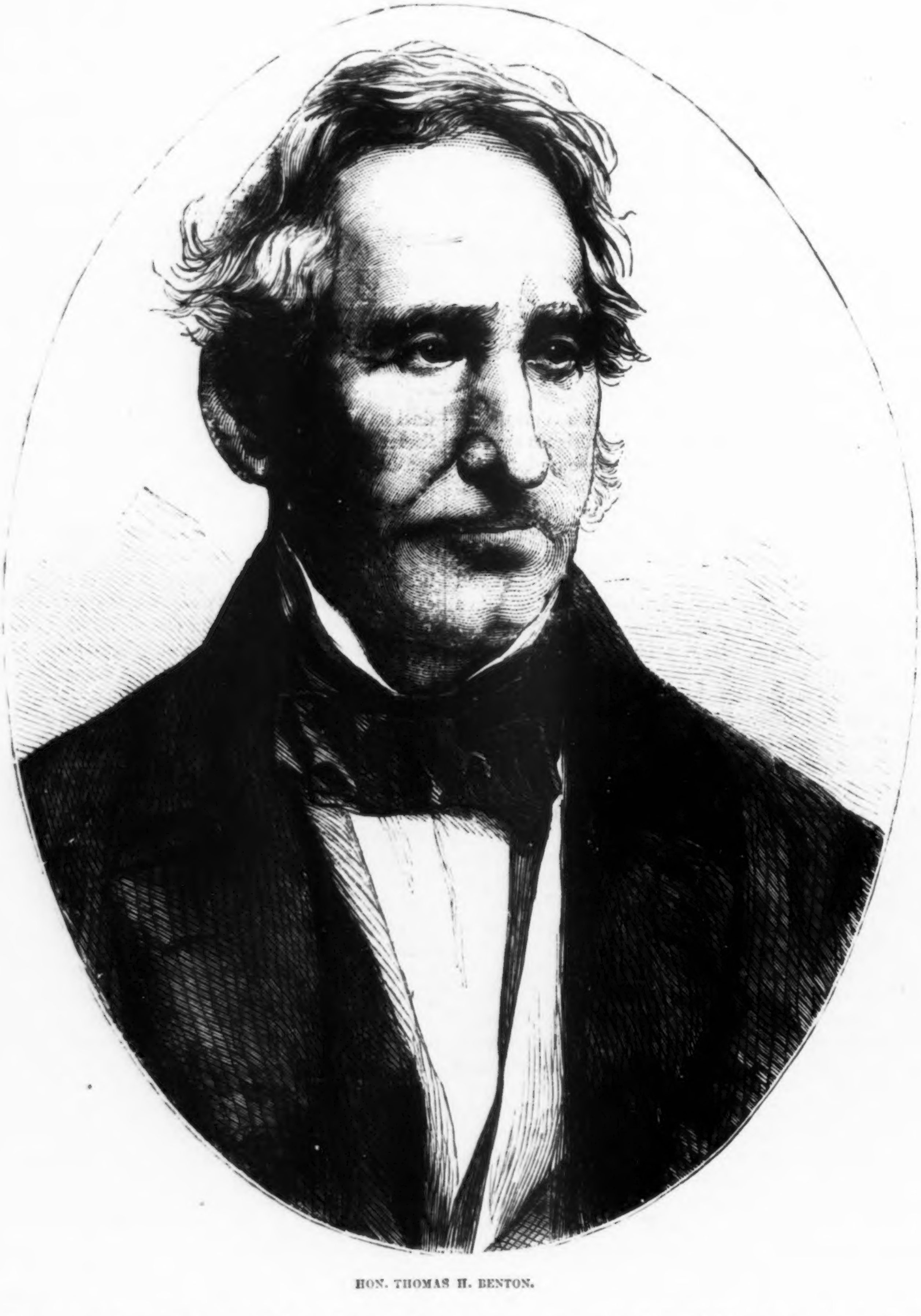
"The city was not a safe place for Burr. He fled for his life, and his terrified myrmidons hastened to avail themselves of the protection of obscurity. Never again could that blood-stained man redeem his reputation before mankind, so infinitely more fatal was that duel to the survivor than the victim."

Burr was disfranchised by the laws of New York, for having fought a duel, and was indicted for murder in New Jersey. The affair had the effect of arousing the public mind of people in the Free States to a positive horror of dueling. The Society of the Cincinnati took the question under consideration, and General C. C. Pinckney, vice-president of that body, proposed that it should resolutely set its face against the practice. Yet, in the Far West, and in some portions of the South, Burr gained a positive increase of popularity by this affair. On the day of Hamilton's funeral, the bells of New York tolled continually, minute-guns were fired from the forts, and the whole city was in mourning.

In 1802, De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout disputed on political affairs, in which Alexander Hamilton was involved, and which resulted two years later in the duel between Hamilton and Burr. In the present instance, the seconds were Richard Riker and W. S. Smith. The duel took place near the City of New York, and five shots were actually exchanged; the first and second without effect, the third similarly inoffensive, but the fourth resulting in Mr. Swartwout's being wounded. At the fifth shot, Mr. Swartwout was again wounded, when Mr. Clinton declined to fight longer. In the following year, De Witt Clinton was again challenged, this time by Jonathan Dayton, both Senators in Congress, the occasion being words spoken in debate. In this affair, Mr. Clinton made an explanation, which was deemed satisfactory, and no meeting took place.

Henry Clay fought two duels, and was the challenger in both. The first was in 1808, with Humphrey Marshall, a fellow-member of the Legislature in Kentucky. Mr. Marshall was a gentleman of talents, of high position, and a Federalist of great influence. He was the constant opponent of Mr. Clay in debate, and finally indulged in personal remarks, which were so denunciatory and severe as to draw a message from the latter. They met, exchanged two or three shots, and retired from the field, each slightly wounded. In 1826 Clay challenged John Randolph, of Roanoke, and the two met on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. This duel was also occasioned by political difference, the two gentlemen having been warm friends before their meeting, and continuing to be so thereafter. The night before the occasion, Randolph told General Hamilton, of South Carolina, that he had determined to receive without returning Clay's fire. The meeting took place at four o'clock in the evening. Randolph was one of the best shots in Virginia, but from being unaccustomed to fire with a hair-trigger, his pistol exploded before the word was given, the muzzle being down. On the word being given for the second time, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. As soon as Mr. Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, he approached the latter, and said with emotion: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

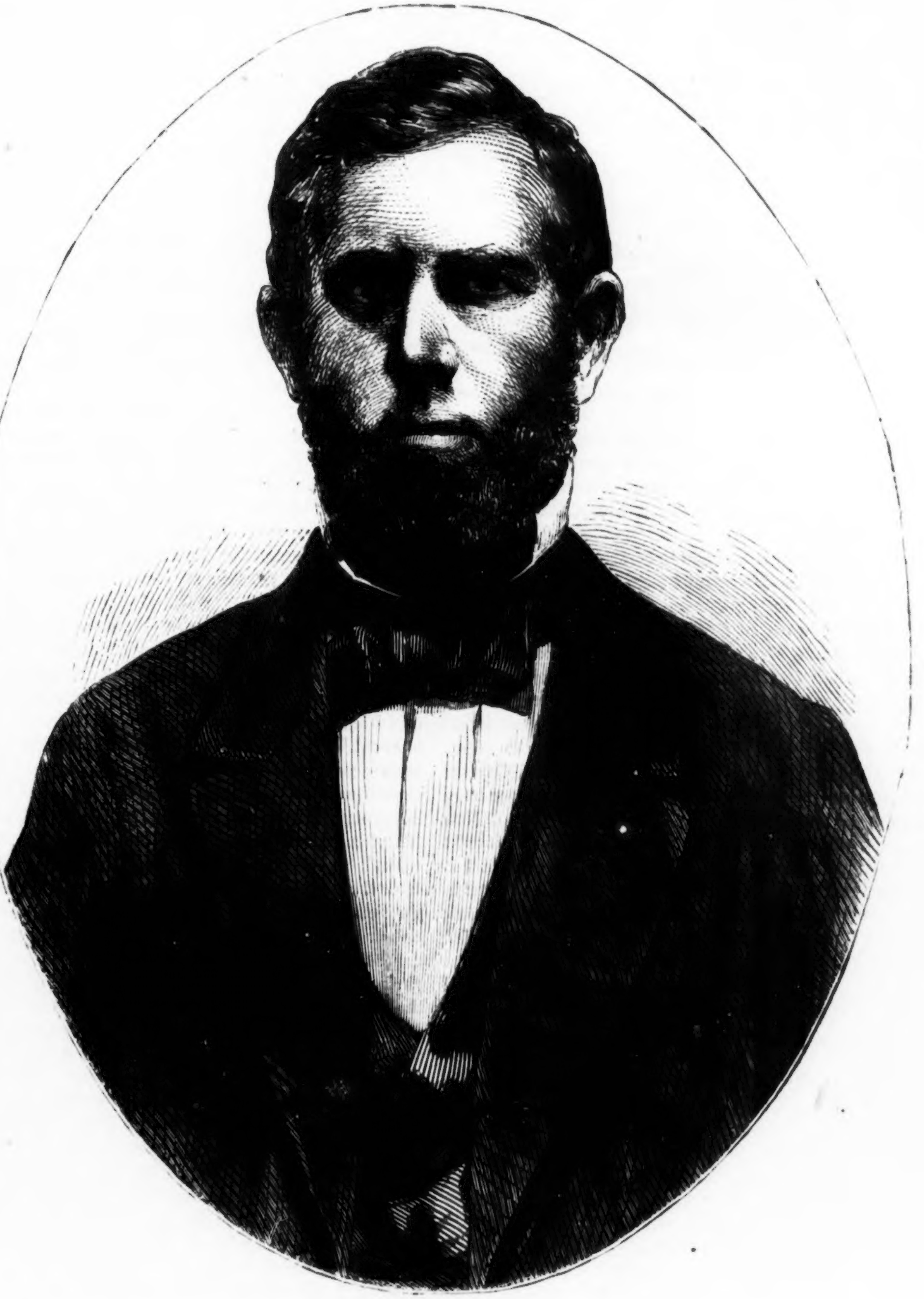
The duel between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson took place on May 30th, 1806, at a spot about a day's ride from Nashville, Tennessee. Dickinson was said to have been a crack shot, and on his way to the rendezvous amused his associates by displaying his wonderful skill with a pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls each at the word of command, into a space which could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times he cut a string with his bullet from the same distance. It is related that he left a severed string hanging near a tavern, and said to the landlord, as he rode off: "If General Jackson comes along this road, show him that." The meeting took place in the morning, and both parties appeared to be perfectly collected. The arrangement agreed upon was, that the pistols were to be held downward until the word was given to fire, then each man was to fire as soon as he pleased. As soon as the word was given, Dickinson raised his pistol and fired. A puff of dust flew from the breast of Jackson's coat, and his second saw him raise his left arm, and saw him place it tightly across his chest. He, however, stood firm, while Dickinson recoiled, crying out, "Great God, have I missed him!" A moment after, General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place, took aim a second time, and fired. Dickinson reeled, his face turned white, and as his friends hurried toward him, he sunk upon the ground. The ball passed through the body below the ribs. It was only after this that it was discovered that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. On examination, it was found that



HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

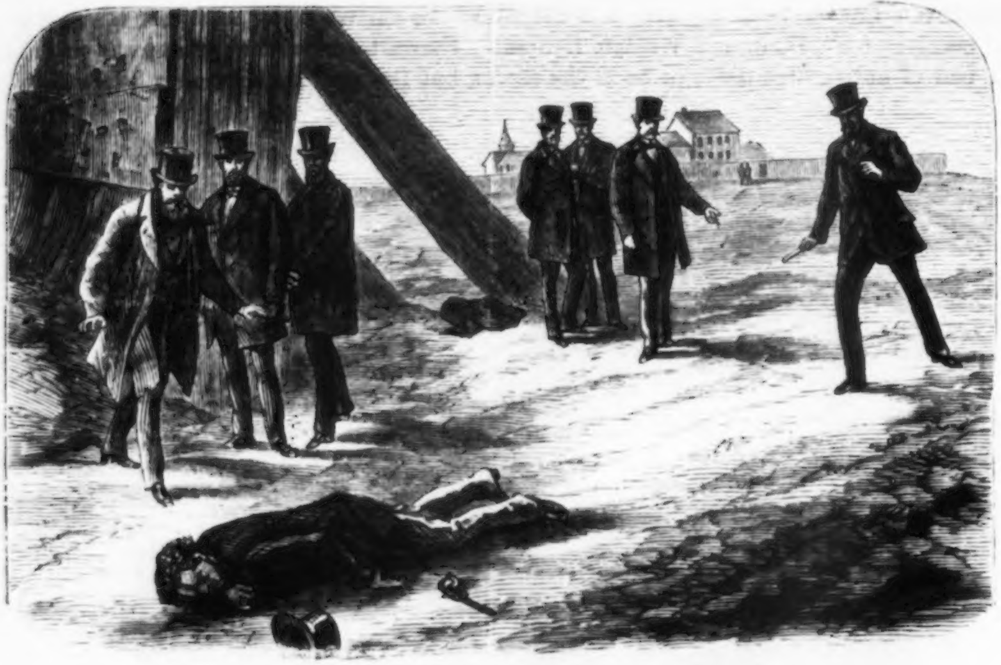
Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent a ball precisely where Jackson's heart ought to have been, but the thinness of his body, and the fact of his wearing a loose coat, combined to deceive the marksman, and the ball had only broken a rib or two, making a painful and bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous. Dickinson bled to death, dying at about nine o'clock in the evening. Jackson's wound, to which at first little attention had been paid, proved in the end to be more severe than had been anticipated. It was nearly a month before he could move about without inconvenience, and when the wound healed it healed falsely. Twenty years after, this forgotten wound forced itself upon his remembrance, and kepttse lf there for many a year. It was, in fact, Dickinson's bullet that killed Andrew Jackson.

In 1827, a duel took place at Hoboken, New Jersey, between W. G. Graham, associate editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, and a Mr. Barton. In this affair, Graham was killed. It is stated that he admitted himself to have been in the wrong, the offense given having been a blow. Although he was conscious of being in fault, Graham would not confess it, from a foolish fear of anticipated disgrace, but preferred rather to follow a custom against which he had protested and which he despised.



HON. D. BRODERICK, OF CALIFORNIA.

In 1820, a duel was fought in Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois, which, it has been contended, was the first and last duel fought in that State. The circumstances about this meeting made it peculiar. The seconds had made it up to have a sham duel; the parties being Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett. Stewart, one of the parties, was supposed to be in the secret, but Bennett, his adversary, believed it to be a reality. It is supposed that the latter suspected the trick, and after receiving his gun from his second, rolled a ball into it. However this may have been, Stewart, at the word "fire," fell mortally wounded. Bennett was indicted, tried, and convicted of murder. Great efforts were made to



DUEL BETWEEN PIERRE SOULÉ AND THE MARQUIS DE TURGOT.

procure his pardon, but the Governor would yield to no entreaties, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, being hanged in the presence of a great multitude of people. The result of this affair made dueling discreditable and unpopular in Illinois.

In 1804, James Cheetham, editor of the *American Citizen*, a Democrat, challenged William Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, then a Federal paper of great influence. These gentlemen were, in fact, both prominent citizens of New York, and ranked as the leading editors of the day. The difficulty between them was occasioned by an acrimonious controversy in their two newspapers, but it never reached a meeting; certain gentlemen on both political sides interfering to prevent this. There resulted from the affair, however, an actual duel between Coleman and Captain Thompson, Harbor master of New York, and which occurred in the same year, near University Place, in the City of New York. The parties met at night, in the Winter, and fought in the snow. It was so dark that, before the combat was closed, they were compelled to draw nearer to each other in order to see where to fire. Several shots were exchanged, and at length Thompson cried out, "I have got it!" and fell mortally wounded. The secret of this affair was kept, not being even divulged by the dying man, and years had elapsed before the particulars were generally known.

Tom Benton is reported to have fought a number of duels. In one of these, which is said to have been forced upon him, he killed his opponent, Mr. Lucas; an event deeply regretted, and all the papers relating to which he destroyed.

Senator Foote was engaged in three affairs of honor. His first duel was with a Mr. Winston, of Tuscumbia, Ala., in which he was slightly wounded in the left shoulder. In the political excitement of the times of 1853, Foote became involved in a quarrel with S. S. Prentiss, a brilliant Western editor. The dispute culminated in a duel. The fight took place on the Arkansas shore, opposite Vicksburg, and Foote was badly wounded. Prentiss treated this affair from the beginning as a joke, and from the time the meeting was agreed upon, amused himself and the public with a continued volley of witticisms at his antagonist's expense. Governor Foote was a most courageous man, but it was proverbial that, while he would stand up and be fired at without the slightest hesitation, he was said to be such a poor shot that "he could not hit a barn-door at ten paces." When the affair came off, the ferryboat which crossed the river from Vicksburg had a busy time carrying the crowds that crossed the river to see the sport. Prentiss continued to treat the matter, even when on the ground, in the same spirit of levity which had hitherto characterized his consideration of it. After he was placed to his stand it is said that he heard a twig of a tree break over his head, and, looking up, observed a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed boy belonging to one of his neighbors. "Get down, my little man," said he, "for Governor Foote is a poor shot, and you may get wounded with his pistol."

Foote fought still another duel at a later period, with J. F. H. Claiborne, but in this affair neither party was hurt.

The duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, took place on February 24th, 1838, in Maryland, near Washington, and created as much of a sensation as did that between Hamilton and Burr. Both the gentlemen were members of the House of Representatives, and among those present at the meeting were six other members of Congress—viz., Messrs. Crittenden and Menefee of Kentucky, Wise of Virginia, Duncan of Ohio, Bynum of North Carolina, and Jones of Tennessee. This affair originated in certain words spoken by Mr. Cilley in the House of Representatives, and which reflected upon General James Watson Webb, editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Graves was the bearer of a note from General Webb to Mr. Cilley, which Mr. Cilley declined to receive; whereupon a correspondence took place between Graves and Cilley, resulting in a challenge from Mr. Graves. The scene of the duel was on the road to Marlborough, in Maryland. Mr. Graves was attended by Mr. Wise, as his second, and Mr. Cilley by Mr. George W. Jones. Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, the parties being placed, they exchanged shots. Mr. Cilley fired first, and Mr. Graves one or two seconds afterward; both missed. After the first fire some argument occurred between the seconds of the parties and their several principals, with a view to closing the meeting at this point. No satisfactory arrangement was reached, however, and the second exchange of shots took place, with the same result. Mr. Graves persisting and demanding another shot, the rifles were again loaded, the parties resumed their stations, and the third fire took place. Mr. Cilley was shot through the body. He dropped his rifle, beckoned to one near him, and said to him, "I am shot"; and putting both his hands to his wound, fell, and in two or three minutes expired. This affair came before a committee of the House, but after being fully considered, no action was taken.

In 1850, Fabius Stanley, an officer in the United States Navy, had a difficulty with Commander Zechariah F. Johnston, of the same arm of the public service. A misunderstanding between the two gentlemen arose during the Mexican war, while they were in the Pacific, attached to the same vessel. In this case, Stanley challenged Johnston for having, in a communication to the Navy Department, reflected upon his character as an officer and a gentleman, and on the latter failing to accept the challenge, posted him in the public hall of the National Hotel at Washington, in a ard, in which he characterized Commander Johnston as a coward. In consequence of these proceedings, Stanley was tried by a naval court-martial for disobedience of orders, conduct unbecoming an officer, and for quarreling and using provoking and reproachful language to another and superior officer in the navy. The Court found the accused guilty on the three charges, and he was dismissed from the navy. The President, however, mitigated the sentence to a suspension from service and pay for the term of twelve months.

This is, perhaps, the only instance of this character on record in the history of the United States Navy.

A duel took place in 1853, in Madrid, between Pierre Soulé, United States Minister to Spain, and the Marquis de Turgot, Ambassador of France to the same Court. This affair arose out of a previous difficulty between Mr. Soulé's son and the Duke d'Alba. The actual occasion of both duels is said to have been an insulting expression used by both the noblemen in reference to Mrs. Soulé. The ambassadors met with pistols, Mr. Soulé's friends being General Valdes and Monsieur Pican, and those of the Marquis, Lord Howden, British Minister at Madrid, and General Caillier, a French diplomatic official. Two shots were exchanged, and at the second the marquis fell, severely wounded in the leg below the knee. It is alleged that the latter afterward declared upon his honor, by his seconds, that he had not used the expression imputed to him.

A duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle took place in 1853 near the line of the Counties of San Francisco and Santa Clara, in California. The weapon employed was the rifle, at thirty paces, the combatants to wheel at the word and fire. A number of spectators were present. After an exchange of three ineffectual shots, the friends of the parties discovered that their principals were fighting under a misapprehension of facts. This being explained, one of the two opponents withdrew certain offensive language previously employed by him, when the affair ended.

Another California duel occurred in 1854, between Colonel Devereaux J. Woodlief and Achilles Kewen. This was a political quarrel, in which Woodlief was the challenger. The two fought in the County of Alvarado, in the presence of about one hundred and fifty spectators. The distance was forty paces, and the weapons rifles. At the word "Fire!" both wheeled and discharged their weapons. Woodlief received his antagonist's ball directly in his heart, and expired in less than one minute.

A remarkable duel took place in Missouri, in 1831, between Thomas Biddle and Spencer Pettis, in which both were killed. Biddle was the challenged party, and, being near-sighted, stipulated for a distance of five feet, with pistols. It is said that their weapons, when in position, actually overlapped each other. Both conducted themselves with remarkable coolness. Pettis died the day after, and Biddle the third day after the duel. The former was a member-of-Congress-elect from Missouri; the latter, a major in the United States Army, and a brother to Nicholas Biddle, the celebrated banker. Their quarrel commenced in the newspapers of St. Louis during an election canvass. It is stated that they exchanged forgiveness on the ground.

Another editorial duel occurred in Louisiana in 1853, the parties being the editors respectively of the *Staats Zeitung* and the *Deutsche Zeitung*. The combat took place on Sunday, the conditions being that one of the parties should first fire at fifteen paces, and having advanced ten, should receive his adversary's fire at five paces. By the trial shot, the first fire was allotted to the *Staats Zeitung* editor, who fired accordingly. He missed, but advanced ten paces. The other raised his pistol, fired, and struck his opponent on the right side below the ribs, inflicting a mortal wound.

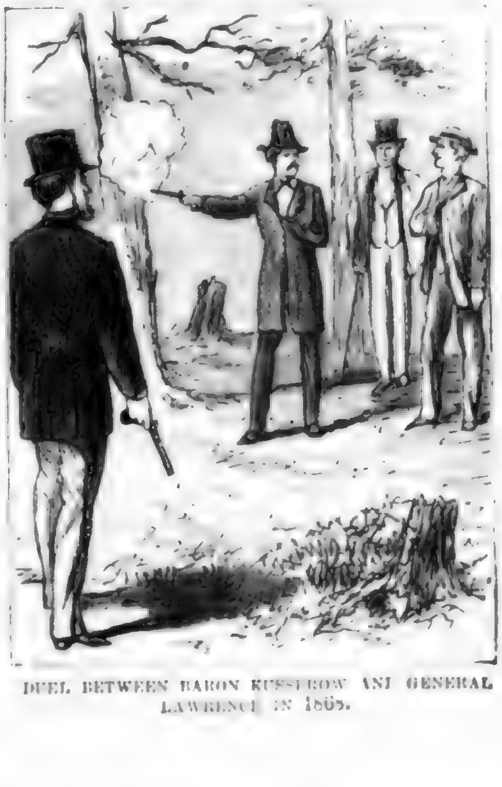
In 1854 a meeting was partially arranged between Hon. Francis B. Cutting, a member of Congress from New York, and Hon. John C. Breckinridge, a member from Kentucky, occasioned by a difficulty arising in debate. Very personal remarks had been indulged in by both parties, and a correspondence followed, which threatened a hostile meeting; but the affair was afterward settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties.

A rather remarkable meeting took place in California, in 1854, between two men named Dubert and Ellesler, who had had a dispute in reference to a lady. On the day following the difficulty, they met, in the presence of friends and spectators, and fought with broad-swords, both being skilled in the use of that weapon. The combat continued for several minutes without effect, when Ellesler received a severe cut on the sword-arm. This, however, did not close the engagement, which was presently renewed with extraordinary ferocity on both sides. After the lapse of some twenty minutes, Dubert was stabbed in the side, receiving a wound from which he expired the next morning.

A savage duel took place in New Orleans in 1851, being fought with double-barrel guns, at forty paces. In this affair the parties were John William Frost, at that time one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and Thomas Hunt, a physician of that city. Frost had given offense in some article which he had written in his paper. Both parties fired in the first instance without effect. At the second fire Mr. Frost was shot through the lungs, and fell mortally wounded, expiring in about ten minutes.

In 1852 a difficulty occurred between Hon. Edward Gilbert, ex-member of Congress, and General J. W. Denver. General Denver was a member of the California State Senate, and a personal friend of Governor Bigler, who had been attacked by Mr. Gilbert in published articles. A newspaper discussion resulted in a challenge being sent to General Denver, who accepted it, rifles being the weapons selected. Mr. Gilbert fell at the second shot, and expired in less than five minutes. He was only thirty-three years of age, and was the pioneer of the daily press in California.

A duel was fought in 1855, in Canada, between F. Leavenworth and J. B. Breckinridge, two New York gentlemen, members of the "Shakespeare Club," originating in no more important matter than a dispute on the expediency of certain rules of the club, terminating in personal and offensive remarks on both sides. The two gentlemen, accompanied by their friends and a surgeon, repaired to Niagara Falls, and thence to Canada, where they fought with pistols at eight paces. Both fired at the word, and both were wounded.



DUEL BETWEEN BARON KUSSEROW AND GENERAL LAWRENCE IN 1865.

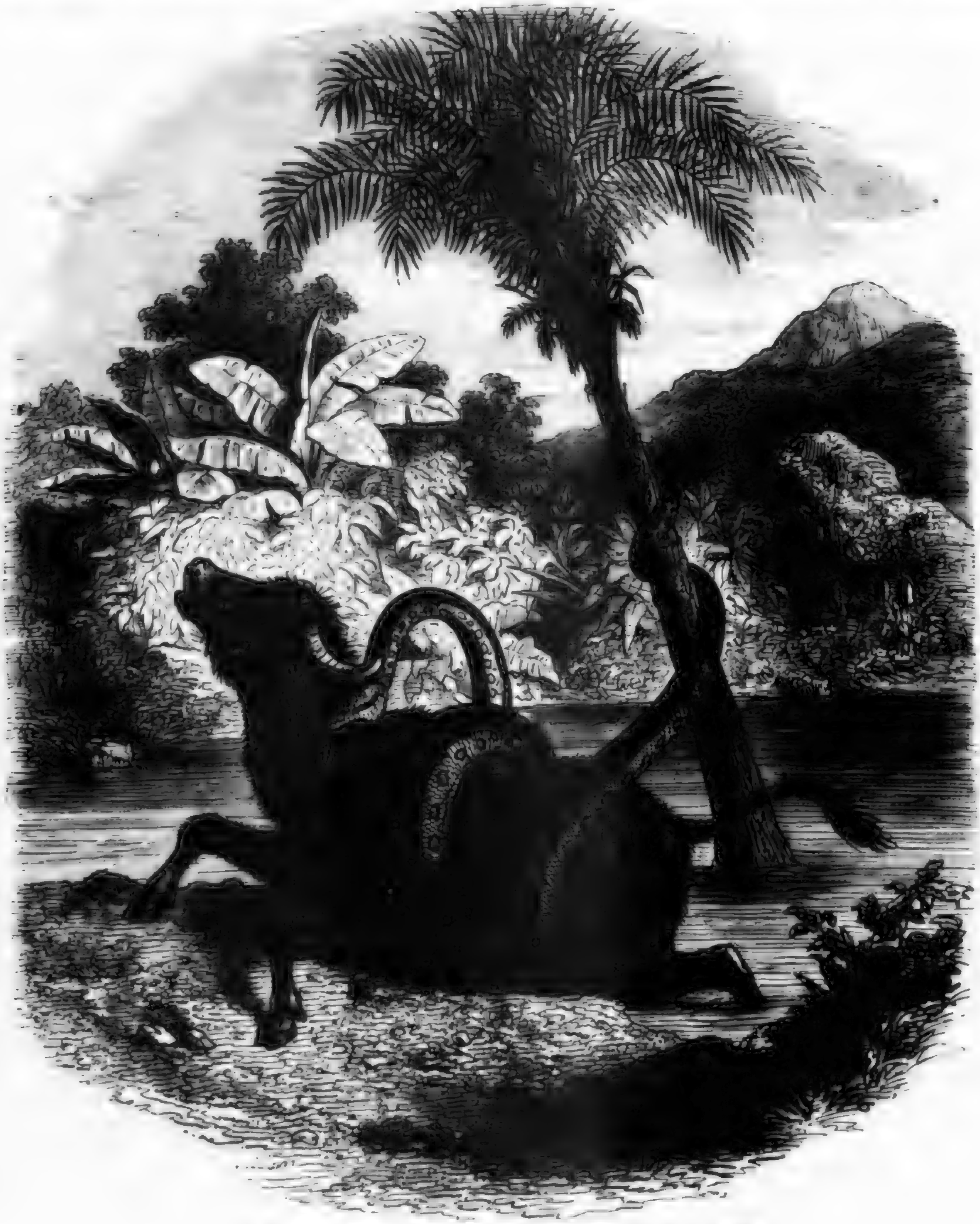
One of the most bloody duels that ever took place in America was fought in Louisiana, in 1852, with knives, between Pedro

Tastra and Pages. The parties were engaged in supplying some of the fish markets in New Orleans, and quarreled relative to some matter of business, when a challenge passed between them, and they repaired to the shore of Lake Pontchartrain to settle the difficulty. The weapons used were a long-bladed clasp-knife and a heavy bowie. Pedro Tastra was actually cut to pieces. His opponent was arrested, and shortly after was tried at New Orleans and convicted of manslaughter. He was, however, recommended to the mercy of the Executive, and pardoned.

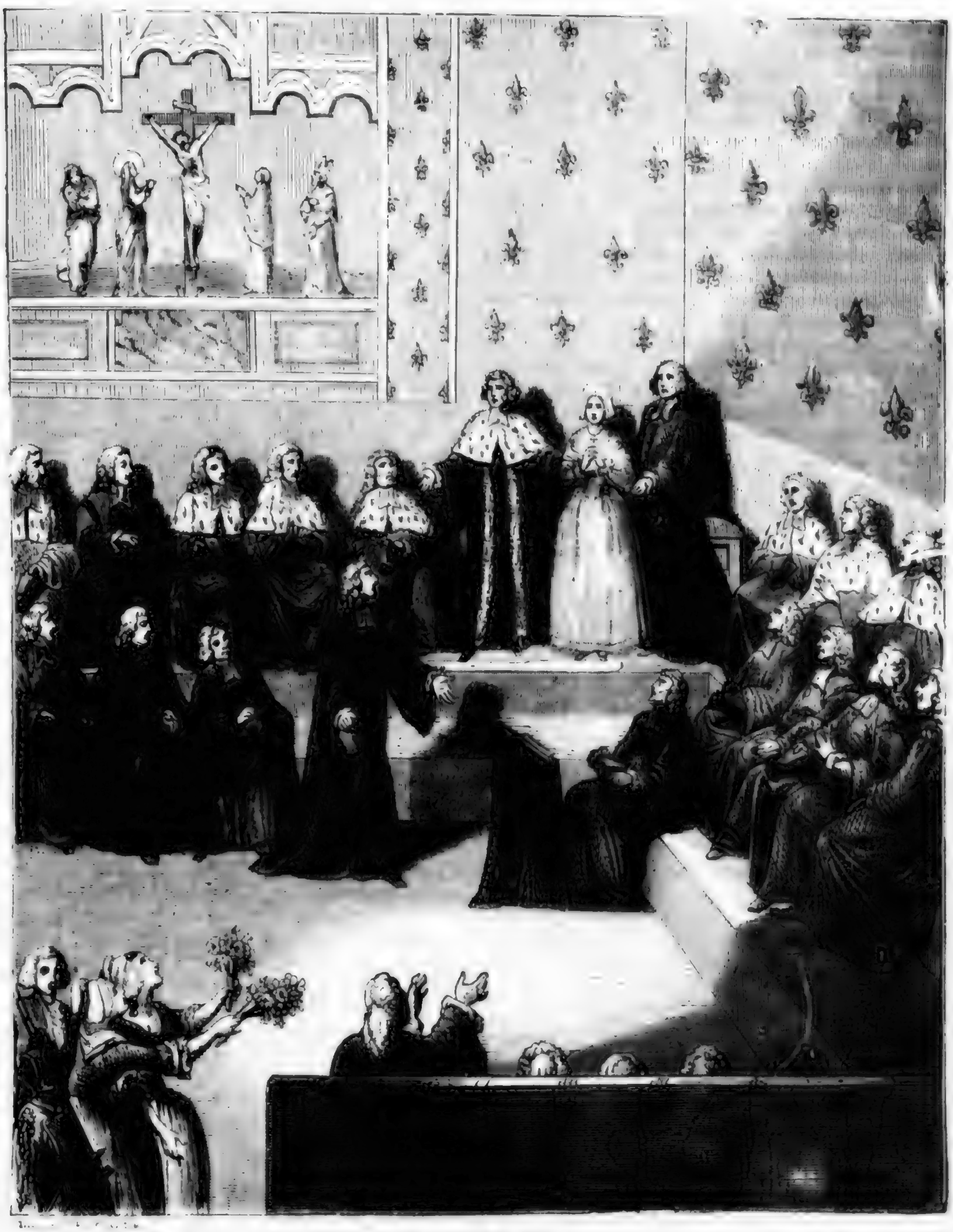
General James Watson Webb, of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, fought a duel with Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, in June, 1842, in Delaware, and was wounded. He was indicted in November of the same year by the Grand Jury "for leaving the State with the intention of giving or receiving a challenge, pleaded guilty, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Sing Sing, and was almost immediately pardoned by Governor Seward.

A duel which created a great sensation in New York, as well as in the locality where it occurred, was that between David C. Broderick and Judge David S. Terry, which took place in California, September 21st, 1859, where both the parties were then living.

Broderick was born in Washington, D. C., but had lived in New York, where he had been prominent in politics, had been foreman of a hose company, and was extraordinarily popular with "the boys." He went to California in 1849, and the following year was elected to the State Senate. In



AN ADVENTURE WITH A SUCURUYUBA, OR AQUATIC BOA.—SEE PAGE 270



INNOCENCE JUSTIFIED.

1856 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he made himself prominent in the Kansas-Nebraska excitement by his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution. Great political feeling was created against him in California by his course, and it was asserted that it was determined to put him out of the way, and that the duel was planned with this intention. However this may have been, the result of the duel was the death of Broderick.

Of late years dueling has been out of fashion in this country, one of the latest being a bloodless duel in Maryland, in 1868, between Baron Kusserow, of the Prussian embassy, and General Lawrence, United States Minister to Costa Rica. A flurry in same direction has from time to time served to entertain the New York society, but without serious results—the entire history of dueling in America culminating in the Bennett-May affair on January 8th, 1876.

INNOCENCE JUSTIFIED.

In the year 1770, a young country girl of nineteen, named Marie Salmon, went to Caen with good letters of recommendation in search of a servant's place. She found a situation in a family of seven persons. Five days after her arrival the head of the family, aged eighty-six, died in such agony as to cause a suspicion of poisoning. The result of the coroner's

XUM

investigation was the decision that arsenic must have been mixed with the dead man's wine. Several other members of the family also experienced alarming symptoms, and suspicion rested on Marie Salmon of having attempted to poison the entire household. She was tried, and finally condemned by the court to death at the stake. This sentence was subsequently confirmed by Parliament, which was sitting in Rouen.

Marie was to suffer in Caen, and as she was being led to the stake, in order to prolong her life, she claimed that another existence would be sacrificed with her own. This gave her two additional months in prison, at the expiration of which time she was again led forth to the stake. Just, however, as she was about to be bound to it, an order from the king arrived suspending the execution of her sentence. An attorney at Rouen, named Le Cauchois, having carefully studied the case, believed in her innocence, and fortunately had sufficient influence at court to have her respited, and an order for a new trial granted; which resulted in establishing her innocence of the crime with which she was charged.

Our artist has faithfully reproduced a fine engraving made at the time, representing the poor girl who had undergone such terrible suffering, and had been twice on the eve of a fearful death, just as her innocence was fully recognized, surrounded by her judges and received with acclamation by the people.

Her story was in every mouth, and was dramatized with great success; we are told that all Paris flocked to see it, and that even Marie herself witnessed its representation.

The young girl found herself for the moment the popular idol, and offers of marriage without number were made to her. One of these she accepted, three months after her liberation, and it is to be hoped that her married life was so happy as to wean her mind from the terrible memories of the past.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SUCURUYUBA OR AQUATIC BOA.

"You seem to have seen something of the world, my friend?"

"I rather think I have; I have lived in about every quarter of the globe and speak so many odd lingoes that my tongue gets bothered sometimes."

"I suppose you have had fair and foul, not all smooth, sailing?"

"Not by a long shot. But my worst life was in Brazil. I was a sort of white slave there for some years under their infernal system. I carry a belt that will ever remind me of the time," said he, as he displayed a belt made of some serpent's skin.

It was a lazy day in the steamer that was puffing its way toward New York, and I asked him to tell the story.

"I was *araqueiro*, with a small chance of escape from the interior of Pernambuco, when I one day missed one of my cattle. If it were not stolen, I knew that it must turn up near a pool where the cattle used to go for water. Here I waited for a time, and, sure enough, up came the creature to drink. I watched it for a moment, and saw it suddenly start in terror, but though quivering in every limb, apparently unable to move. Then, for the first time, I perceived a fearful sucuruyuba or water-boa, which, with its tail coiled around a tree in the pool, had planted its grip on the back. As the animal attempted to escape, the snake drew out till it was but the thickness of a cable; giving it play, but then swelling up, it drew the creature in toward the tree. This it repeated till the bullock was exhausted; then suddenly it loosed its tail from the tree and began to wind around the body of its victim. When it had got to a considerable tension I sprang out from my lurking-place and drove my *faca* or knife between two of the vertebræ. The keen blade pierced through and through, and it was helpless to injure either of us. I made short work of it then, and drove my bullock back loaded with my booty."

A HULLABID TEMPLE—A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF HINDOO ARCHITECTURE.

In Mr. James Ferguson's "History of India and Eastern Architecture" is the following description of one of the most remarkable temples in India:

If it were possible to illustrate the Hullabid temple to such an extent as to render its peculiarities familiar, there would be few things more interesting or more instructive than to institute a comparison between it and the Parthenon at Athens. Not that the two buildings are at all like one another; on the contrary, they form the two opposite poles—the alpha and omega of architectural design; but they are the best examples of their class, and between these two extremes lies the whole range of the art. The Parthenon is the best example we know of pure, refined, intellectual power, applied to the production of an architectural design. Every part and every effect is calculated with mathematical exactness, and executed with a mechanical precision that never was equaled. All curves are hyperbolas, parabolas, or other developments of the highest mechanical forms—every optical defect is foreseen and provided for, and every part has a relation to every other part in so recondite a proportion that we feel inclined to call it fanciful, because we can scarcely rise to its appreciation. The sculpture is exquisitely designed to aid the perfection of the masonry—severe and godlike, but with no condescension to the lower feelings of humanity.

The Hullabid temple is the opposite of all this. It is regular, but with a studied variety of outline in plan, and even greater variety in detail. All the pillars of the Parthenon are identical, while no two facets of the Indian temple are the same; every convolution of every scroll is different. No two canopies in the whole building are alike, and every part exhibits a joyous exuberance of fancy, scorning every mechanical restraint. All that is wild in human faith or warm in human feeling is found portrayed on these walls; but of pure human intellect there is little—less than there is of human feeling in the Parthenon.

It would be possible to arrange all the buildings in the world between these two extremes, as they tended toward the severe intellectual purity of the one, or to the playful, exuberant fancy of the other; but the perfection, if it existed, would be somewhere near the mean. My own impression is that, if the so-called Gothic architects had been able to maintain for 200 or 300 years more the rate of progress they achieved between the eleventh and fourteenth century, they might have hit upon that happy mean between severe constructive propriety and playful decorative imaginings which would have combined into something more perfect than the world has yet seen. The system, however, as I have endeavored to point out elsewhere, broke down before it had acquired the requisite degree of refinement, and that hope was blighted never to be revived. If architecture ever again assumes an onward path, it will not be by leaning too strongly toward either of the extremes just named, but by grasping somewhere the happy mean between the two.

For our present purpose, the great value of the study of these Indian examples is that it widens so immensely our basis for architectural criticism. It is only by becoming familiar with forms so utterly dissimilar from those we have hitherto been conversant with that we perceive how narrow is the purview that is content with one form or one passing fashion. By rising to this wider range we shall perceive that architecture is as many-sided as human nature itself, and learn how few feelings and how few aspirations of the human heart and brain there are that cannot be expressed by its means. On the other hand, it is only by taking this wide survey that we appreciate how worthless any product of architectural art becomes which does not honestly represent the thoughts and feelings of those who built it, or the height of their loftiest aspirations.

THE RULING RACE.

With the exception of Spain, Sweden, Italy, Brazil, Servia, and Montenegro, all the Christian nations submitted to a monarchial *régime* are governed by sovereigns of Germanic race. The House of Brunswick-Hanover reigns in Great Britain, and that of Saxe-Coburg will succeed it, after the death of Queen Victoria, in the person of the Prince of of Wales. In Belgium and Portugal we again find the Saxe-Coburg family, allied with the House of Braganza, at Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia is a descendant of the family of Holstein-Gottorp, and, through Catherine the Great, of that of Anhalt. Another branch of the House of Holstein, that of Sonderburg-Glucksburg, reigns in Denmark and Greece; the Prince of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, and the King of Holland belongs to the Nassau family. The Emperor of Austria, chief of the Lorraine-Hapsburg House, is of a race purely German. The illustrious family of Lorraine descends from Charlemagne, and this house and that of Hapsburg were merged by the marriage of the late Duke of Lorraine, Francis, with Maria Therese, the last inheritor of the blood and name of Hapsburg. We need scarcely remind our readers that the Emperor William I. is of pure Germanic race without any intermixture; and the same remark will apply to all the other German sovereigns without exception. The chief among them, viz., the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemburg; the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Weimar; the Dukes of Saxe-Coburg, Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Altenburg are all of pure German origin. France has furnished a Bourbon to Spain and a Bernadotte to Sweden; the last male descendant of the House of Braganza reigns in Brazil; and the royal family of Italy is of Savoy origin, not without some probability of German blood. Finally, the small principalities of Servia and Montenegro have local dynasties.

"TEETH SET ON EDGE."

All acid foods, drinks, medicines, tooth-washes, and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon-juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail, as if it were chalk. Most have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is that the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well; and the oftener it is repeated the sooner the disastrous consequences are manifested.

MAGIC.

Some months ago an Englishman named Atkinson bought a country place near Pithiviers, in France. For many weeks thereafter carpenters and masons were busily employed in repairing and altering the château; and, after their work had been completed, Mr. Atkinson issued invitations for a large dinner-party to all the most prominent families in the neighborhood. The guests arrived at six o'clock, and, on taking their seats at the dinner-table, noticed with surprise that there was not even one servant to be seen. The soup was consumed in silent astonishment. When all had partaken of it the host sounded a whistle, and, as if by magic, the soup-plates disappeared, and three magnificent silver platters, each containing a roast goose, appeared.

Mr. Atkinson took no note of his guests' surprise, but remarking that it was a very warm evening, whistled again; the whole ceiling disappeared, the host's black coat vanished at the same moment, and leaving him clothed in a white suit. The guests, alarmed, were about to rise from their chairs, when they found themselves, their chairs, and the table suddenly rise five feet from the floor. They, however, were soon lowered again to the floor, and took refuge in hasty flight from the abode. A judicial investigation was instituted, and it was found that Mr. Atkinson had been for ten years the chief machinist at Covent Garden Theatre in London, where he had amassed a nice little fortune. The dinner was a little freak to indulge his fondness for his old pursuit.

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

We read much of the domestic infelicities of men of genius. Socrates, Dante, Milton, Montaigne, Molière, Rousseau, Byron, Bulwer, and Dickens are among the most striking instances cited of unhappy unions; and a feeling has gone abroad that matrimony is a state for which mind-workers are constitutionally unfitted. With literary men, as with any other class, an uncongenial alliance cannot be conducive of happiness. Harmony of taste is indispensable to insure a happy union. A life of celibacy, it is claimed, is the condition for which men of ambition are best suited; but we have failed to find in such great examples as Newton, Bayle, Locke, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith, that a barren life of bachelorhood brought to them any true comfort or happiness. The lives of men of letters teem with examples of harmonious and well-assorted unions, and it shall be our province in this paper to cite a few of the most striking and beautiful.

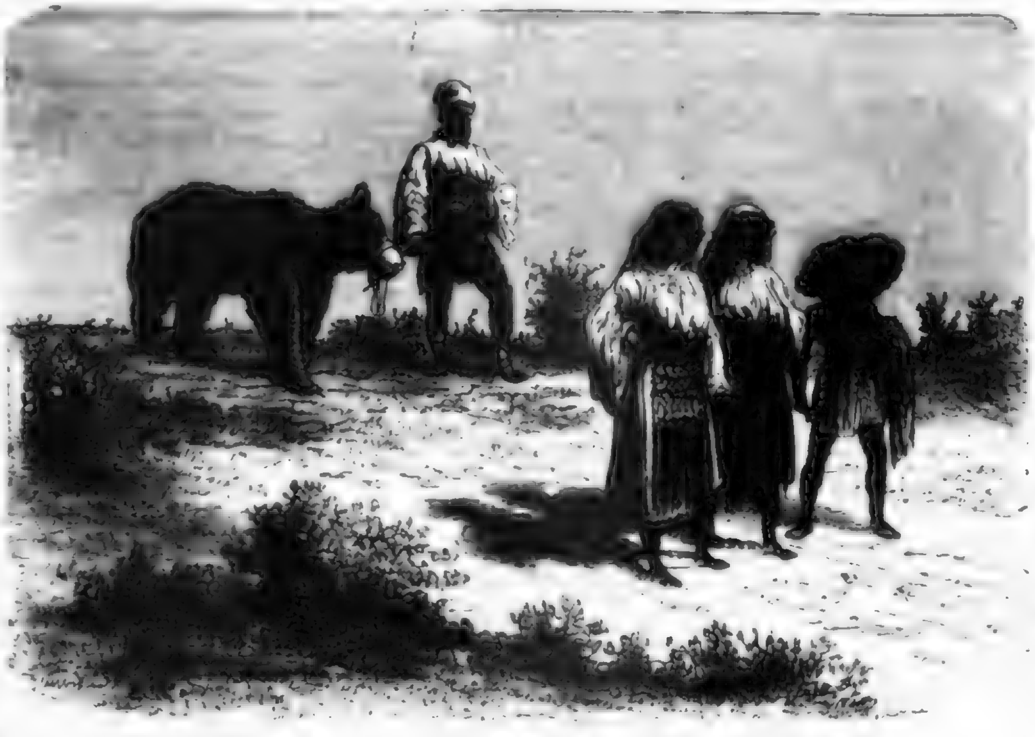
Happy is the man of letters blessed with a congenial wife. Happy, indeed, a union of the mind as well as of the heart. Blessed, indeed, the man of taste who finds a soul-mate as well as a helpmate. Buffon once acknowledged that his wife had considerable influence over his compositions. "Often," said he, "when I cannot please myself, and am impatient at disappointment, Madame de Buffon reanimates my exertion, or withdraws me to repose for a short interval; I return to my pen refreshed and aided by her advice." Pliny, the younger, has given us a delightful family picture in his letters. Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says: "Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands."

The wife of Klopstock, the great German poet—author of "the Messiah"—writing to Richardson, the novelist, in her German-English, says: "I am always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments, here and there, of a subject with which his soul is just then filled. persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same."

XUM

How happy the domestic life of Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," must have been may be seen by the impression which even his beloved books made on his wife. "My ideas of my husband," she said, "are so much associated with his *books*, that to part with them would be, as it were, breaking some of the last ties which still connect me with so beloved an object."

Burke said of his home:—"Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my roof." Luther, speaking of his wife, said: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." De Tocqueville wrote of his domestic life: "Many external circumstances of happiness have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings." Mr. Disraeli's married life was a model one. In his dedication to "Sybil" he says: "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages; the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife!"



WALLACHIAN GYPSIES WITH A TRAINED BEAR.

John Stuart Mill also found in his wife a co-worker, a mind that could appreciate and sympathize with his, and a noble and devoted companion. In his autobiography he pays a lofty tribute to her memory. He says: "To her outer circle she was a beauty and a wit, with an air of natural distinction, felt by all who approached her; to the inner, a woman of deep and strong feeling, of penetrating and intuitive intelligence, and of an eminently meditative and poetic nature."

Guizot found in his wife a noble companion, whose sympathy and encouragement sustained him in many vicissitudes. He tells us in his *Memoires:* "Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship." When Guizot became first Minister of France his wife wrote to a friend: "I now see my husband much less than I desire, but still I see him. If God spares us to each other I shall always be in the midst of every trial and apprehension the happiest of beings."

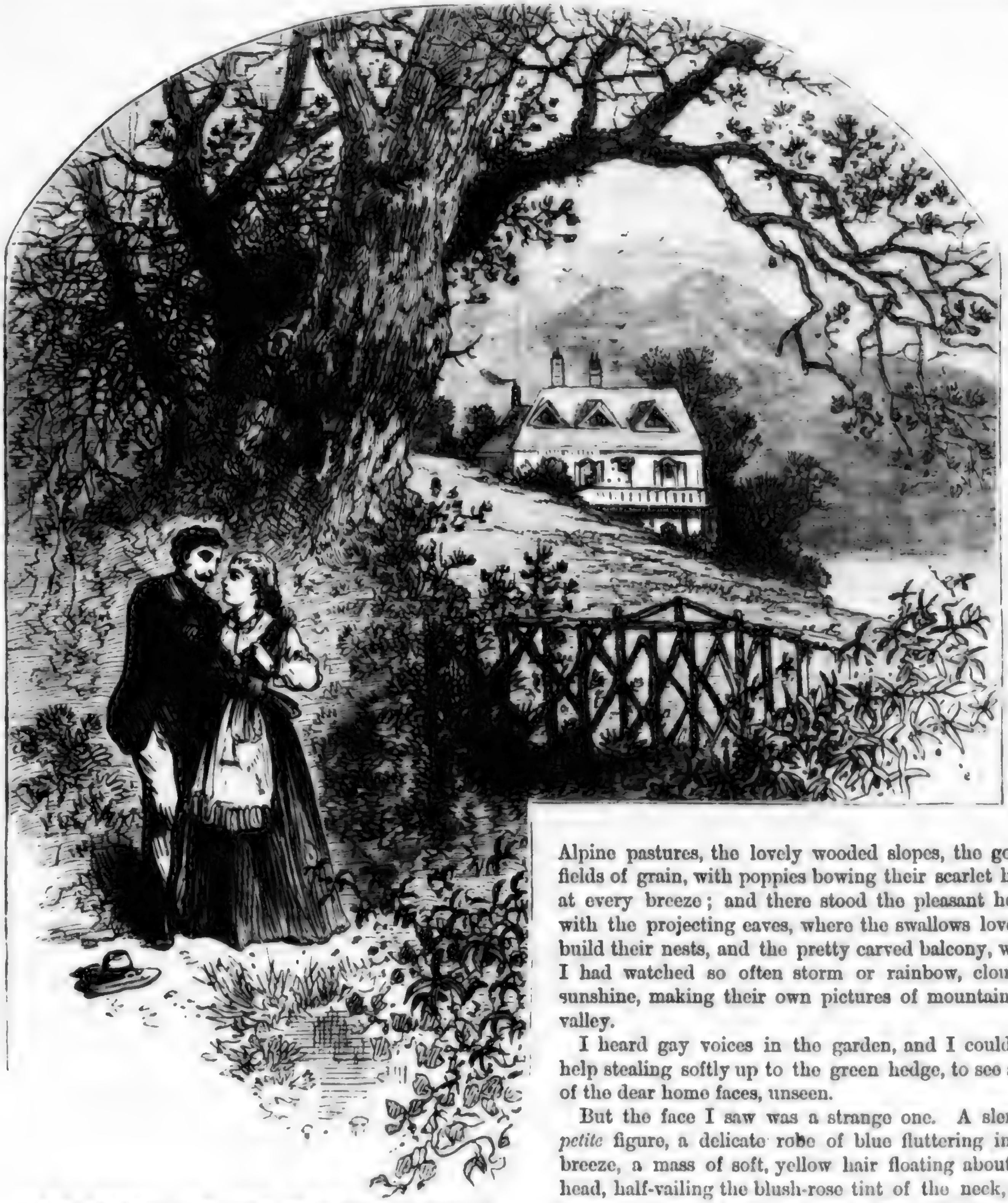
What would poor Tom Hood have been without his Jane? poor, struggling invalid, as he was! She was a bright spirit—an angel of light—who hovered over him; nursing, caring for him, consoling him. Is there a lovelier picture in the history of genius than this devoted wife sitting by the couch of her invalid husband? She cheered him with her encouraging smile, wrote for him, and helped him with her ready memory. He published nothing without submitting it to her judgment. In one of his letters to her, he writes: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrance of our own dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old, familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, and excellence—all that is wifely or womanly—from my pen."

A parallel case to that of Hood's was that of Heinrich Heine. He was another of the sweet singers and brilliant humorists whose groans came forth in flashes of merriment. He, too, knew much poverty, and much sickness; and yet, like Hood, his spirit never for an instant lost its calm and unclouded serenity. When his wife died, he said, "Alas! among my griefs must I reckon ever her love the strongest, truest that ever inspired the heart of woman—which made me the happiest of mortals, and yet was to me a fountain of a thousand distresses, inquietudes, and cares. To entire cheerfulness, perhaps, she never attained: but for what unspeakable sweetness, what exalted, enrapturing joys, is not love indebted to sorrow! Amid growing anxieties, with the torture of anguish in my heart, I have been made, even by the loss which occasioned me this anguish, and those anxieties, inexpressibly happy! When the tears flowed over our cheeks, did not a nameless, seldom-felt delight stream through my breast, oppressed equally by joy and sorrow."

WALLACHIAN GYPSIES WITH A TRAINED BEAR.

Gypsy-life is the same in all lands; but the lower and simpler the civilization around them, the more they are at home, and the greater the familiarity they enjoy. Wallachia is one of their favorite localities; and in the Valley of the Danube they are the chief musicians. They seem to take to animals, and are great trainers of bears for exhibition in the villages and towns.

The traveler will often meet a picturesque group like that shown in our illustration, engraved from the sketch-book of a recent traveler, who jotted it down as he saw it near Tirgu-Giulu.



MY MARGUERITE.—"AND I TOOK HER IN MY ARMS THEN AND THERE WITH SUCH A PANG THAT I FORGOT THE SWEETNESS OF HOLDING HER."

MY MARGUERITE.

I HAD not been home for two years—I had been studying during that time in Berlin; but all the fascinations of that city did not quench my longing for my beautiful mountain home, and I hailed with delight the day—a lovely morning in June—that set me free. It seems ages ago—and it was only last June—it is ages, when I remember all I have seen and suffered since.

When I saw the dear Bavarian mountains, the smiling valley, with its velvet-smooth meadows, and the maidens beginning to cut the first grass, my heart sprang up with boyish joy. There stood the grand old Watzmann, with its horned head, and the snow lying between, the belts of sombre pines below, the gray cliffs of the Untersberg, the cleft rocks of brown, the white senner-huts in the fresh Alpine pastures, the lovely wooded slopes, the golden fields of grain, with poppies bowing their scarlet heads at every breeze; and there stood the pleasant house, with the projecting eaves, where the swallows loved to build their nests, and the pretty carved balcony, where I had watched so often storm or rainbow, cloud or sunshine, making their own pictures of mountain and valley.

I heard gay voices in the garden, and I could not help stealing softly up to the green hedge, to see some of the dear home faces, unseen.

But the face I saw was a strange one. A slender, *petite* figure, a delicate robe of blue fluttering in the breeze, a mass of soft, yellow hair floating about the head, half-vailing the blush-rose tint of the neck, and, strange to say, jet black eyes, formed the striking "piquance" of the charming countenance that met my glance. Framed in the drooping tendrils of the dark-leaved vines, she looked like a rare picture, or a precious bit of Dresden china in the form of a shepherdess. For her lambs I recognized the children gamboling about her—my brother Max and little Coral.

I made my way to the house by another path, and was soon half smothered in my fond mother's arms. My father, a general in the army, was not at home. I did not regret this, as a dutiful son should have done; for the memory of a sort of martinet discipline made me prefer my mother's fond words and easy ways. The dear woman looked at me in a sort of transport.

"But I did not know you had company, mother."

"Company! No."

"But I saw a lady in the garden. The children——"

"Oh, the children's governess. She is a French girl. Wasn't I fortunate in getting her in this out-of-the-way place? But she's delighted; and you know the French seldom care for beauties of nature. Her name's Marguerite Barri. Such a pure accent! though she does not come from Paris."

At dinner I saw my little Dresden china shepherdess, her hair put up in decorous puffs and braids. A quaint dignity was about her, and a shy glance from her black eyes and a bow were all I received when introduced. The children looked at me doubtfully; then Max rushed forward:

"I know you. You're my brother Rudolph. Of course, Coral don't recollect; she's little, and, besides, she's a girl. Have you brought me anything?"

"Yes, a big French dictionary."

Max looked somewhat stunned at this announcement, but was too polite to object, and consoled himself with some large red cherries; while Coral timidly stole her hand in mine, and asked, "Did you ever climb up Alp? Max did last week."

"And I met a hunter, and I found a dead Auerhahn that a falcon had just killed, and I've got every one of the feathers; and I'm going on the Rossfeld next week with mademoiselle. You may come along, now you're here, *naturlich*."

"Thank you. I can be your guide. Many a time I've gone that way, and tasted a *schmarn* at the senner-hut there; but I should think it would be too much for mademoiselle."

I was anxious to hear her voice, and it was worth hearing, sweet and low, as she answered, in German:

"Oh, I have learned to climb since I came here, and I like it; the views from these beautiful mountains repay for the trouble and fatigue."

"Well, now," answered my mother, "I never had any fancy for these excursions. I know these mountains are grand and sublime, and all that; but it's much more comfortable looking at them from below. Oh, Rudolph, I nearly killed myself laughing at a Miss Jones who made the last excursion with mademoiselle and some others, she was so disgusted. She imagined the senner-huts were delightful little Swiss cottages, and the senner-inns all beautiful peasant girls in picturesque costumes; and there she found a smoky hut, an old woman, hideous as a hag, she said, and a dirty little cowboy; and she was too tired to look at the view."

"When I grow up I will be a *wild-schutz*," cried Max. "I love it up there on the mountains. I wish mamma would let me stay, and be a cowboy; I could make lots of money, and then I'd buy a gun, and powder and shot."

Through the open window came the fragrance of the roses, as I smoked my meerschaum, after dinner. A long alley of trees opened into a sunny vista beyond of field and sparkling stream, and the ultramarine blue hue of distant mountains between the branches. The peace of the scene stole into my heart. Here was the valley of happiness; here, far from the toils and ambitions of men, it seemed sweeter to dream than to work; a soft inertia seemed to fetter heart and mind. Here was Paradise! And as I lazily watched the wreathing blue smoke steal up and dissolve into air I saw my Marguerite—I already dared to call her mine in my heart of hearts—with the dearest little white straw hat, wreathed with daisies, and a scarlet shawl wrapped about her, equipped for a walk.

She lingered, and looked back. I soon heard the shout of Max, and the tripping feet of Coral. I started up also, and felt very much like a big schoolboy, as I cried out:

"Take me, too, please, mademoiselle."

"Oh, you can come, if you'll be good," said Coral.

"And what do you call good?" I asked.

"You must mind mademoiselle, and not run away from her," cried Max.

"I shall never wish to run away from her," I answered, gayly, with an inquiring glance; for I had not received the permission I coveted.

"The Herr von Rodenstein will give us a pleasure if he accompanies us," said my Marguerite.

I felt somewhat abashed, but would not turn back then, for all that. I thanked Max for breaking the disagreeable silence by crying out:

"That makes me remember. Oh, Rudolph, I've found such a funny ballad, about our family, I am sure:

'Wer reitet mit zwanzig knappen ein
Zum Heidelberg am kirchen,
Es ist der Herr von Rodenstein,
An Rhein-wein will er pirschen'

Oh, it's awful funny in the chorus, but sad, too. You see, he had three villages, and he drank them all up."

"Dissolved them first, I hope, my boy," I said.

"You know, he—well, he staid every time till he drank the whole value of a village, and he was jolly enough till all was gone. I liked the picture, with the ballad, so much. First he is in such state, with the knights following; the next time he has fewer, and the last he goes alone, and asks for a glass of thin beer instead of Rhein-wein. He is so poor, Rudolph, he hasn't one servant."

"Ah, I hope all the Rodensteins will take example by his fearful fate," I said, as we came out into the open path which ran along the base of a pine-clad slope. "Which way are we going?"

"We thought of visiting the church in the Gern," said my Marguerite; "but if Monsieur——"

"Ah, you must not change your course for me," I answered. "It's a lovely walk, the mill and waterfall, and the dark wood-paths full of Alpine violets."

"Do you know I have never found one yet," she said, looking slyly up at me with her soft, velvety-black eyes. "Are they so different from other violets?"

"They hold their leaves back like a spiked crown, their tint is a reddish lilac, and their perfume strange and sweet," I said. "I think it is too early for them yet. Ah! there is old Nannie coming to welcome me."

An old, wrinkled, toothless woman came forward from a small house near, holding a beautiful bouquet of Alpen rose and Edelweiss in her hand.

"Ah," she croaked, "the young herr is come to his own people again, and to the beautiful mountains. *Willkommen, gnadiger herr!*"

"What pretty customs you have here!" exclaimed my Marguerite. "I like your welcomes and farewells with flowers."

"Yes," I answered, laughing, "it looks well; but I think old Nannie had an eye to the gulden she always expects from me. Never mind; it wouldn't do to look into people's hearts. It's a good thing we can all put up the shutters to the windows of the soul, isn't it?"

"I—don't know," she began, in a perfectly serious tone; "I think I have never wished 'to put up the shutters,' as you say. If all people were true——"

"Ah, if all people were angels," I answered, "then we, who are angels, need not fear. And yet, if we were all angels, don't you think society would be slightly monotonous?"

The children came rushing boisterously up at this moment with a single Alpen violet, so saving my Marguerite the trouble of a reply; but I had seen the slight reproof in her eyes, and felt that to her even the names of holy things were sacred.

"Here is the point where artists come," I said.

"Yes, there was one here the other day," cried Max.

We saw before us a time-stained wooden mill, the great wheel lazily turning, the foaming water; around the house spread out green fields, and here and there great rocks, with climbing vines and pine-trees clinging here and there. Down one of these rocks tumbled a bright little waterfall, and in the distance shone the mountains in the evening glow. The skies were flushed and rosy, and some of the soft radiance seemed to bathe the earth, for every tint on field, or water, or mountain, grew warm beneath. Well, I looked at my companion more than at earth or sky, yet I felt the influences of the scene.

"Here she is—here's 'Mary in the Gern,'" cried Max, pointing to a time-stained square board which was mounted on a pole at the side of the road, and he began chanting the verse which was printed beneath a rude picture of the Virgin and Child.

'Hear me, Mary in the Gern,
Now, and on the day I die;
Keep me safe through all my life,
And in all eternity.'

Isn't she a horrid figure, Rudolph? and these people actually believe she's got more power than any of the other Marys, and they made a pilgrimage out here one day to pray for better weather—such fun!—and I dare say they believe in her yet, though it rained six days and nights after their prayers."

"This pupil of yours is a sharp observer," I said to my Marguerite. "We are all Protestants, so I suppose we may all laugh at the superstitions of our neighbors."

"And cast the idols out of our own hearts," she said, solemnly.

I began to wonder if the pretty little shepherdess was a devotee or fanatic. I did not know (no shadow of the future darkened that hour) how God prepares his martyrs, and lets the world and its pomps appear but vain shows to them, and dowers them with a heavenly pity for others, too deep for smiles, and leads them in ways they know not, till they "Summer high in bliss upon the fields of God."

We began to climb into the green gloom of woodland paths. The pines gave out their pungent perfume, flowers were scattered everywhere, in swinging bells of blue, in orange bulbs, in golden stars, in pure white wreaths fit for a bridal-chaplet. We met an old peasant woman culling all sorts of herbs, probably considering them blessed by growing in the Gern. She paused devoutly before a shrine where Christ was represented hanging between the thieves. The painting was in the most hideous style of caricature, and the two thieves represented as murderous-looking villains, with their tongues thrust out in disdain. Yet the poor woman looked at the weeping Mary at the foot of the cross, and prayed with a seeming devotion.

"Do you know, I cannot laugh at these people," said my Marguerite, with a sweet earnestness in her fair face; "they are so simple-hearted, so full of faith—if it is a blind faith."

"I know that woman," cried Max, who always seemed to break in at solemn moments; "she's a dog doctor. Once Wachtel was sick, and mamma sent him to her to be cured. I expect she gave him lots of bad doses, for he barks like mad whenever he sees her now."

The church in the Gern was now in sight, but the sky began to look cloudy, and we only cast a hasty glance at its glittering candlesticks, and flower-pots of paper-flowers, and its image of Mary in the Gern, surrounded by silver hearts, and red-and-white wax arms and legs, votive offerings from the cured. These last delighted the children, of course, and Max would cry out:

"Some fellow with the liver complaint. Say, mademoiselle, isn't this a liver, or is it lungs?"

"I like that little ballad of Heine's so much," said my Marguerite, looking without scorn at the little wax hearts, "of the sick boy and his pilgrimage to heaven. You remember how Mary cured his pain?"

"Stilling the beating of the sick heart for ever," I answered.

"Ah, many a heart would pray for that; there is a simple pathos in that ballad, and Heine is not often pathetic. I think there is often a wild sorrow underlying some of the strains which appear almost comic," said Marguerite, repeating softly, with eyes that looked away from mine:

'My darling, lay your hand on my heart!
Ah, hear how it beats in that little room!
There works a carpenter, furious and fast—
He is building for me a house of doom.
He hammers and knocks by day and night,
But he brings a rest that is long and deep.
Ah, haste thee, good master carpenter,
That the weary one may sleep.'

I like your German poets so much," she said, rousing herself and looking at me; "we have nothing like them in our language. At first the lines seemed harsh to me, but now they sound strong and grand, and have a sonorous music of their own."

"I am glad you like anything German," I said, noting that she had the second time expressed admiration. "I think your countrymen generally look upon us as a sort of unlicked cubs."

"They need to live among you to correct that opinion," she said.

And so we talked on of French poetry, and German national peculiarities, and—heaven knows what, till the gates of home suddenly appeared before us, and I saw my mother's white cap bobbing out of the window, looking for her lost lambs. I could have walked on that way for ever, I thought, and then I wondered at my own folly.

I sat up that night smoking till the small hours, and debating whether I should fly in the morning to parts unknown, or stay and dare the worst. I had been intended for the army—my father's cherished dream—so, as an officer must have at least ten thousand guldens a year, it was plainly my duty to fall in love with an heiress who possessed that amount, and here I was, almost in love with a girl who had not a cent. Suppose I chose law instead, and crushed the family hopes, still I saw no way out. So I dreamed and resolved, and thought about a girl who, for aught I knew, had pledged heart and hand in her own land.

I did not fly in the morning; I had not the heart to disappoint my mother, I said; but the truth was, I had not the heart to disappoint myself. The vision of those soft eyes raised to mine, the fair, fresh face, with its delicate tints; the *petite* figure, so rounded and lithe; the voice, with its pretty, foreign accent, all chained me in the sweetest slavery. I forgot the necessary ten thousand guldens; thought, probably, that I could roam through the meadows of life with my fair shepherdess, and crop daisies as the lambs did, perhaps, if I thought at all. But my present impression is that I did not think, I only felt.

"I drank the cup of a costly death,
Brimmed with delicious draughts of warmest life."

I lingered in the schoolroom, I shared the walks, till Max really imagined I was as much a pupil as himself. So I was, but I was learning the sweetest lesson—love!

So one night, when the moonlight was trembling over the vines, and making silvery rifts in the clouds, as we stood a moment on the balcony, looking at the mountains in that light, I suddenly turned my eyes from the beauty of nature to the beauty of her face. I see it now—raised, uplifted, and

XUM

turned half away, the luminous eyes full of enthusiasm, the full lips just parted a little, the fresh tints deepened, a long, light curl floating back over the white cloud that was folded around her head; all the rest was sombre brown drapery, setting off that bright, fair head the better.

"Marguerite," I said, "don't look at the mountains any more, with their hearts of stone—look at me. I love you; I want you for my own all my life."

Into such simple words did all the passionate rhetoric of love dissolve itself. She did turn a somewhat startled glance upon me, but did not speak at first. Then, in a quiet way, she said:

"I love you, too, Rudolph, but——"

"If you love me, there shall be no 'buts,'" I cried, drawing her toward me. "In our bright vocabulary there is no such word as 'fail.'"

Yes, I dared to say that, knowing all—my poverty and hers—my father's dislike of her nation, and all the changes and chances of this mortal life. I did not sleep that night, for my heart seemed too light, and my thoughts held my eyes waking; but toward morning the day-dreams slowly melted into sleeping ones, and I did not wake until the sunshine streamed in my windows. Then I hurried down-stairs. I would not see Marguerite again till I had told my mother all. They should not dare to cast any reflections on my pure little dove. I felt safe enough about my mother—she was too kind-hearted to withstand me long.

I found her bustling about in the kitchen, with innumerable pots of currant jelly before her, all hot.

"See, Rudolph," she cried, "you're just in the right time; here's a letter from your father, and my hands are so sticky—my jelly is unexampled this year; I went at it early, before the heat of the day—just read this, there's a dear."

My father never writes long letters, and this was in his usual broad, sprawling hand.

> "MY DEAR—Since I wrote before, there have been new developments. I understand that France has declared war with Prussia. If so, I must go into active service at once, and Rudolph also, as he is twenty-one. I hope he will prove himself worthy of his name. Bavaria must support Prussia. You will find it hard; but you are a soldier's wife, my dear. By-the-way, send the little French girl home. It would be bad for her to be so far in war times, and almost impossible to make her way home. Besides, it would not do to have her with you. She may act as spy, you know. Never trust a French girl. Adieu, my dear. I'll be home in a couple of weeks at the furthest.
> PAUL VON RODENSTEIN."

The letters seemed to swim before my eyes; the lines appeared long, blurred marks; yet what a horrible vista opened before me through those blurred lines! Like the handwriting on the wall, they had appeared at my banquet of love and happiness. War! active service! parting from Marguerite! In my dream of the past few weeks, I had forgotten the outer world; I had read no papers; the peradventure of war had never reached my ears, and now, like a thunderbolt from a smiling, sunshiny heaven, it had come with its desolating force.

"*Mein Gott!*" said my mother, sitting down suddenly, as if the blow had stunned her also. "The jellies may spoil, for all I care. Who's to eat them, I should like to know? You and your father, far away, marching over miles of mud, without even a sausage and glass of beer to comfort you. My *lieber Paul*, he wrote me in that last fuss with Prussia—when we were with Austria; my dear, how he longed to taste a bit of *Leberwurst Kes*, so fond of it is your father; and, you know, I sent him a box. I'll see about some this time too, Rudolph. I don't know if you care for it as much."

Oh, my mother! How it maddened me to hear of meats and drinks when I was smitten to the soul. Leaning out of the window, and looking at the dewy lawn, and the wet roses nodding in the wind, and the flecks of sunshine goldening the green, and the blue sky above so serene, and the steadfast mountains beyond, it seemed as if nature maddened me, too. All was so unchanged since I last looked—yet all so changed for me. And there came slowly up one of the paths a *petite* figure, robed in blue—the straw hat swung by its ribbons in her hand, her face fresh in its tint as the dewy roses, her eyes looking half expectantly toward the house, the children frisking about her.

"To think of her being a spy!" I said, unconsciously, aloud. "What devilish nonsense!"

"Why, Rudolph!" cried my mother, "what are you talking about?"

"About mademoiselle," I answered. "She looks like a spy, don't she?"

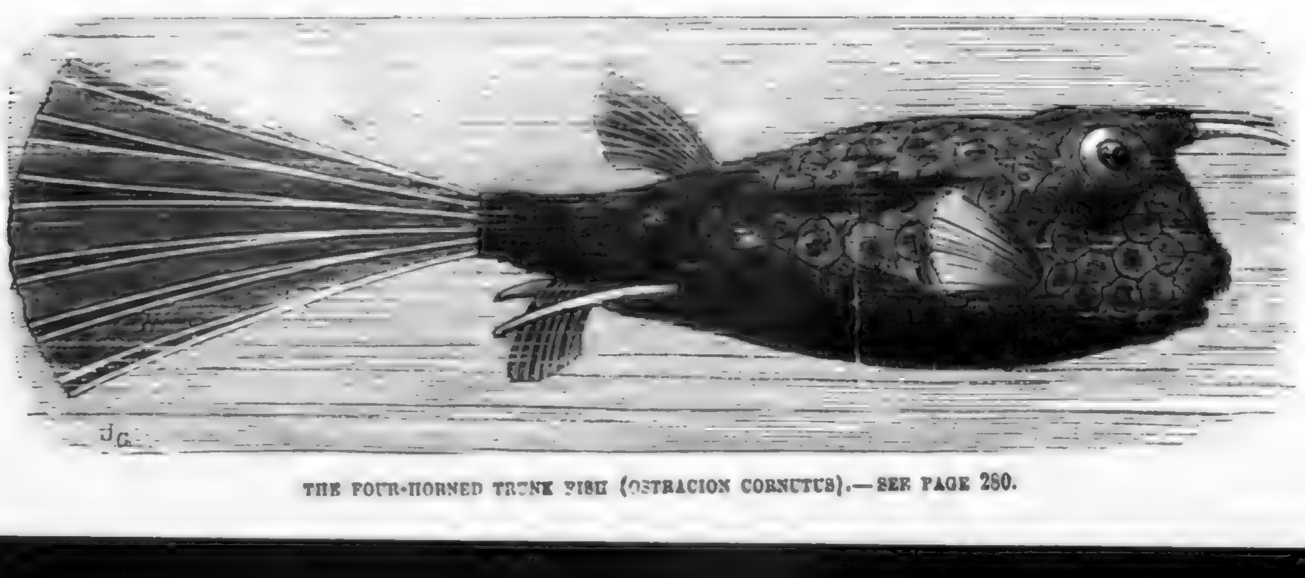
Very young and innocent she looked then, and all unconscious of the cloud that had risen to darken our heaven—the cloud that was to break into a desolating storm over so many peaceful homes, and deluge the land with blood.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" answered my mother; "poor thing, she will feel this, too; she has a brother. And as to being a spy—of course that's sheer nonsense. But your father has a prejudice against her nation. Do go out and break it to her, Rudolph; I haven't the nerve."

I went out without a word. The children had not breakfasted yet, so they were disposed of easily. I think my face told some evil tidings before my lips fashioned the words. My Marguerite's face grew suddenly solemn as she looked at me.

"Do not be afraid to speak," she said, seeing me hesitate. "I can hear bad news;" and in her anxiety she laid her hand on mine—such a cold little hand!

I determined not to afflict her with the horrors that had



THE FOUR-HORNED TRUNK FISH (OSTRACION CORNUTUS).—SEE PAGE 280.

thronged my mind—the grim phantoms called up by the very word "war." I made as light of it as possible.

"Have you heard no political news lately?" I said. "Here we have been reading our own idyl instead of the newspapers, and never knew that two nations were getting into a broil till to-day my father writes there will be war."

I saw the great black eyes grow more earnest, as she said, slowly:

"The nations must be France and Germany. Oh, my God!"

"Yes, my darling; or, rather, France and Prussia; but we're in for it all the same."

"And my poor brother Louis, he must go!"

"And I must go, too, my Marguerite," I said, somewhat piqued that she had thought of any other first.

"You!" she said, looking at me in a puzzled way; "but you are not a soldier."

"We are all soldiers in Germany," I said, trying to smile. "Yes, my darling, this is a terrible waking from our dream; but God is in heaven yet, though the nations rage. Time and absence cannot change us, I hope; else our love is not worth anything."

"No, no; but—oh! it is hard that we should be on different sides in this war. You will rejoice when I shall weep—oh, it is hard!"

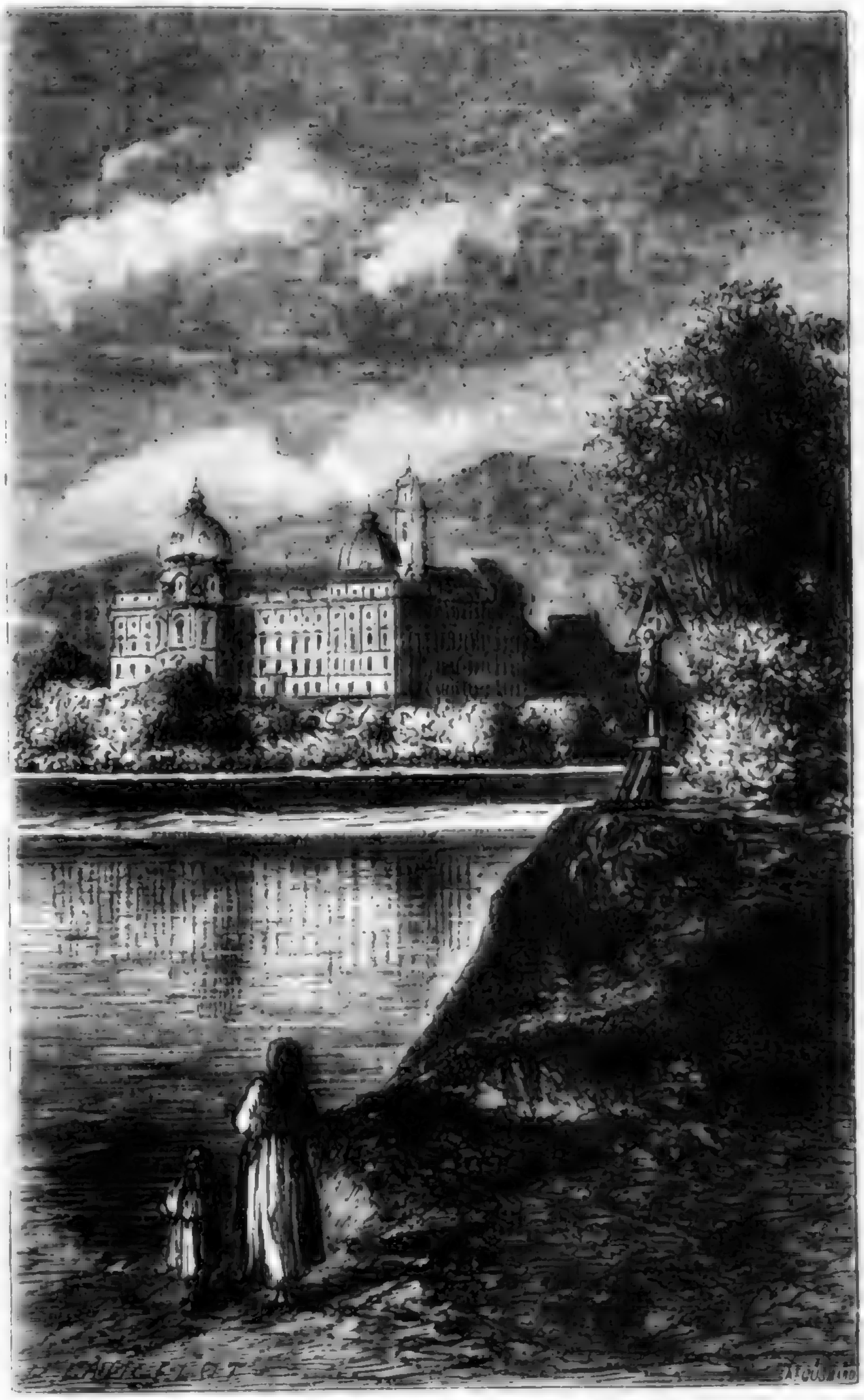
"But, you see, your people have chosen it; it is not our fault," I said, somewhat stiffly.

"I do not understand. I am ashamed of my ignorance—only one thing I know, that it is all miserable——"

"But it shall not part us," I cried, taking the cold little hand in mine; "it cannot last long, and then I shall come for you. Be ready, Marguerite; as soon as the peace proposals are made I shall come with my proposals;" and I attempted to smile.

"Of course. I did not think of that at first; but I must go home, I suppose;" and a pallor came into her face.

"I'm afraid so. There might be trouble afterward; but it's only for a couple of months. Our people must finish up the war in time for the harvest."



THE CONVENT OF CLOSTERNEUBURG.—SEE PAGE 279.

Alas! I saw the fields golden with grain, standing ripe for the harvest then; the peaceful fields—the sweet home-scenes! What a thrill of anguish went through my heart! I spoke with a cheer that I did not feel, and Marguerite took no comfort from my words.

"We can count on nothing," she said, sadly, "when war begins. You or I may never see the end."

"But I wish, after all, that you could stay here," I said, smitten with a sudden fear; "you might be safer."

"If the Germans are victors, as you seem to expect," she said, with a proud little smile, "no—no, I will share the perils of my countrymen. And my poor old father will be alone when Louis goes."

"Do not grow bitter against us, Marguerite. I fear—I fear to let you go."

And I took her in my arms then and there, with such a pang that I forgot the sweetness of holding her there; but, looking up at the window, I saw my mother watching me.

How the whole scene has burnt itself into my brain! The glittering, dew-wet lawn, the dripping roses, whose sweet scent sickens me now with the memory, the branches swaying softly over us, my Marguerite standing by one of the old brown trunks of trees, her little straw hat fallen from her hand, her bright hair loosened a little, and some flossy little curls blown back from her forehead, the eyes just dimmed with tears held back, her cheeks flushed, her lips trembling with some unspoken emotion; then the slow horror dawning on my mother's fond face—how it all swims before me now!

"Rudolph," she said, as I went in, "that was very improper. Was she fainting, or anything?"

"No, mother; but I was asking her to be true."

"To be true!" echoed my mother, vaguely.

"Yes, true to her promise to be my wife!"

"In heaven's name, has it gone so far as that?"

"Yes; you like her well enough, don't you?"

"Oh, never mind whether I like her or not; it's your father, Rudolph," began the mother, nervously walking about. "He has other views for you, and he will never consent."

XUM

"Pardon me, if I prefer my own views, mother," I said, as I went out of the room.

In a day or two the war excitement reached our quiet little nook in full force. Even Max caught it, and began to rebel against his well-beloved French teacher. I heard him singing old Blucher's song:

> "Allein der alte Blucher sprach,
> General karte hier,
> Nach Frankreich gehn ist nicht so schwer,
> Ist nicht so schwer."

And I gave him a box on the ear that rather spoiled the chorus.

"Never mind," said my Marguerite, putting her arms about him; "he will forgive me for being French when I am gone. This is my last day, Max; we must be happy to-day."

But both children broke out afresh at this news, which they had not heard before. Love overcame patriotism, and they clung to her with many fond, penitent words and kisses, till I saw she looked pale and worn, and I released her.

I took her down to the little station myself in the gray light of the next morning. I was soon to obey orders and leave the quiet valley myself, but it was none the less bitter to see the white face of my Marguerite as she gave me one last look, and read the grief written there.

I watched the stellwagen till the road wound round the mountain side, and then looked at the little note she had left in my hands; it held one little lock of silken hair, and the address, "Marguerite Barri, Bazeilles."

Bazeilles, then, was the name of the little town where the old father lived, and I had nearly forgotten to ask.

Afterward, in the long marches, I kept that curl near my heart—that and a little vignette of a fair, girlish head, covered with short, waving hair, with dark eyes, soft, yet full of a hidden fire, were all that I had of my Marguerite; but my heart held in its inmost sanctuary a truer picture.

Let me not linger weakly here; let me go on to the end—the end that day and night swims before me, that blots out everything else. Lying here in hospital I have time to think, and I think only of that. Sometimes they call it delirium, but I am only delirious when I forget.

What weeks they were, those first weeks of the war, in which I had so little heart! Triumph after triumph followed our arms. It read well in the papers, they sang pæans of victory, and national songs were written, and towns were illuminated, and the red, yellow, and black flag of the German Confederation floated everywhere.

But we soldiers saw the reverse of the picture—the heaps of dying, groaning for water, praying for death to bring oblivion to their anguish, the ghastly ranks of corpses, the green sod blooming, not with flowers, but human blood, the rain of bullets, the ruined towns, and weeping, praying women.

I did not forget my Marguerite in the midst of it all. I wrote more than once, but heard nothing, and concluded that she had gone to some sheltered country house with her aged father, or to Belgium, perhaps, where so many took refuge; then a stray cannon-ball put an end for a time to all thought and care.

I remember my convalescence so well! I rather enjoyed it, I own. I was in no hurry to go back to the scenes of horror and bloodshed, although Bavaria had covered herself with glory. I had scarcely asked after my corps; I had been living in the dreamland of forgetfulness.

But the army surgeon roused me from my dreaming. Suddenly, one morning, after the usual feeling of the pulse, he exclaimed, with satisfaction:

"Full and steady, Herr von Rodenstein. I have the honor to inform you that you can join your corps when you will."

That meant at once!

"And what are they doing now?" I asked, with somewhat languid interest.

"Oh, they are not far—at—confound these French names. There is a rumor that something is going on at present at Bazeilles."

How the name struck me, like a shot! Bazeilles!—Marguerite's home! But she was not there, thank God! Still I felt a feverish impatience to know what our troops were doing at Bazeilles.

How did I travel, I wonder? I remember none of the arrangements; I had the necessary order, I suppose, but I can recall nothing, save some trampled cornfields, looking, oh! so desolate in that smiling sunshine; and a little bluebird that sat on a twig near where I leaned, at last, faint and weary, and sang so loud and cheerily, with one sharp black eye fixed knowingly on my face, that I mounted again with a foolish thought that it was a good omen.

Ah, well, at last! A lurid light that made the sunshine pallid. I knew that light too well. I had not passed through the hellish rain of fire and blood for naught; but I stopped a boy, a mere child, who was running fearfully by.

"What is that?" I said, in French. "What is that light?"

"That!" cried the child, looking at me in wonder; "that is the town of Bazeilles."

I did not wait to hear more. Was it not all written in letters of fire before my burning eyes? I put spurs to my horse and drew nearer. I saw the spire of the village church standing still, but fire leaped from every window, every house. Like the smoke from a great altar, it streamed up to heaven—the smoke of this great sacrifice. In the streets lay dead bodies, their pale, pathetic faces upturned to the terrible light; arms strewn everywhere, the owners dead or gone; and here and there lay a dead horse who had borne his own part in the terrible fray, and lost. Well, I had seen it all before, why did I sicken at it now?

One of "ours" met me, an old comrade. "*Donner wetter!*" he cried, "out again! Welcome."

"What's this?" I cried, pointing to the tongues of flame which were licking up the poor homes and household goods of the people. "What hellish cruelty!"

"Ah, you think so," he cried, carelessly; "well, you haven't been here, that's all; why, these people fought like devils."

"And they fought with devils," I said.

"I hope so," he answered, smiling, as if I had paid him a compliment; "but this is how it was: they fought, as I said, like fiends incarnate—that is to say, like brave soldiers, but we won. Then we took possession and fired the town, believing the devils were gone; when all at once a hell-fire opened on us from that great house yonder. Our men dropped fast. We piled straw against the shutters and fired it again and again, but the wind blew the other way and it wouldn't burn. Not till the commander fell, mortally wounded, did they surrender; then only forty remained out of two hundred. Others fired on us—not soldiers—they have been taken, and they will be hung to-morrow. They say some of the people have been smothered in the burning houses. They hid in the cellars; that is not our fault, you know; we thought they were gone. It is the fortune of war."

I turned away silently, and walked about the deserted streets. Our soldiers were still examining the houses from which they had been fired on. As I passed one they brought out an old man, very faint and pale; he had to be supported, or he could not have taken a step. I looked in that venerable face, and felt an indescribable pity.

"What has he done?" I asked.

"Fired on us; you see he is in citizen's dress," answered one, laconically.

"Yes, I fired twice," answered the old man, quietly. "That is enough, I hope. I am worthy of death. Two shots—one for each of my beautiful ones. Do you see, monsieur? My splendid, gallant Louis has fallen. I saw the life dashed out of his bright young face myself, and my daughter—I was sick, monsieur, and could not travel, so she would not leave me—well, she lies yonder, dead, smothered—my Marguerite. So, monsieur, I dragged myself from my sick-bed and took the old gun, and—and I think I have earned death; I trust I have."

I questioned no longer. I tore my way into the burning house. I heard the crash of some part of it as I entered. My instincts had not betrayed me. There, tenderly laid on a sofa in one of the rooms, was a slender, girlish figure. The golden hair, unloosed, swept to the floor, the hands had been lovingly folded as if in prayer, the gentle eyes were closed, the full, red lips were livid, and purple spots were on the delicate skin; but I knew her again, my bright-haired little love, my Marguerite!

So we had met again! Some one found me there, I suppose. They tell me I had a relapse, but I never knew. Only that last moment of consciousness, that last vision, is ever present.

Oh, my Marguerite! my angel! Gone before me in a chariot of fire to heaven, are you waiting for me there? Do you sometimes think, in the pauses of that heavenly song, of one voice which once sounded sweet, or, "dizzy with heaven," have you forgotten earthly sounds and loves? I believe not, my Marguerite; risen again, we shall meet once more.

> "'And that which made this earth so sweet,'
> Shall render heaven's joy complete.'"

IN A YEAR.

By Robert Browning.

Never any more
    While I live
Need I hope to see his face
    As before.
Once his love grown chill,
    Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
    Single still.

Was it something said,
    Something done,
Vexed him? Was it touch of hand,
    Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
    Love begun.
I as little understand
    Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
    I recall
How he looked as if I sung—
    Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
    First of all,
Up his cheek the color sprang,
    Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
    At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
    Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
    Touched the sweet;
I would die if death bequeathed
    Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
    He exclaimed—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
    I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine,
    Now unblamed;
Since upon thy soul as well,
    Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
    Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
    His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
    Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
    I gave these.

That was all I meant—
    To be just,
And the passion I had raised
    To content.
Since he chose to change
    Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised,
    Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
    On and on,
While I found some way undreamed:
    Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
    Till, all gone,
He should smile "She never seemed
    Mine before.

"What she felt the while,
    Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,"
    He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
    White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles, then.
    But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
    Do thy part;
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
    Grows belief!
Well, this cold, clay clod
    Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
    Is it God?

THE CONVENT OF CLOSTERNEUBURG, NEAR VIENNA.

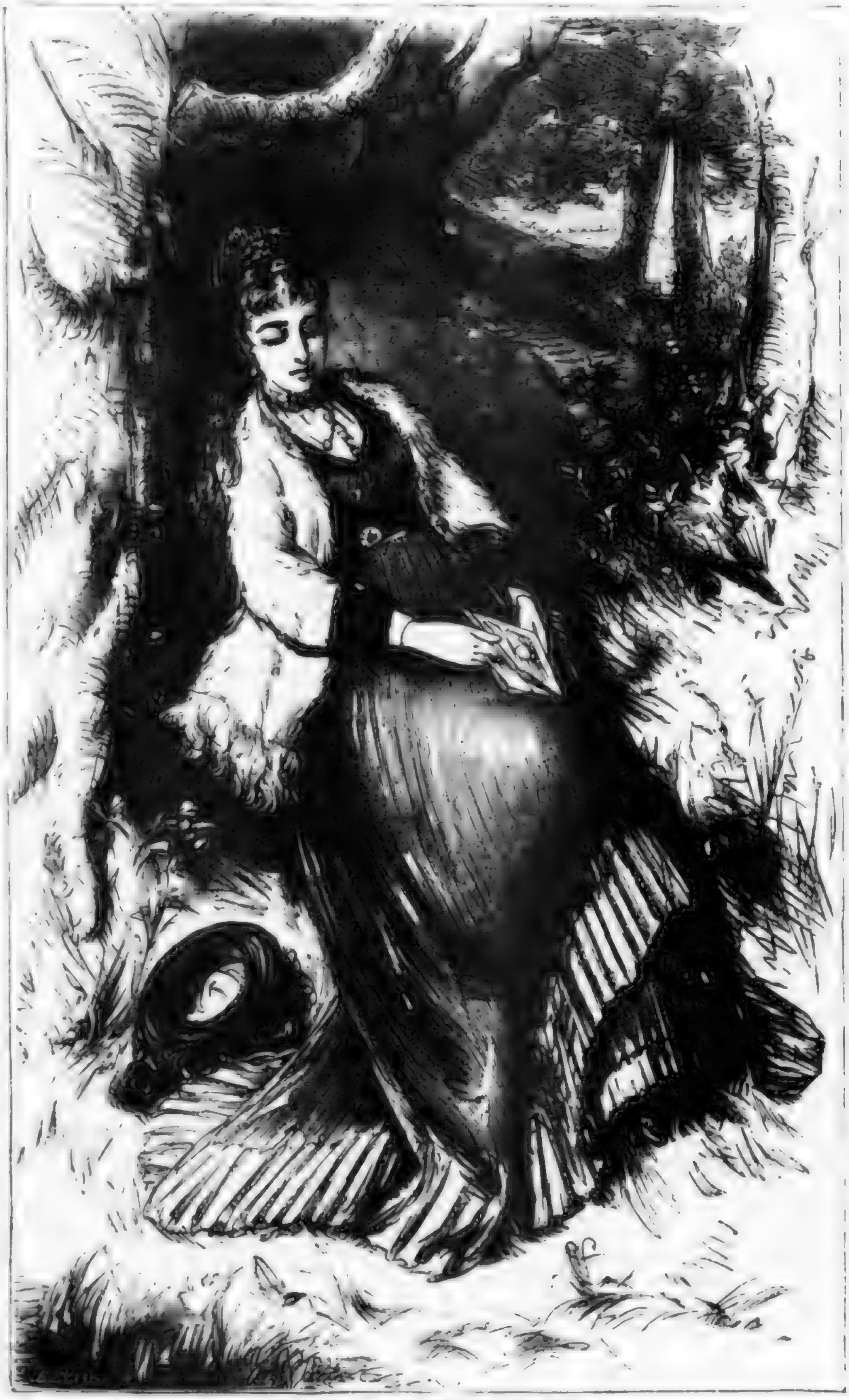
The old convents and monasteries seem almost always to have been erected on picturesque and attractive sites. An eye for the beautiful seems to have guided the selection of the spot and the rearing of the edifice. The choice seems almost prescient, as though the vail of centuries had been lifted, and they built for coming ages rather than their own. As Emerson puts it:

> "They builded better than they knew,
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The strikingly picturesque convent of Closterneuburg, shown in our illustration, dates back to the time of St. Leopold, a warrior saint of Austrian annals. Carrying on the conquests of Albert the Victorious, he transferred his residence from Moelk to the Kahlenberg, where he built a castle often captured and recaptured in the wars with Magyar, Bohemian, and Turk.

XUM

Lower down, at the foot of the Leopoldsberg, at the very spot, saith the legend, where his young wife found a vail which she had lost eight years before while hunting, he founded a convent, around which grew, in time, the little town of Closterneuburg. The convent has been remodeled from time to time. The most important alterations were made in 1730, and the latest, a century subsequently, in 1834. It is one of the richest monastic edifices remaining in the world, a large part of the environs of Vienna belonging to it. It contains the relics of the warrior saint, incased in gold, silver, and pearls.



IN A YEAR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 279.

Four-horned Trunk Fish.

THIS remarkable fish seems, as a French navy officer states, to furnish a natural model for a steam-ram. Its tail is the screw propelling it; its sides are armor-plated with a series of five-sided scales, that fit together in one compact shield like a tortoise's shell; and it carries, both fore and aft, two stout spear heads. The eyes, mouth and tail, are uncovered, but sufficiently protected by the horns.

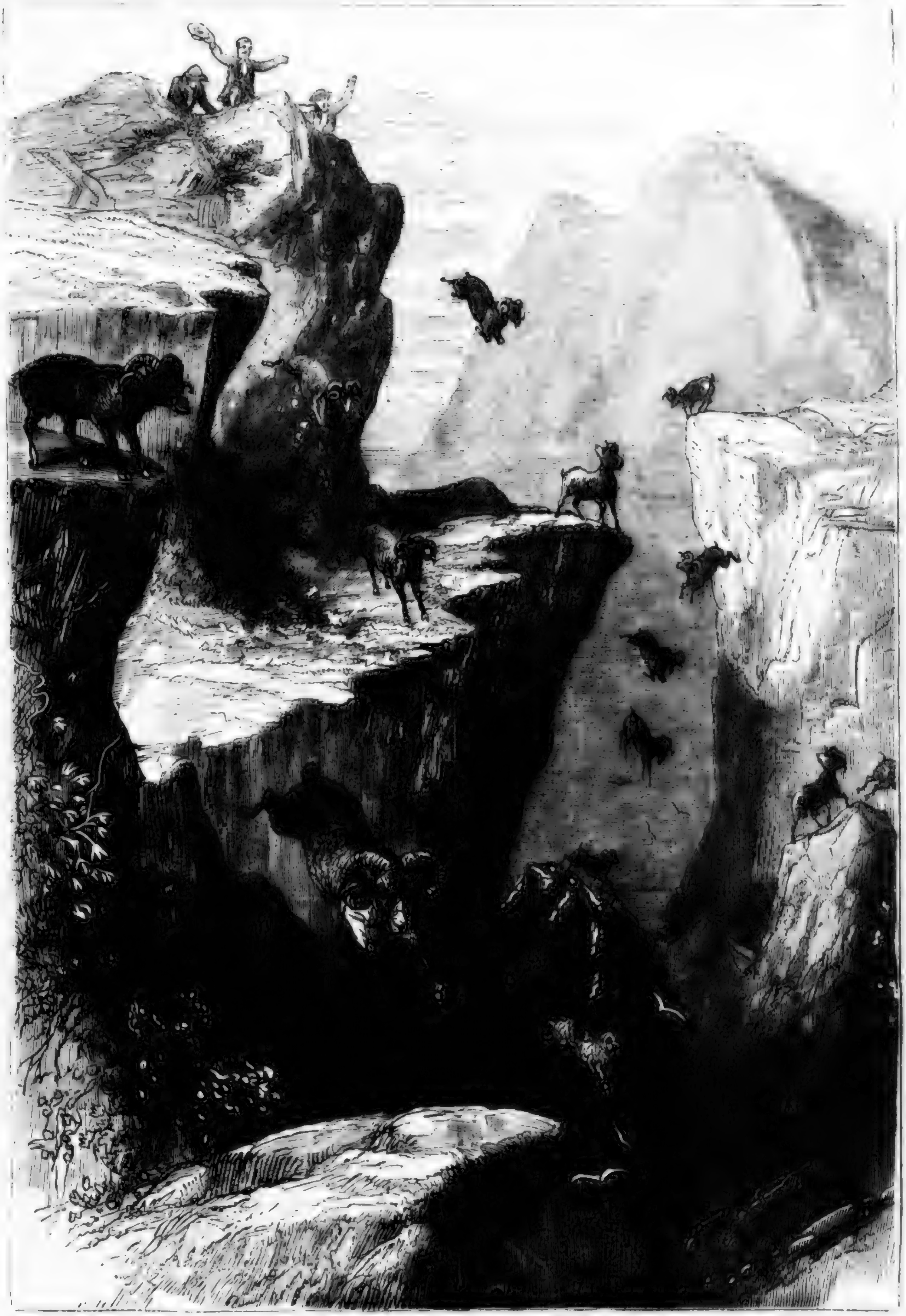
The color of this curious fish is brown, inclining to red or chocolate; but it has spots of another shade of brown scattered over the body. The tail and fins are yellow, the former marked with black spots. The eyeball is deep blue, set in a yellow iris. Specimens vary in length from nine to fifteen inches. It has fourteen teeth in the upper jaw, and twelve in the lower. There are other varieties, with only two horns behind; but specimens are rare.

BIG HORNS, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, SURPRISED.

WE present our readers with an exceedingly accurate sketch of Rocky Mountain sheep, as they jump, when suddenly startled. These interesting animals, the *Ovis montana* of naturalists, dwell in the most remote and inaccessible mountain regions, seeming to delight in the tender grass and stunted shrubbery which struggle for existence along at the foot of the perpetual snow-line.

The great size of the horns which the male carries has given rise to many conjectures as to their special use or service, and from these suppositions has sprung a general belief that the animal, when making his extraordinary leaps from heights to lower places, alights on them to break the violence of the shock. The idea, although so novel and improbable, is seriously entertained by many who live in the immediate vicinity of the "high Rockies"; and, indeed, an old hunter told the writer that though he had spent over twenty years in the mountains, and in this time had shot many hundreds of the sheep, still he never had a fair view of them while jumping down from high places, since, in approaching them, the trapper always comes from a point below, and the scared animals bound up and disappear in an instant on becoming aware of his presence.

In the case which we illustrate, a party of geologists



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP SURPRISED BY A SURVEYING PARTY.

and topographers, under the able guidance and direction of Mr. King, in charge of the United States Geological Survey of the fortieth parallel, were descending from one of the highest points of the Twin Peaks, when they suddenly came upon a band of ten mountain sheep, which were leisurely feeding at the brink of a precipice. The startled animals, with a short, quick snort, bounded off, without the slightest hesitation, and disappeared, in a succession of long leaps of from thirty to sixty feet, down the almost perpendicular face of a rocky wall over 800 feet high. So close were the party upon them that, one of their number asserts, had he only a twenty-foot pole, he could have easily touched the old sachem of the flock.

The astonished *savans* and engineers strained their eyes to the utmost, and had a glorious opportunity of observing the manner in which the sheep came down upon all-fours, the feet drawn up under the body, with the head thrown back; they seemed to suffer no shock, but came down as lightly as birds, pausing a moment before bounding off again.

Careful measurements were made, and the distances were found to vary between thirty and sixty feet, with one jump that measured *eighty* feet. This is, we believe, the only recorded observation of the kind that has been made. In this flock were two lambs, which seemed to suffer no embarrassment in following their parents.

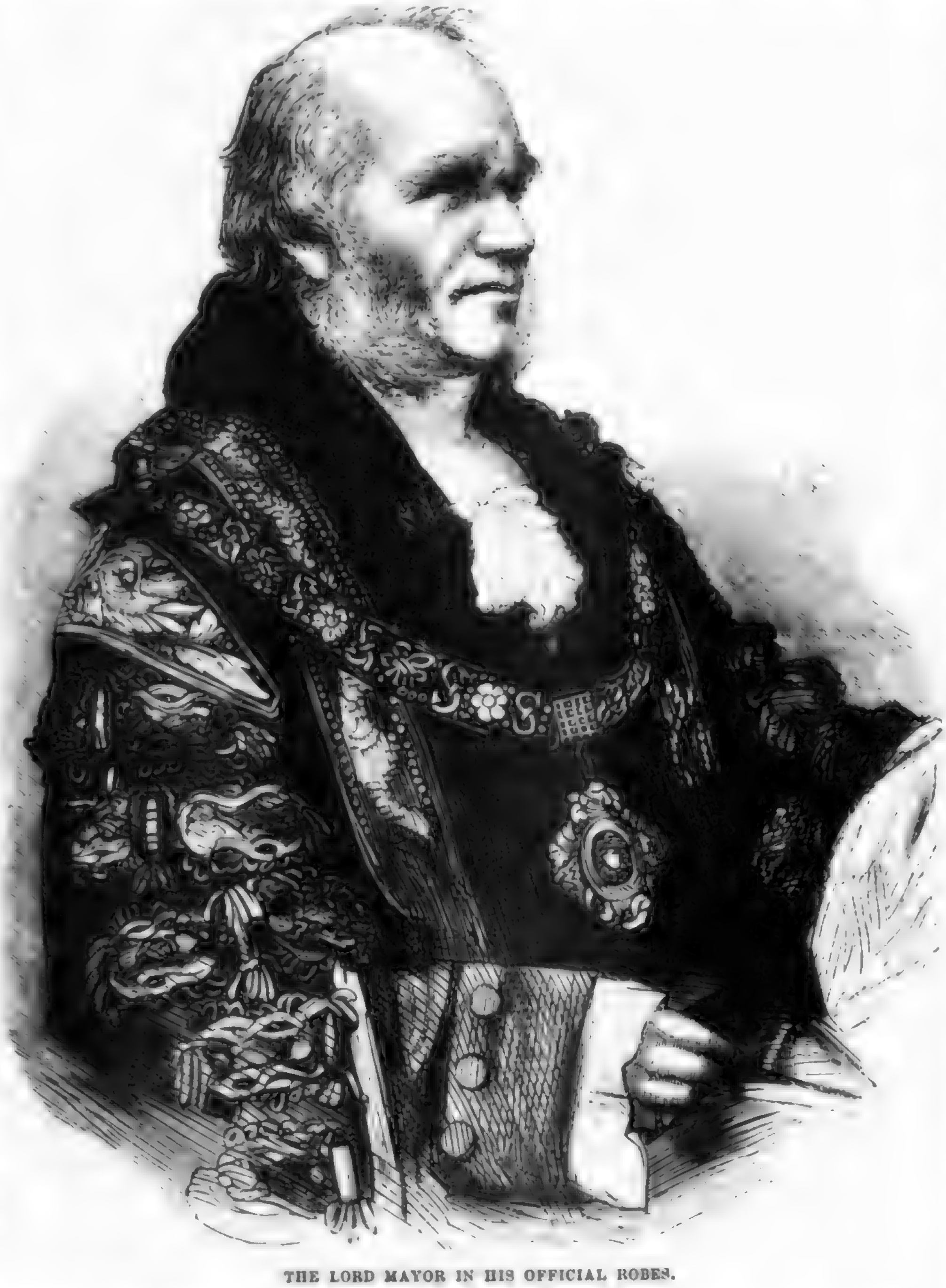
The flesh of the big-horn is much prized. A full-grown specimen measures about three feet six in height at the shoulders, and the horns, which give it the common name, are nearly that length.

HARD speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

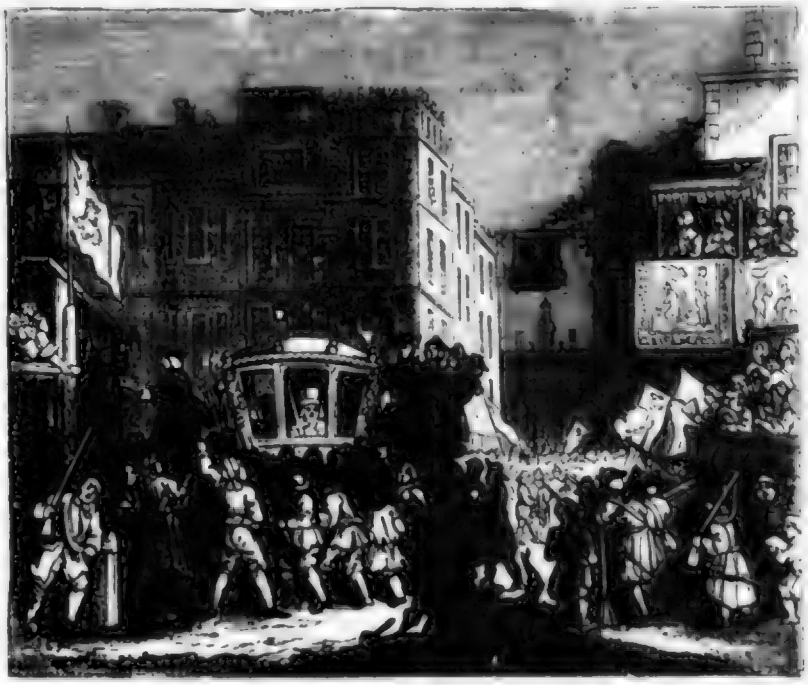
HIS FUNCTIONS AND DIGNITIES.

THE Lord Mayor is, so to speak, king of the city, a king who sorely puzzles foreigners. They see him and his queen or lady driving about in equipages far more sumptuous than those of royal Victoria; they hear him called "My Lord"; they know that the greatest potentates of the earth dine at his table; and yet they find that, after a brief reign of twelve months, he quietly and cheerfully resumes his occupation of cattle salesman, grease manufacturer, type-founder, or drysalter.



THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS OFFICIAL ROBES.

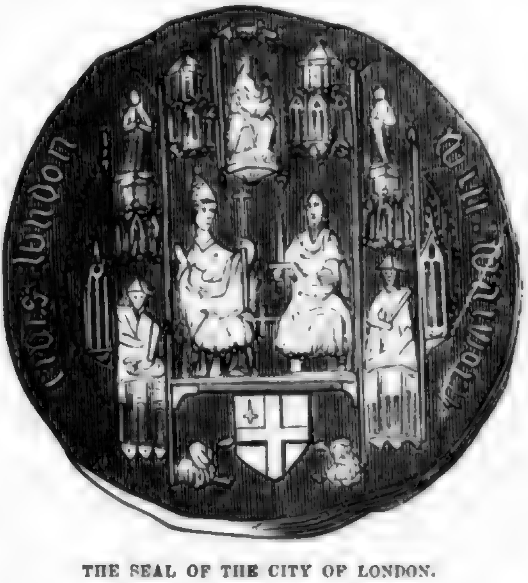
The chief magistrate of the City of London was at one time called the *port-grave*, *portgreve* or *portreeve*; afterward *justiciar*. Then he became *mayor*, appointed by the crown, and removable at pleasure; then mayor elected annually by the citizens; and, at last, *Lord Mayor*. Some notable men figure in the list of mayors during six or seven centuries—Sir William Walworth, who so resolutely grappled with the rebel Wat Tyler; Sir Richard Whittington, every schoolboy's Dick Whittington; William Beckford, better known as father of *the* Beckford who wrote "Vathek" and built Fonthill Abbey; John Wilkes, the famous Radical who troubled the government of George III. so sorely; Francis Child and Richard Hoare, the great Fleet Street bankers; and many others. Most of them have been commercial men; but the first, Henry FitzElwyne, was possibly a courtier, for he held the office twenty-four years. According to the system afterward introduced and still maintained, an annual election must take place; but the same person may be re-elected. A few, like Whittington, have thrice filled the mayoralty; and a very few (more than five centuries ago) have filled it four, five, or even six times. Some



THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS STATE COACH ON HIS WAY TO GUILDHALL, LONDON, NOV. 9, 1750.—BY HOGARTH.

provincial corporations have much exceeded these limits, having re-elected one mayor as many as eleven times; while one particular Irish corporation has gone so far as twenty-three re-elections. Noblemen have not, so far as the list shows, been Mayors or Lord Mayors of London; whereas two Cecils have been Mayors of Stamford, a Stanley Mayor of "proud Preston," a son of one peer Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a son of another peer Mayor of Drogheda. Londonderry in bygone times thought fit to make one particular clergyman its Mayor five years in succession.

A knotty point it has been to determine whether these civil dignitaries are "Worshipful," "Most Worshipful," "Honorable," or "Right Honorable"; and we are not certain that the problem is solved, even yet. The Lord Mayor of London is summoned to the royal palace to sign his name to the proclamation of the accession of a new sovereign; and this has been deemed a justification for awarding to him the Privy Councilor's title of "Right Honorable." Mr. Mayor is jealous of his dignity in all provincial corporations; he claims precedence over the sheriff of the town, and over the high sheriff of the county in all matters relating to the town. But the Lord Mayor of *London* is a very big man indeed; not only does he take precedence of all the subjects of the crown within the city, but even of the princes of the blood-royal. A notable instance of this took place in 1806, when, at the funeral of Lord Nelson, three of the king's sons—Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence—went in the procession; the Lord Mayor claimed and established his right to take precedence of them as soon as they had entered the city through Temple Bar. Two other cities share with London the honor of having a "Lord" Mayor, namely, York and Dublin. In one particular York is more distinguished than the other two cities: for its Lady Mayoress is entitled, if she likes to claim it, to call herself "Lady" So-and-so for the rest of her life, whether her husband has been knighted or not. Many, it is said, have exercised this right, which York has embodied in an old rhyme.

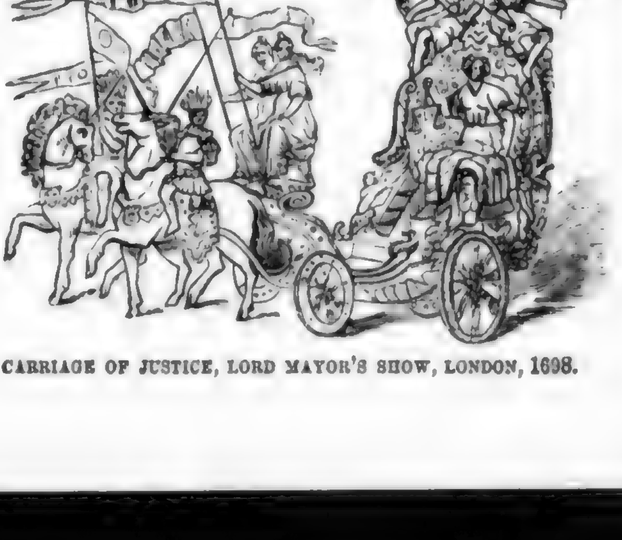


THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

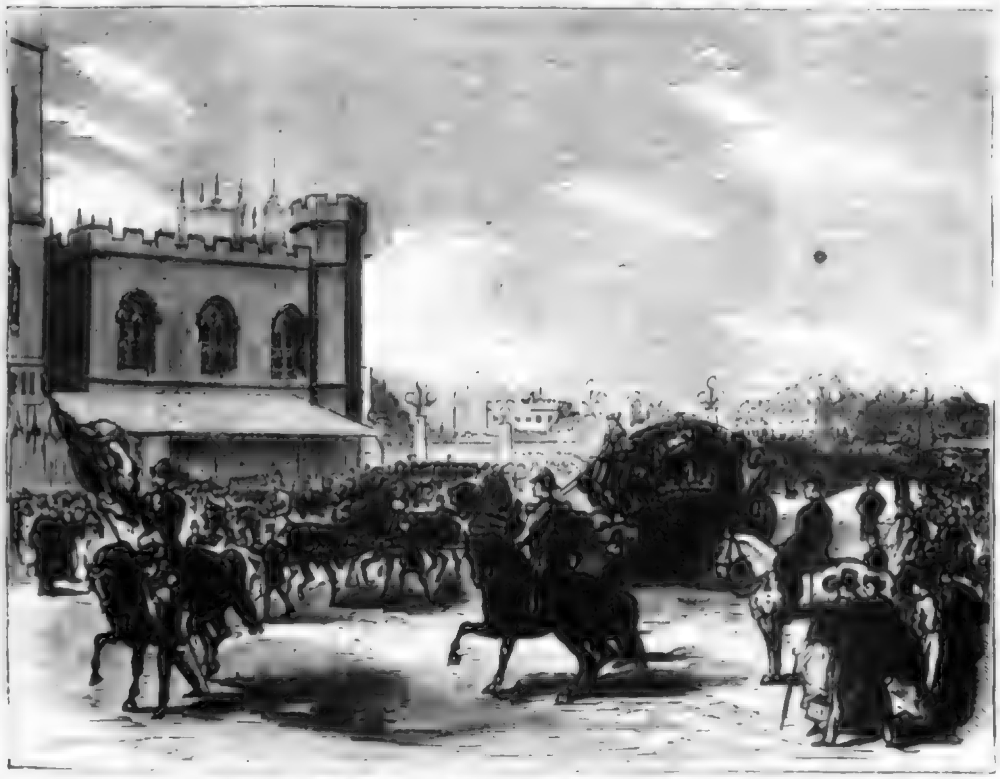
> "The Mayor is a Lord for a year and a day;
> But his wife is a Lady for ever and aye."

The Mayoress in some towns has a silver cradle presented to her if she adds a new arrow to the family quiver during her husband's year of office. This ceremony has taken place at York, Liverpool, Accrington, and possibly some other provincial towns. The lady of Mr. Alderman Copeland had one of these delicate testimonials presented to her in 1855, when her husband was Lord Mayor of London.

Of course the chief magistrate of the great City is a well-known city-man before he becomes Lord Mayor; and this leads us to say a little concerning his selection and election. The basis of the population of the City of London, so far as concerns corporate influence, is the *freemen*. This body consisted formerly only of the members of the great Companies or guilds; but other modes of obtaining the freedom are now available. The *livery* or *liverymen*, a select body of the freemen, are the principal members of the several Companies. Starting from the medieval times, when court officials wore the livery or uniform of their sovereign, the baron's retainers the livery of their chief, the cavalier the livery of his lady-love, the confessors and penitents the livery of the Church—starting from this origin, a livery, badge, or distinctive garment of outer clothing, was adopted by the City Companies, at one time nearly a hundred in number; and in the early days of the Lord Mayor's show the livery of these Companies made a very gay appearance. As at present arranged, the City is divided into twenty-six wards, each of which is subdivided into precincts. The liverymen collectively form the *Common Hall*. The *Common Council* consists of somewhat over two hundred members, elected by freemen-householders out of their own body, so many for each ward. It constitutes virtually the House of Commons of the City, and has a very influential voice in all



CARRIAGE OF JUSTICE, LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, LONDON, 1698.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY—THE PROCESSION ENTERING PALACE YARD.

corporation affairs. The *Aldermen* are elected for life, in all except a single instance one for each ward, and exercise both corporate and judicial functions. The Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs are elected for one year only. The Lord Mayor must necessarily have been, and be, at the time of election, an alderman. We need not go into any detail here concerning the duties of aldermen and sheriffs; suffice it to say that they are mostly of a magisterial character, dealing with offenses and offenders against the law.

Let us state a little more precisely the mode in which the Lord Mayor is selected for honor. On the 29th of September every year, Michaelmas or St. Michael's Day, the liverymen of the several Companies meet in Common Hall. The crier reads out a list of aldermen, omitting those who have not been sheriffs, and those who in some former year filled the office of Lord Mayor or have "passed the chair." Generally speaking, there are about eight or ten aldermen eligible. Usually the first two in seniority of aldermanship are selected; for it is seldom that a really contested election takes place. In case the decision is not unanimous by show of hands, a poll is demanded, and the result of the polling is announced seven days afterward. The two approved names are then officially announced by the Common Sergeant to the Court of Aldermen; and this court decides which of the two to select. Here again seniority is so much the rule that the citizens know pretty well beforehand who will be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. For example, on Michaelmas Day last year, the liverymen in Common Hall selected the two senior aldermen who had not "passed the chair," and then the Court of Aldermen decided on the senior of these two, Alderman Sir Thomas White. On subsequent dates, ending with the eventful 9th of November, the new Lord Mayor takes certain oaths in presence of the outgoing Mayor and the aldermen, attends the Lord Chancellor to obtain the gracious approval of the Crown for the choice which the citizens have made, and attends in the Court of Exchequer to be sworn in by the barons of that court. To go to Westminster for this swearing-in is the real purport of what is known to all Londoners as the Lord Mayor's Show, a ceremonious formality still kept up, although its real meaning has departed. After the Norman Conquest, the chief municipal officers were persons appointed by the king to collect from the citizens whatever taxes he chose to impose; and even when the citizens obtained the right of electing those officers, the latter were still bound to render account to the king of moneys due to or claimed by him from the corporation. The Lord Mayor has still, centuries afterward, to satisfy the King's (or Queen's) Barons of the Exchequer that he is "a fit and proper man" to undertake this financial responsibility.

The Lord Mayor, though never before so hard-worked as he is now (a point we shall notice presently), was, in the turbulent days of the Plantagenets and the Roses, a much more daring public character. Again and again he confronted the sovereign for the time being, demanding and generally obtaining a restitution of civic privileges which had been imperiled. At one time he joined the feudal barons against the king, at another the king against the barons; according to the varying exigencies of troubled politics. Often the City Companies and he had a struggle as to which should exercise control over disobedient members of the several crafts. As the Lord Mayor's City of London was topographically situated between the king's Tower of London and the king's palace at Westminster, the civic dignitary had sometimes to be consulted before a state criminal could be conveyed to the Tower; and once now and then the citizens saw the Mayor himself escorted by armed men to that stronghold. All things considered, it may be stated that the Lord Mayor of London has for five centuries been an upholder of civil and religious liberty.

Is there any living man in the City of London who works harder than the Lord Mayor? We may almost venture to answer the question in the negative, after learning something of the daily routine. Not, of course, muscular labor, nor the plodding brain-work of the counting-house; but an almost unceasing train of duties in which his official good name is concerned.

First come the strictly corporate functions, distinct from those connected with the administration of justice. The Lord Mayor presides at the sittings of the Court of Aldermen, both in that court and in the Lord Mayor's court. He presides similarly over the Court of Common Council and the Common Hall, though with an occasional deputy or substitute. He is chief conservator of the Thames. He attends the Commission of Sewers, and various committees for municipal purposes. He is in repeated communication with the government on matters relating to the special rights and privileges of the City, which are greater than those of any other municipality in the kingdom. He has to sign affidavits to certain notarial documents, and to attend to a number of minor duties gradually learned after the showy pageant which inaugurates his year of office.

Next we have a list of his duties in a judicial and magisterial capacity—much more exacting of time and attention than the municipal functions just mentioned. He is a judge of the Central Criminal Court; a judge of the London Sessions held in Guildhall; a justice of the peace for Southwark; a judge of the Court of Hustings. He is escheater in

London and Southwark (an occasionally exercised function bearing relation to the fee-simple of estates). And he is a police magistrate at the Mansion-house; an office that occupies more of his time, perhaps, than any other one of his duties.

Even all this is far from exhausting the list. The Lord Mayor is expected to lead off the establishment of subscriptions for the relief of all kinds of extensive sufferings in all parts of the world—floods, earthquakes, shipwrecks, conflagrations, colliery disasters, famines, war-miseries, etc., and to be the custodian of "Mansion-house Funds" for such purposes. He is expected to preside at public meetings of the citizens in Guildhall. He is one among a select body of dignitaries who attend (as we have already mentioned) the first meeting of the Privy Council after the accession of a new sovereign. He is Chief Butler at the coronation (not a very arduous office, however, and amply remunerated in the form of a golden cup as a fee). He is a governor of Christ's Hospital, a governor of King's College, a trustee of St. Paul's School, and governor or trustee of a larger number of other public institutions than we can count. If an emperor, a czar a shah, or a sultan visits England, the Lord Mayor is expected to enact the part of host when the illustrious foreigner condescends (if it *is* a condescension) to enter within the City precincts.

It has been said that the excessive feastings going on in the City, as if eating were the chief employment of corporations and guilds, "have turned aside public attention, not only from the business capacities of the chief officers, but also from the real nature of the institutions themselves." And in relation to the almost continuous labors of the Lord Mayor, "we are not aware how the mere enumeration of such an overwhelming amount of business may affect the fancy of the sportive wits who amuse themselves at the expense of the office and the officer; but we do know that the latter need desire no better revenge than to be allowed to catch one of these said gentlemen, and place him in the civic chair for a single week."

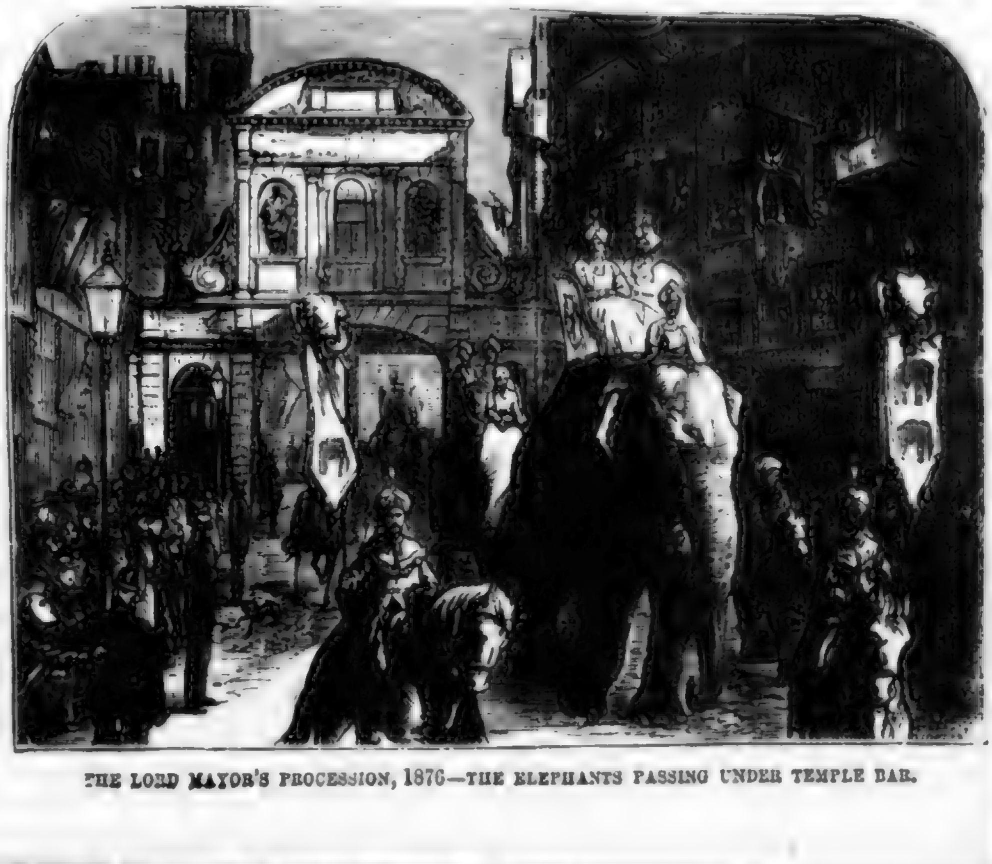
The Lord Mayor's working day begins earlier than that of most merchants or city men. He has to read a vast number of letters on a great variety of subjects—soliciting office, asking for advice, appealing for his patronage of charities, begging him to open bazars and exhibitions, soliciting his services in laying the first stones of public buildings or unvailing public statues, etc. His secretary sifts all the letters first, to separate the chaff from the wheat; but still the replies to be sent are very numerous. Then, in the regular business of the day, he signs receipts for City dues, hears applications, grants warrants, etc. About noon he enters the justice-room, robed and headed by his mace-bearers; and there he is generally engaged three or four hours. At various hours on various days his Lordship attends to other duties which we have enumerated above; and altogether he is said to sign his name about a thousand times every week.

The Lord Mayor, in reward for these labors, has—if not

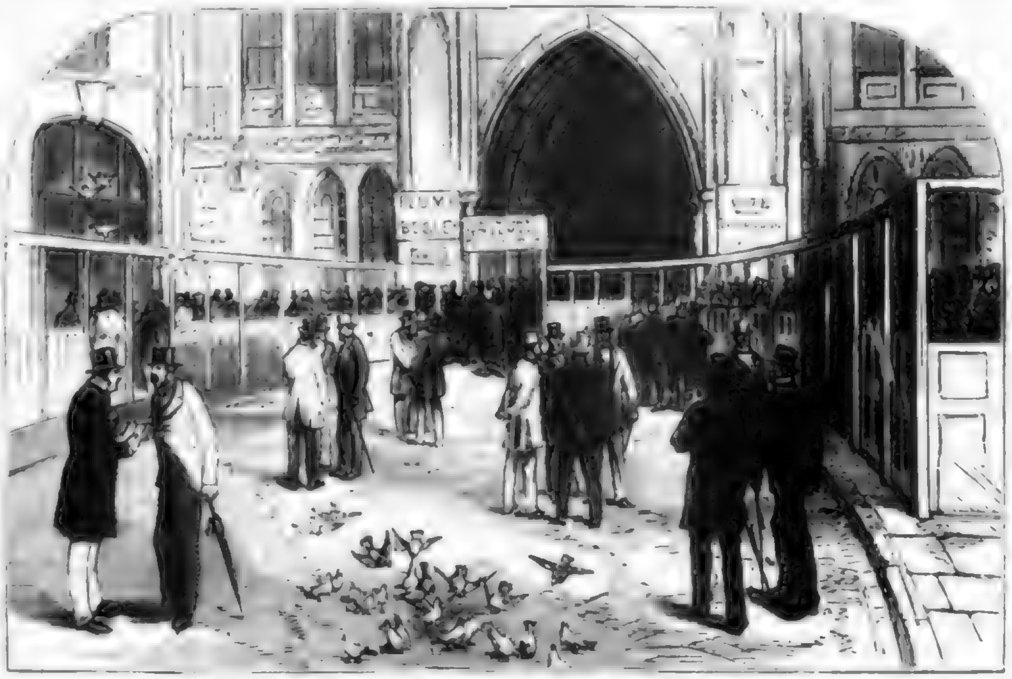
> The divinity that doth hedge a
> king—

at least a certain leaven of regal dignity. He has his sword-bearer, his sergeant-at-arms, his sergeant-carver, his sergeants of the chamber, his esquires, his crier—altogether about twenty members of the household (shall we say "courtiers"?), who are entitled to be called "Esquire." He has a splendid retinue of domestics, and "maintains three tables daily" at the Mansion-house. The kitchen of that structure has the accessories for cooking the banquets given in the superb Egyptian Hall. The plate chamber, guarded day and night, contains gold and silver plate of great value; this belongs to the corporation, and is only lent to the Lord Mayor, who signs a bond recognizing his responsibility for its due preservation. The more rare and expensive banquets at Guildhall are given by the corporation collectively; but the more frequent hospitalities at the Mansion-house are at the option of the Lord Mayor. Option, however, is scarcely the word to employ; he is expected to keep almost "open house"; and if he does not, he leaves behind him a reputation for shabbiness. Wards, companies, cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, members of the liberal professions, all are invited in turn; and a Mansion-house dinner *is* a dinner, even in the estimation of gastronomic *dilletanti*. The Lady Mayoress, too, gives many balls and assemblies in the course of the year, at which the wives and daughters of wealthy citizens blaze in their jewels like court ladies at the west end. The Lord Mayor has robes for different occasions—black silk, violet silk, scarlet cloth, and crimson velvet. He has also swords for different ceremonials—the common sword, the Sunday sword, the black sword, and the pearl sword. His gorgeous mace, more than five feet high, was a present from royalty.

Of course, all this costs a great deal of money; and occasionally an alderman is said to shun the mayoralty on this ground. Although the regular salary is £10,000 a year, with something more in fees, the total outlay generally reaches £20,000 or £25,000—the surplus coming out of his Lordship's private purse. The expenses of Lord Mayor's Day (generally over £3,000) are borne half by his Lordship and half by the sheriffs; but the banquetings at the Mansion-house are paid for out of his purse. He provides the horses for the state coach, the sumptuous liveries, and the state carriage and horses for the Lady Mayoress.



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, 1876—THE ELEPHANTS PASSING UNDER TEMPLE BAR.



ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

Of the pageants through the City of London, other than that which takes place when the great dignitary enters formally on his year of office, we do not propose to treat.

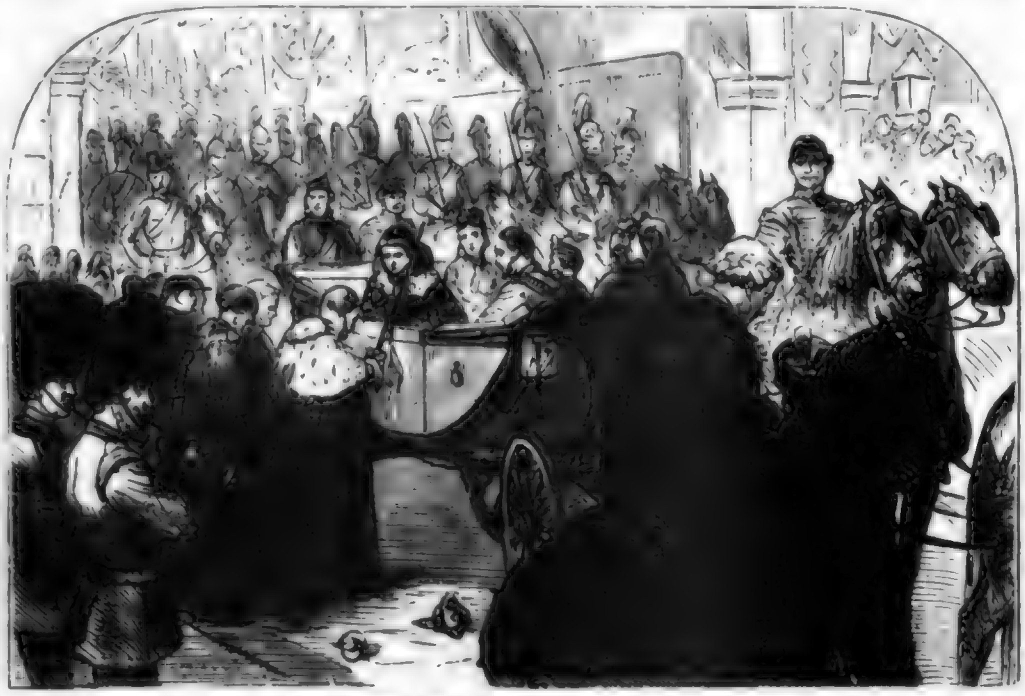
In accordance with the early royal stipulation, the new Mayor must be presented for approval to the king or his chief judge; and as the successive sovereigns have held their court and the judges sat at Westminster, a journey thither had to be annually made from the City of London. These journeys were called *ridings*, as most of the personages went on horseback; and splendid affairs they usually were, quite eclipsing the "show" with which we are now familiar. Sometimes a water procession was substituted for, or added to, a riding by land. The great City Companies hired barges for the occasion, and continued to do so until 1636, when the Grocers ordered "a fair and large barge for the use of this Company" to be built, with "a house and place for the safe keeping of said barge." The other chief Companies were not slow in following the example; and thus was gradually formed a splendid array of state barges, headed by one of extra magnificence for the great man himself.

Hall's *Chronicle* tells us that, on one Lord Mayor's Day in the early Tudor times, the water procession on the Thames was led off by a barge containing "a great dragon continually moving and casting wild-fire, and round about stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noises." Then came the Mayor's barge, garnished with many goodly banners and streamers, and richly covered; in which barge "were shalmes, shagbushes (shawms and sackbuts?), and divers other instruments, which continually made goodly harmony." Next came the gayly adorned barges of the Haberdashers, Mercers, Groers, and other Companies, 'some garnished with silk, and some with arras and rich carpets."

The land pageant often introduced practical punning allusions to the surname of the Mayor, such as Wells, Webb, and Lemon. A special example of this was displayed in the year when Alderman Wells was Mayor; three wells running with wine were exhibited at the Conduit in Cheapside, tended by three maidens representing Mercy, Grace, and Pity, who gave wine to all comers; the wells were surrounded by trees laden with oranges, almonds, lemons, dates, etc., in allusion to the Mayor's trade as a grocer. (In the days when tea and coffee were unknown in England, the Grocers were merchants who dealt principally in foreign fruits and spices.)

In 1566, Sir William Draper's show, or pageant, was such as would strike a modern Londoner with wonderment. The procession was headed by six boys, "singing and pronouncing speeches"; forty-six bachelors in gowns trimmed with marten fur, and having crimson satin hoods; twenty-eight "whifflers," to clear the way; forty-eight men bearing wax torches an ell in length; an equal number armed with javelins; and two fancifully dressed semi-savage "woodmen," carrying clubs and letting off squibs to clear the way—after which came the main personages of the procession, on richly caparisoned horses. Men "appareled like devils, and wilde men with squibs," took part in one show in the time of Elizabeth. Standard-bearers, drummers, fifers, bedesmen, pikemen, trumpeters, waits, bachelors, whifflers—all are named among the gay processionists in that century. (Bachelors and Whifflers were two grades among the freemen of the several Companies.)

The city giants were set up in Guildhall at least as far back as the Tudor times; for in 1558 we read of "the two ymages of Gotmagog the Albione and Corineus, the Britaine, two

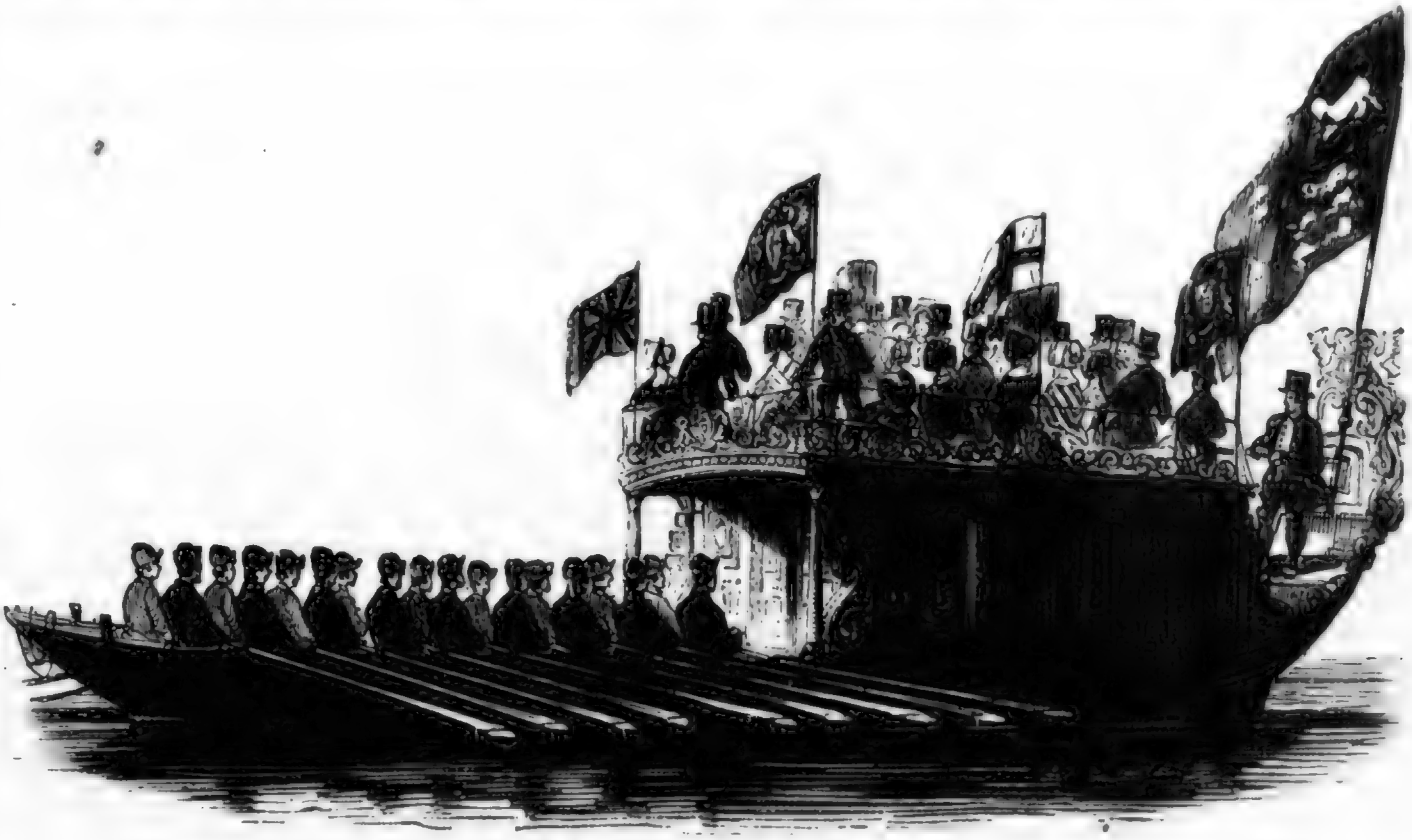


THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE CITY SWORD TO THE QUEEN AT TEMPLE BAR.

gyantes bigge in stature." The old Gog and Magog were destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666; and a new pair carved by Richard Saunders a few years afterward. On some occasions the grim monsters have been carried in the procession.

The citizens relished these shows too heartily to permit them to die out. At one time we hear of groups of children representing London, Magnanimity, Loyalty, the Soldier, the Sailor; at another, of four Nymphs, each of whom addressed the Mayor in a short speech; at another, of Astræa (supposed to represent Queen Elizabeth) attending with her flock at the Fountain of Truth, defying Superstition and Ignorance.

There were, in one year or another, sea-chariots on the Thames, with Neptune to address his Worshipful on his way to Westminster; islands drawn on wheels through the streets, with trees bearing fruit; Jason and Medea bearing the golden fleece in the ship *Argo;* the Chariot of Man's Life, with allegories of the successive periods of man's career; London and her twelve Daughters, representing the twelve great Companies; the Mayor, Neptune, and Thamesis, attended by eight "royal virtues"; a fishing-boat, with fishers drawing up their nets with real fish, and distributing them to the people; Mermen and Mermaids drawing an Angel of Victory; Bacchus rowed in a galleon by Bacchanals; Satyrs carousing in an Arbor of Delight; a King of the Moors attended by six tributary kings—in short, there was an amount of figurative, emblematical, symbolic imagery which our prosaic age can barely comprehend.



STATE BARGE OF THE LORD MAYOR.

The usual arrangement adopted was for each Company to provide the pageant on the mayoralty of one of its members, and to adopt allegorical tableaux associated with its trade. The Grocers were greatly distinguished in this matter; on one occasion they had an Island of Spices, with two mounted orientals distributing sugar, dates, nutmegs, and ginger to the populace.

Royal personages not unfrequently witnessed the civic displays. In six consecutive years Charles II. was provided with a cushioned and curtained balcony in Cheapside, and afterward dined with the Lord Mayor in Guildhall. Hogarth's picture of the Lord Mayor's Show, painted about the middle of the last century, depicts the Prince and Princess of Wales seated beneath a canopy at the end of Paternoster Row. The picture in other respects conveys an excellent idea of the show and its incidents—the genteel spectators accommodated on raised and inclosed seats; the general public in the roadway; the raised stands of the Companies along Cheapside; the windows and house-tops filled with gazers; the bedizened coach with its footmen; the liverymen clustered in their several guilds; the City militia, the men in armor, and the flaunting flags and banners. The allegorical pageantry had pretty well worn itself out by the time of Queen Anne; but it was revived for a special occasion in 1761, when George III. and Queen Charlotte dined with the corporation on the first Lord Mayor's Day after the royal marriage and coronation. The Armorers, Braziers, Skinners, and Fishmongers came out in great force on this auspicious day with symbolical archers, men in armor, fur-dressed Indians, dolphins, mermaids, and sea-horses.

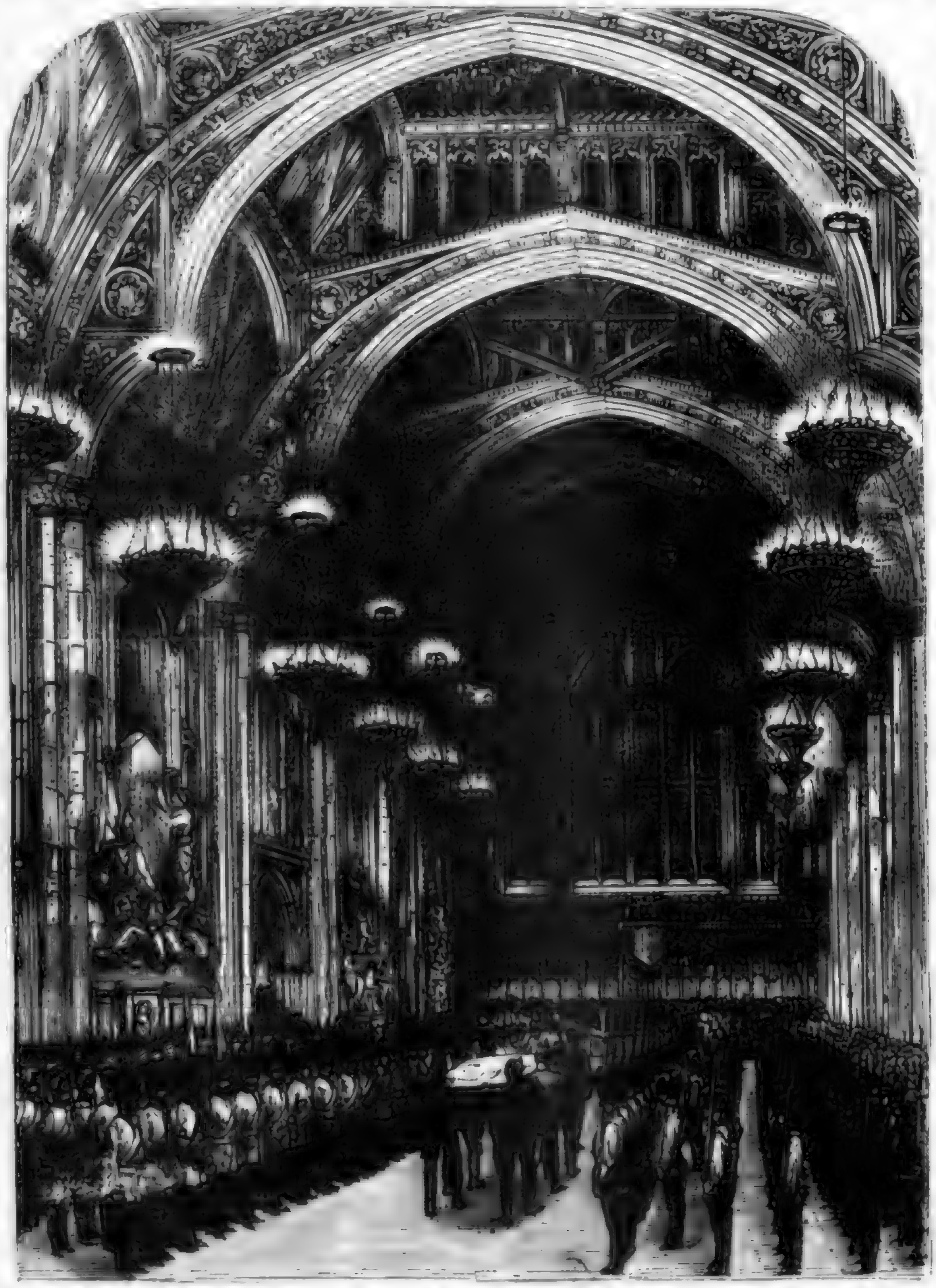
The Lord Mayor always rode on horseback in the procession until 1712, Sir Gilbert Heathcoat's year of mayoralty. The equestrianism has since been occasionally exhibited, but not on Lord Mayor's Day. Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter was rather proud of his horsemanship, and liked to ride about the City on a white steed. Hence arose an epigram:

"An emperor of Rome, who was famous of whim,
A Consul his horse did declare;
The City of London, to imitate him,
Of a Hunter has made a Lord Mayor."

On Thanksgiving Day, 1872, the Lord Mayor and nineteen other civic dignitaries appeared in equestrian array to receive the royal party at Temple Bar—not, it is said, without some indications of "unstable equilibrium."

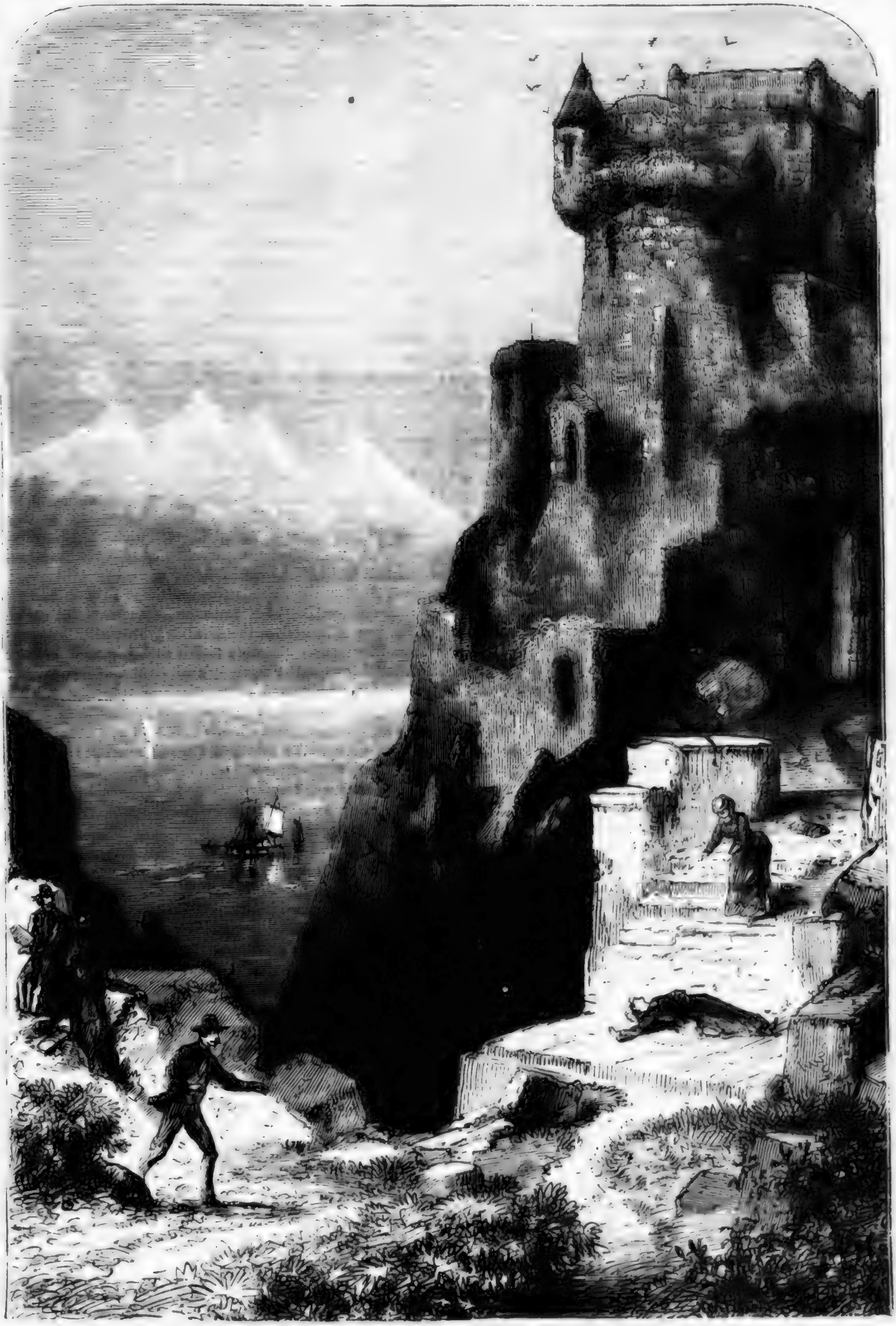
The Lord Mayor's first official coach was a modest affair. The present enormous, heavy, gorgeous vehicle has done duty for nearly a hundred and twenty years, and is certainly the most unique object in the show; its panels were painted by Cipriani, and its total cost exceeded a thousand guineas. With very few exceptions, indeed, the state coach on this eventful day has been honored with the presence of the Lord Mayor, decked with his insignia of office, his two chaplains, his sword-bearer, carrying the pearl sword presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth, and his mace-bearer, carrying the gold mace presented by Charles II.

Modern attempts to revive the old allegorical pageants have not had much success. In 1811, Alderman Sir Claudius Hunter, as Lord Mayor, borrowed two beautiful suits of armor, one brass and the other steel, for which Mr. Elliston had paid five hundred pounds, and which were to be used in a grand spectacle at the Surrey Theatre; and John Kemble undertook to provide nodding plumes for the neighing steeds. The steeds were probably borrowed from the theatre, or were trumpeters' chargers from the Horseguards. In 1822 there were three knights in armor, attended by three esquires in half-armor, heralds, and banner-bearers. The year 1825 presented the diversity of one knight in copper armor, one in brass chain-mail, one in brass scale-armor, and two in steel and brass armor. In 1837, when Alderman Cowan was Lord Mayor, two colossal figures walked as Gog and Magog; they were fourteen feet high, and a man walked inside each. In 1841, Alderman Pirie's year of mayoralty, a ship fully rigged, and manned with boys from the Royal Naval School, formed a conspicuous object in the procession. In 1853, Alderman Sidney's year, Astley's Amphitheatre was appealed to for the furnishing of a Chariot of Justice, drawn by six horses; mounted standard-bearers of all nations; gold-diggers figuratively engaged in washing quartz (the Australian gold-fever had just set in); implements of industry in emblematical array; and a car with a throne, a terrestrial globe, and two fair women (from Astley's) personating Peace and Prosperity. In 1865, Alderman Phillips's year, armor was used in the procession; and a singular mixture of the modern with the mediæval was presented in one item of the day's expenses: "Messrs. Pickford, for cartage of armor, forty pounds." Six men in glittering armor, with lances and pennons, figured in the pageant of 1875; but somehow the modern uniforms of a dozen or so of military bands, and other modern elements in the procession, clashed with this bit of chivalric revivalism. It may even be surmised that those young wags, the boys of London, irreverently quizzed the gallant knights, and hinted at the possibility of some of them tumbling off their chargers.



INTERIOR OF THE GUILDHALL, LONDON, DURING THE CEREMONY OF DEPOSITING THE ELCHO CHALLENGE SHIELD, THE EMBLEM OF THE RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Mayor's day is a severe one for his Lordship. If he eats whenever viands are set before him, his digestion must be somewhat severely taxed; but he bears in mind that he will have to propose many toasts in the evening, in the presence of a great many distinguished guests. Whatever quiet family breakfast he partakes of, he joins many of the corporate officers in another breakfast in one of the council-rooms. Some little time afterward a substantial luncheon is served, at which the new Lord Mayor makes his first appearance in his official robes with his array of officers around him. Meanwhile, the procession is being organized out of doors; workmen as thick as bees are finishing the carpentry, upholstery, and decorations within and without Guildhall, and always belie the predictions of lookers-on that the work cannot possibly be finished by the evening. A Guildhall banquet to a specially great personage—Queen Victoria in



TWO WOMEN.—"INTENT ON OTHER THINGS, KITTY HAD NOT SEEN, WAS NOT AWARE OF, ONE OF THOSE INCOMPREHENSIBLE STAIRWAYS WHEREIN OLD CASTLES REJOICE. THE POOR GIRL LAY INSENSIBLE AT THE BOTTOM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

1837, the Emperor and Empress of the French in 1855, the Sultan of Turkey in 1867, the Shah of Persia in 1873, the Czar of Russia in 1874, for example—is additionally gorgeous; but the annual display on the 9th of November is admitted on all hands to be a splendid affair.

Of the procession as now usually conducted, we need say little; the newspapers tell their readers all about it on the following morning. The Lord Mayor generally manages that the procession shall traverse some parts of the ward of which he is alderman, or pass in front of the hall of the Company to which he belongs, or in front of his own shop or warehouse: one or the other of these feats is usually accomplished; but the achievement is not an easy one, owing to the narrowness of all except a few streets in the City of London. The most lumbering thing in the procession is the big, over-adorned coach, which is said to cost a considerable sum for repairs every time of using. Some years ago a Lord Mayor set aside this vehicle and rode in another; but this disregard of tradition was too much; the citizen sight-seers were dissatisfied, and the gilded coach made its reappearance next year. By far the most elegant part of the whole affair is the *cortége* of the two sheriffs; nothing in Europe can excel the carriages, horses, trappings, and liveries in real excellence. The corporate officers mostly ride in their own carriages, as do the chief members of the great Companies. The military bands, the flag and banner bearers, the brave knights in armor (if any) are paid for their services; and bell-ringers are paid for ringing out joyous peals from about a dozen church-steeples.

It is not every day that an elephant can be seen in the streets of London, and it is therefore little to be wondered at that the announcement that no fewer than thirteen of these interesting pachyderms would take part in the Lord Mayor's procession of 1876 should have tended to increase the crowd of sight-seers. Some harbingers of evil had prophesied that the innovation would lead to some dreadful catastrophe (perhaps a few hundred people trampled to death), but the animals behaved themselves in the most exemplary manner; seeming indifferent alike to the "blare of bannered trumpets" and to the shouts of the people, and kept up a constant waving of their trunks from side to side, as if in salutation (or possibly in search of refreshments). They were all gorgeously caparisoned, and the larger carried howdahs, the occupants of which were "got up" with blackened faces and white linen garments, in imitation of "Indian Princes." The elephants were guided by "mahouts" disguised in a similar manner. It was a bitterly cold day, when the very sight of such a costume was enough to make one's teeth chatter, and we doubt not that the illustrious strangers were glad enough when the "show" was over, and they were once more free to depart to the South (of London) from whence they came. The route taken by the procession was longer than usual, comprising the full circuit of the city, owing to the inclusion within the course of Portsoken Ward, of which the new Lord Mayor is alderman.

Where all the component elements of the procession stow themselves, during the introductions and ceremonial in Westminster Hall, is a mystery which only the metropolitan police can solve; but all being ready for the return to Guildhall, the procession is re-marshalled. And now it is that the Queen of the City first makes her public appearance. The Lady Mayoress joins the procession on its return; her elegant dress-carriage, her maids of honor, and her flashing diamonds give a grace to the display which it before wanted. The drums beat and the trumpets blare; the banners again display their gold and silver on colored silk, and some of her Majesty's cavalry help to make up the scene. It is generally dusk, in murky November, when the procession reaches Guildhall; and everybody is pretty well tired.

But the evening is an important one; and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress must be ready to receive their distinguished guests. The Cabinet Ministers are invited and attend in court dresses; as do ambassadors in the state dress of their own court; military and naval officers are in full uniform; judges in their scarlet gowns, flowing wigs, and square black caps; prelates in more sober garb; and certain gentlemen in dress-suits of black velvet. Grace being said, all sit down; and we may reasonably suppose that nearly a thousand persons cause the disappearance of a formidable quantity of savory viands.

The bill of fare does not differ much from year to year. Let us look at one of them: 250 tureens of real turtle, 6 dishes of fish, 80 roast turkeys, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowls, 40 of capons, 80 pheasants, 24 geese, 40 dishes of partridges, 15 dishes of wild-fowl, 2 barons of beef, 3 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 12 sirloins and ribs of beef, 2 quarters of lamb, 30 *entrées*, 50 French pies, 60 pigeon pies, 53 ornamented hams, 43 tongues, 60 dishes of potatoes, 6 of asparagus, 50 dishes of shell-fish, 60 dishes of mince-pies, 50 blancmanges, 40 dishes of creamed tarts, 400 jellies and ice-creams, 100 pine-apples, 120 dishes of cakes, 200 dishes of hothouse grapes, 350 dishes of other fruits—besides wines in liberal variety.

An inequality in some of these items is due to the fact that, on the dais, where the great personages are seated, the dinner is hot, served with great completeness; whereas the tables in the body of the hall, for the less distinguished guests, are mostly laden with cold viands—except the all-important turtle, which is hot.

It is during dessert that the healths are drunk and the speeches delivered. This is not the least remarkable feature of the proceedings; for the Lord Mayor, whatever may be the political party (if any) to which he himself belongs, invariably invites Her Majesty's Ministers, and pays them handsome compliments on proposing their healths. The Prime Minister for the time being is nearly always present; and sometimes he avails himself of this opportunity (just midway between the past and the forthcoming sessions of Parliament) to give an exposition of government policy. If the several speakers have the gift of humor, so much the better; their speeches accord with the wine and dessert. Never does a distinguished guest (sometimes a royal prince) neglect to propose the health of the Lady Mayoress.

Does the Lord Mayor get up with a headache on the 10th of November, after the luxuries and excitements of the preceding day? He had better not; for the duties of his office press upon him from the outset—commencing, it may be, with the hearing of police cases arising out of the street sight-seeing of the previous day. How the Lord Mayor attends to his own business as a manufacturer, merchant, or shopkeeper, during his year of office, the public are not told; in all probability, other partners in the firm take the burden off his shoulders. Few of them wish for a second year of office, even if the citizens were willing to confer it; for the honor is costly as well as laborious. Should, however, any special royal reception take place during the year, the Lord Mayor has a fair chance of knighthood; and then he is "Sir" for the rest of his life. Should the occasion be *very* special, he is made a baronet, with succession to his descendants—much to the gratification of "My Lady," of course. When the Lord Mayor is made a baronet, the sheriffs are generally knighted. Thus it has arisen that among the present aldermen of the City of London who have "passed the chair," four are baronets and seven knights.

As London in its widest acceptation is the largest and wealthiest metropolis in the world, so is London in its city limits of about one square mile, the most remarkable of all for its corporate privileges, trade guilds, and civic splendor.

TWO WOMEN.

THERE she sat in the soft Summer dusk of Mrs. Hartley's east veranda, a city belle, surrounded by all those pink-cheeked Yarrow girls.

"Perfectly splendid! Magnificent!"

This gushing little chirp of enthusiasm came from Kitty Vance. Kitty meant to be generous. "Women never admire each other," she had heard men remark often enough. She would be magnanimous, therefore. The tall young man beside her should bear witness to feminine appreciativeness in its spontaneity.

The tall young man at Kitty's side was, of course, Eugene Talmadge. He was commonly at her side of late, and he answered:

"Certainly. Very charming indeed!"

But this response, though a sufficiently fervid one, was made by Eugene standing with his back to the stranger, his eyes fixed steadily upon a soft, brown curl, which was fluttering over a certain pair of plump shoulders close beside him.

"Stupid!" pouted Kitty. How red her lower lip was, just then. "I mean Reg Napier."

"Reg Napier! Oh, my prophetic soul, I'm madly jealous! And, pray, who is he?"

"*He!* He is Mrs. Hartley's niece, fresh from New York by way of Long Branch. Just look there, will you!"

"I detest city importations," quoth Eugene.

But he, nothing loath, allowed himself to be turned about like a gigantic man-of-war by the helm of Kitty's dimpled forefinger, until he stood with his back to the house and his eyes toward the shrubbery and the picture which was projected upon the background of Norway spruce.

A slender woman in black, sweeping draperies, reclining indolently in a great chair, and her white fingers shredding the scarlet petals of a vivid salvia.

"I suppose she has flung that thin thing over her head for the effect of it."

"'That thin thing,' you benighted pagan! It is the finest of thread-lace. It's like was never in Yarrow before."

"Sorry for Yarrow," sighed the blonde giant.

"And it's cool," went on Kitty, oblivious of the interruption. "Miss Napier has thrown it over her shoulders for warmth, no doubt."

Eugene looked incredulous, and muttered something about a "blanket shawl." Then Kitty pointed out to him the perfections of the elegant stranger, the shining bands of hair, over which the black-lace overskirt had been flung with so careless a grace, the oval of the lustrous face, and the poise of the shapely shoulders.

"She has the style of an empress," said the young girl, at last.

"Very likely," answered her companion, with a raising of his eyebrows which meant antagonism. "I dare say you're right. But, somehow, the style of a pretty little woman is more to my taste."

"How silly you are!" said Kitty, blushing.

Then Eugene turned away. Another breathing-space, and his back would have been toward Miss Napier. But, just then—had she heard his last remark, I wonder?—just then she lifted a pair of large, dark eyes, and fixed them upon the young man two yards away.

"By Jove, what eyes!"

It was not Eugene Talmadge who had spoken, but some one near him. Kitty looked up at her handsome lover, and saw him standing as still as if he had been struck; but the red blood had flashed up to cheek and brow in a way Kitty had never seen in that well-studied face before. She did not wonder. She would, at that instant, have wondered at no effect conceivable from the steady glance of those dark, bright eyes.

"Mr. Talmadge."

"It was the voice of Mrs. Hartley, their hostess, which, near at hand, startled both Eugene and Kitty to the consciousness of their sudden silence.

"You know you are my main reliance," she added.

"Your servant, madam."

"Here, then, is a solitary stranger to be entertained. My niece, Miss Napier, requests an introduction to you."

Mrs. Hartley emphasized the word "requests." She had come that moment from a whispered confidence with her niece. Kitty comprehended all. So did Eugene, and was flattered by it. He would have been more or less than man, else.

"Miss Napier, Mr. Talmadge."

The words were spoken. The twain were, according to the Yarrow vernacular, "made acquainted." The gentleman bowed, a little stiffly, if I must tell the truth. The lady bent with flexile grace, till the top of her head was presented to him, and her garments trailed far away upon the floor.

"I suppose that's the way they bow in New York."

Kitty addressed herself thus in confidence, as she stood behind stout Mrs. Wilkes, and viewed the presentation. It was not jealousy or vulgar curiosity in her, you know. It was merely studying the manners and style of a representative of a sphere concerning which Kitty knew absolutely nothing.

"What keeps her lace handkerchief from falling," the little country girl marveled further. "Oh, I see! She has a ring, and a chain fastened to her own diamond ring."

Thereupon Kitty set down a handkerchief-ring as a thing greatly to be desired. And I fear me much that she did look with eyes of covetousness upon Miss Napier's three-buttoned gloves, through a slit in which the diamond shone. For the other details of the city toilet, also, our little friend had a glance, and, although neither you nor I care for a synopsis of them here, I do assure you those wide blue eyes lost none of them. Why not? If a lady from Saturn were to step over the rings of that planet, and call on you tomorrow, would you not be prepared with the list of her adornments directly on her departure?

Eugene Talmadge having been brought to entertain Miss Napier, did his duty right valiantly. He was a stalwart youth, straight-limbed, broad-shouldered, with hair and beard like sun-hued silk floss.

Miss Napier talked very little. It was not her way to talk much. But she had a very attractive smile. And in spite of her languor and silent grace, there was that in her eyes, that appreciation in her whole manner, which sent a man away feeling that he had been very agreeable indeed.

Our friend Eugene was a modest enough man, as men go; but I have private reasons for thinking that, as he stood there in the deepening dusk, chatting with this lustrous stranger, he felt himself a very well-looking and a very fascinating youth. And when it became his duty to lead Miss Napier away to the piano, I grieve to say he had become so far absorbed in the missionary work of ministering to her, that he trod on Kitty Vance's white dress, and tore it from the belt without so much as seeing her. Kitty ran away to the dressing-room to mend her torn plumage. When she came down again, the parlors were lighted. She stood in the shadow of the hall, and watched them a while. Miss Napier was singing a duet with Eugene. Kitty sang herself, but not like that. To be sure, the people who sat Sundays in the Yarrow church called hers fine singing; but they were not wont to hang about her in the rapt way which caused old Judge Peters to pause now, with his snuff-box midway betwixt his pocket and his poised thumb and forefinger. And the judge was such a musical critic.

THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO. SEE PAGE 295.

Kitty entered the parlors for a short five minutes after the singing was over. She thought the minutes were hours, and, according to her computation, it being quite time to go home, she went.

"Dear, dear, I'm so angry with myself!" This Kitty confided to her softest sympathizer, the pillow of her white bed. The moon was shining full into the room. Across orchard and lawn came the sound of music, and, by lifting her head, she could see the dancers' forms flitting to and fro in Mrs. Hartley's parlors. "Just to think I should have been such a little goose. I was frightened to death when they introduced me to her. I'm afraid I actually said 'Yes'm' to her. Now I think of it, I know I did. Such a fool as I am! She was so cool and easy and elegant. And I'm just as good as she is. Every inch as good," repeated the poor child, with a sob of assurance.

Yes, Kitty, dear, indeed you are! Neither in mental, physical, nor any womanly gifts, is this haughty stranger one whit above you. But—and with us women that is a dreadful *but*—she has seen the world, and you have not. She is possessed of the habit of society, which you are not. And therefore is it that she has the power to set your little pulse in a flutter, and your honest little tongue in a stammer of agonized confusion.

Regina Napier was of that type of womankind not uncommon in life, to whom men bring the most passionate adulation; women, intense dislike, or indifference. The indifference of the latter she returned; the worship of the former she accepted. Wealth, beauty, and grace insured her a train of adorers wherever she moved; and, although too politic to proclaim her victories, she still exulted in secret over them, and went on conquering and to conquer.

Thus it was that the atmosphere of flirtation had become a kind of necessity to her, and, failing the millionaire of New York, the lion of Long Branch, the queen was fain to amuse herself with the handsome young lawyer of Yarrow.

It was broad daylight when Kitty awoke. She had sobbed herself to sleep, and the night had gone. It was a peculiarity of hers, that joy and pleasure had power to excite and keep her awake a whole night; while trouble induced, first of all, a dull drowsiness, which sent her into a heavy slumber.

"I wonder if Eugene looked for me? I wonder if he came for me here?" But even as the wonder left her lips the sound of gay voices came floating across the sweet morning air.

Kitty stepped to the window, and stood there as white as her wrapper.

Down the green lane, under the old elm, passed Eugene and Miss Napier. The former was laden with cushions and wraps, while the lady, in bewitching morning toilet, followed him to the boat-house.

Kitty watched every motion. She saw the cushions arranged, the lunch-basket put in. Miss Napier's gay laugh came up over the dewy orchard, as she was handed to her seat. And then the two went floating away down the river. It was a hard thing for a young girl to see. True, Eugene was not her betrothed, in the most rigid sense. Yarrow society demanded no formal "announcement" of engagement. But none the less it had been an understood thing for months that Kitty Vance should be the bride of the young lawyer, so soon as his business allowed him to take a wife.

Can you imagine the shadow that seemed to have fallen across the sun, as Kitty turned back to her little white room? Young girls' hearts can hold a world of trouble sometimes. God pity them!

"Good-morning, child," said her mother, down-stairs. "I'm glad you are up. Here's the house full of work. A letter from your Aunt Harrison—she's coming on the afternoon stage, and here's the silver to be cleaned, and the raisins to be stoned."

Devoutly thankful was Kitty for the preoccupation which prevented her mother's queries in regard to last night's party. She polished the two dozen spoons and the twelve forks, and thought the day would never come to an end.

The afternoon stage from X—— brought Mrs. Harrison. There was an early tea, and Kitty soon pleaded headache, and went to her room. Sitting at her open window, in the moonlight, she saw the boat come back up the river, heard its keel grate on the soft sand, and heard, too, the low voices, as Eugene Talmadge stood beside Miss Napier for half an hour on the river-bank. Then the two walked slowly up the lane, and the silence of the Summer night fell on the village.

"Now, Anna," said Mrs. Harrison, as the two sisters sat together in the moonlit parlor, "do you know what I've come for?"

"To see me, I s'pose," answered Mrs. Vance, with her brusque, country manner.

"Not at all, my dear! I've come to carry away Kitty! Don't speak just yet. I know just what you would say. But I wish to tell you you've no right to keep her mured up here in this little place."

"Katherine does very well as she is. We'd better let well enough alone."

"Tut, tut. I tell you the girl is a well-educated girl, a good girl, and a pretty girl. But she needs what she'll never get here, and what, thank fortune, I'm able to give her. Let me have her for two years. Then you may do what you please with her."

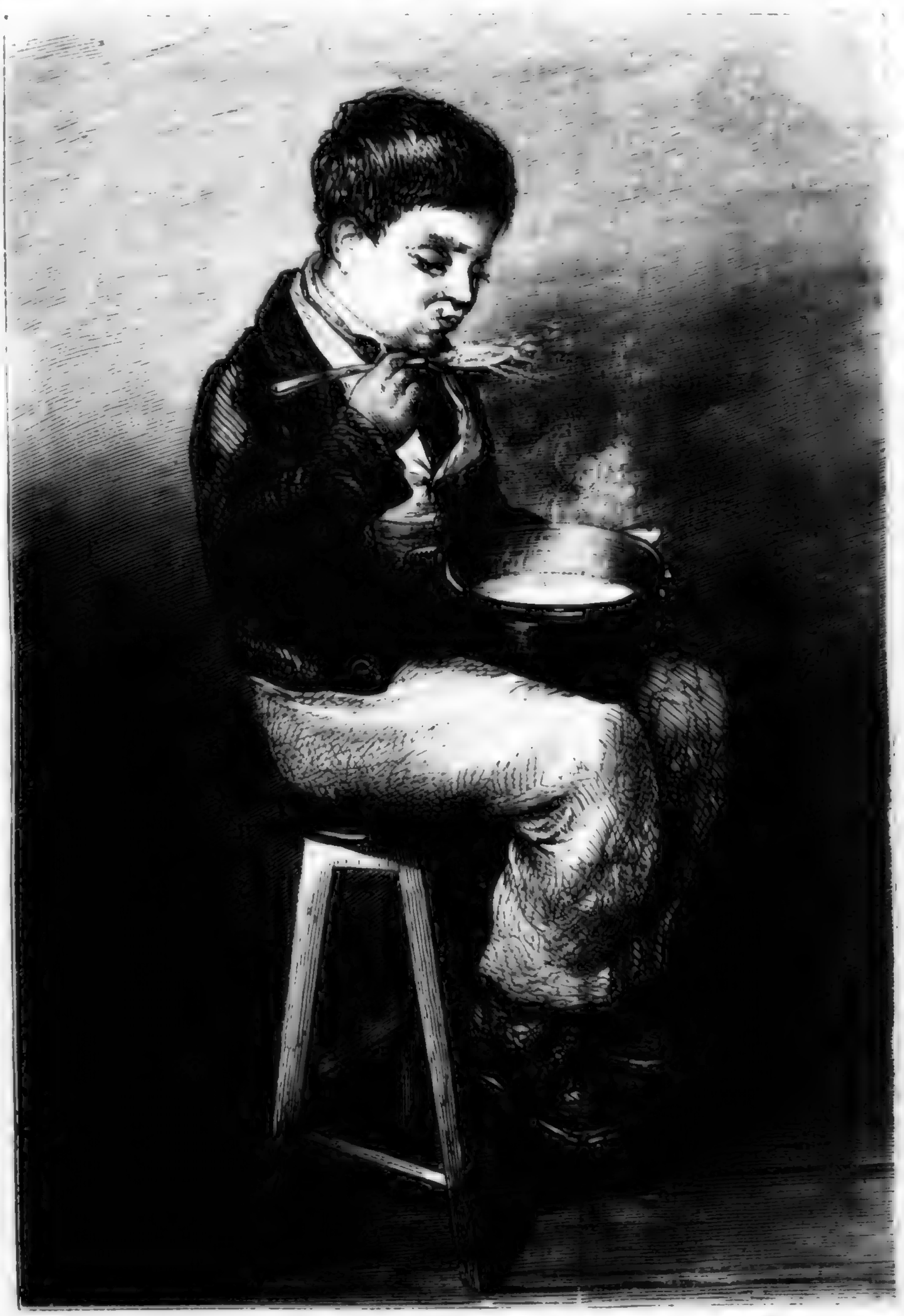
GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 295.

Before the clock struck nine, it had all been settled. Mrs. Vance was to shut up her cottage in Yarrow, and take charge of her sister's house in Philadelphia, while the latter, in company with Kitty, traveled in this country as well as in Europe.

And so it was that, when Eugene returned a week later from attending court at X——, he found the cottage closed and the inmates gone. Two weeks earlier the young man's feeling at so unexpected an event would have been one of overwhelming surprise and trouble. But now, such had been the intoxicating effect of Regina, I think it was with a sensation chiefly of relief that Eugene turned away from the fastened door of the deserted house.

It was a month later, and the end of a warm September day, that Miss Napier stood, in a sable riding-habit, upon Mrs. Hartley's east verandah. Her delicate whip was in her hand, and a vivid scarlet cardinal-flower in her hair. Below her, one step, stood Eugene. His face wore an excited look—flush and pallor rapidly chasing one another over his features as he tried to put in words what, for the last week, had been burning into his heart. It came at last—a torrent of swift, passionate utterances. But first, last, and all, it was the same story, old as the world, as deep as the soul of man. It was: "Dear heart, I love you!"

Ah! but to see that rapt face upturned in eager waiting—every movement of eye, of lip, of breath suspended through the night's silence, waiting on that woman's speech. And it came. Ah, but to see that, also—the feigned surprise, the haughty scorn of that proud, white face, the well-bred quiet of the brief reply.



"TOO HOT!"—BY WILLIAM HUNT.

"Indeed, Mr. Talmadge must have forgotten himself. He could not have supposed such a thing possible. In fact, he must allow her to say she had believed him more discerning than to mistake a little amusement for a serious thing."

A little amusement! And thus she had made a plaything of his heart. And thus she flung it back to him, and swept across the veranda, and vanished, in her soft grace, up the dark stairs.

Eugene turned upon his heel and went down the walk.

An early laborer the next morning met in the wood a bareheaded man striding up and down, with garments rent, and disheveled hair. All night long, under the serene moon and the pitiless stars, he had paced to and fro. Even his worst foe could have wished him no sorer trouble than the breaking up of that brief dream of beauty and passion. I think Kitty Vance, despite her own wound, could have found it in her heart to pity him. I think she would have asked, What, after all, had it been? The syren's strain had power to unman even the sage Ulysses himself; and such beauty as Regina Napier's can rob Truth itself of her truth.

Lovely, indeed, had been that dream on mountain and river, through those long Summer days. For the young man, during that brief period, all life had shone transfigured in love's purple light—"the light which never was on land or sea."

But there came a time—and that all too soon—when he stood apart, and looked back upon this dream almost as upon a period of delirium. The fateful glamour had been torn away—how rudely, how cruelly, the reader knows—torn away for ever; while a sadder and a wiser man walked alone in the old, familiar ways. They were ways haunted by a gentle and womanly presence, but it was not the haunting presence of the haughty Regina Napier.

"Does it satisfy you, dear? Is it as lovely as you anticipated?"

"It is wonderful. It is like gazing away into another world."

But the speaker, a young girl, sighed as she answered.

It was a delicious Autumn afternoon, and the two were seated upon one of those stone seats well-known to tourists, fronting a window of the ancient Castle of Chillon. At their feet rippled the blue waters of Lake Geneva, while away upon the horizon towered the mountain-wall of the snow-covered Alps. There they stood, their white heads in heaven, their feet in the sea, wrapped about and transfigured by a vail of hazy beauty, while above them floated the fleecy clouds, and below them the little boats dropped anchor in the shadowy sea.

Looking out upon all this, and taking it in with wide blue eyes—eyes as deep and as blue as the European sky bending over her—sat the young girl. There was a soft grace about her, a refinement of manner and expression about figure and face, which it would be useless for me to try to describe. It was that undefinable, but quite tangible, charm which we call "a well-bred look"—that charm which is potent even when separate from beauty. United with comeliness, as in this case, it is irresistible.

"*La belle Americaine*," whispered one of a group of young men at a distance.

They were carelessly dressed, wore long hair, broad-brimmed hats, and their portfolios proclaimed them artists.

The last speaker had hastily gotten out his sketch-book, and with a few bold strokes had drawn the young girl as she sat. His success was perfect. His comrades were congratulating him as they looked over his shoulder. There was the look of pensive thought in the sweet face; there were the eyes gazing away beyond the blue mountain wall, as if, indeed, seeing into another world; there was the attitude, a trifle weary, but so inexpressibly graceful. All this the appreciative youths were noting, when the young lady suddenly rose, turned to the elder, and said, between a sigh and a smile:

"Just to think, auntie, that it is the same Lake Lemanus which I read about in my 'Cæsar' in the old academy at Yarrow."

The smile failed entirely here. It *was* a sigh, after all.

"Ah, well, Kitty!"

It was Kitty, to be sure. You recognized her, did you not, in spite of the thousands of miles—in spite of the two years gone by, and the increased beauty which these two years have brought in their train?

It was Kitty Vance, certainly, and the little old lady with the silver curls, and the merry twinkle in her eyes, was aunt Harrison. This vivacious person continued:

"I know precious little about 'Cæsar,' but I know we must betake ourselves to this Lake Lemanus very soon, if we're to be in time for tea."

Aunt Harrison was busy strapping her shawl-parcel, and looked up presently to see her niece taking two steps backward, as she gazed out on the mountains.

"Be careful, my dear child. Oh!"

It was too late. Intent on other things, Kitty had not seen—was not aware till she fell backward down them—of one of those incomprehensible stairways wherein old castles rejoice. It was not far, but it was a violent fall, and the poor girl lay insensible at the bottom.

"Oh, messieurs! Seel-vous—play. If you would be so kind. I am an American," etc., *ad libitum.*

Aunt Harrison flung herself wildly into a torrent of broken French and ejaculatory English.

The artists understood the need, though not the language, and in a moment Kitty lay, limp and white, upon the stone seat, her head on her aunt's shoulder. Two ran for water, six took off their hats and fanned incessantly, and all jabbered like ten towers of Babel—when up the stairs, three steps at once, sprang a blonde giant, and strode straight to Mrs. Harrison.

"Perhaps I can assist you, ma'am?" he said, in Massachusetts English.

"Oh, thank you a thousand times!" cried the lady. And it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from embracing the stranger on the spot, such a delight was it to meet a fellow-patriot, and to hear her mother-tongue thus in her extremity.

The artists noticed, the lady did not, how this yellow-bearded Samaritan bent over the pale girl—with what tenderness he unfastened the little hat, and put back the brown hair. All noted the quick look of recognition in the languid eyes on their first opening, and a soft-hearted German was observed to turn aside and wipe a tear as the recovered girl whispered:

"Eugene!—why, Eugene!"

"Darling, are you better now? Can I carry you to the carriage?"

There was no alternative. The sprained ankle was powerless. Therefore Mrs. Harrison followed in speechless amazement, while the tall fellow, with Kitty's hands about his neck, walked away.

And thus they met, three thousand miles away from the New England home, under the shadow of the glorious Swiss Alps. And thus they went away together along the shore of that sequestered lake.

"And so she forgave him?" I hear the question.

And—woe is me—the answer:

"Of course she did. Women are such fools."

"But, pray, would you not have had her do it, sir? And, pray, would you not have forgiven him yourself, my dear?"

"Had I not been searching for you over land and sea for three months?" he asked.

"You did well to come, sir," quoth Mrs. Harrison. "Indeed, you little know how near you came to losing her. There was that old Crœsus, who persecuted the poor child from London to Paris, and from Paris to Rome; and it was only after the eighth rejection that Kitty found how narrowly she'd escaped being stepmother to Regina Napier."

Eugene's brow darkened a little here. Kitty is not present; but in their long talk last evening, she had shrived the penitent, and put forever from memory the name that had once been so cruel a sound in her ear.

"I did not advise that," the old lady went on; "especially after I knew that the daughter was unmarried, and at home. But there was the little English banker, who nearly went wild over Kitty; and there, again, was the poor Spanish young man—I actually pitied him. I did plead for him, too; but, dear me, I might as well have talked to Plymouth Rock."

With this patriotic simile, Mrs. Harrison runs away to join her niece.

They were married at the American Embassy, at Paris.

It was two years since all this happened. Mr. Talmadge is in Congress now, sent from our district. I notice the name of the "lovely Mrs. T—lm—dge" frequently upon the records, which Jenkins vouchsafes to the earth, of Washington belles.

"Kitty," asked her husband, one morning at breakfast, "who was that sallow, thin-faced person who was talking with you at Mrs. L——'s, last evening?"

"That! Why, Eugene, that was Regina Napier."

"Good heavens! Is it possible?"

"Yes. She is in wretched health, and looks so unhappy. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart."

And thus they vanish from our sight, these two. The gentle wife, her soft eyes raised to her husband's face, and the thin, sad woman walking solitarily the way of life—to both we bid adieu; and they and we are lost among the myriad souls that crowd our world. To you, also, kind reader, good-night.

GRAND MEDICINE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Among the Dacotahs and several other tribes of North American Indians, before a man can be recognized as Medicine he must publicly undergo a terrible ordeal, in order to convince his tribe that the Great Spirit has taken him under its special protection.

The ceremony is thus described by a modern traveler:

The patient is placed in the midst of the village, opposite a pole eight or ten yards in height, planted in the ground, and accompanied by the doctors, who sing, and accompany themselves on the drum.

At a third of the height of the pole, the arms of the neophyte are attached; a little higher a buffalo head, and a little higher a cord to hang the victim.

Two large incisions are then made in the upper part of his breast, and two wooden skewers are passed through them; then, by pulling the cord, which is attached to the skewers, the pole is bent down in such a manner that, when it springs up again, the body of the sufferer is raised to such a height that the points of his toes merely touch the ground.

The ambitious aspirant to the title of doctor must remain in this position from sunrise to sunset, holding his medicine-bag in his hand, and gazing perpetually at the blazing sun.

During the time the crowd forms a circle round the actors in the ceremony, and throws down at the feet of him who endures the ordeal of the sun without a murmur all sorts of presents, such as axes, guns, pipes, moccasins, etc., which are given to him when he is taken down at the end of the day.

His claim to be considered a medicine-man being established, he immediately ceases to behave like his fellow-man. He lives alone and apart from his neighbors, and devotes himself exclusively to his new occupation—divination, and the banishing of evil spirits from the bodies of such as are sick. A being of such importance cannot, of course, attire himself like an ordinary creature, so he contrives to make himself as hideous as possible. Here is his portrait:

"His tunic was made of the skin of a yellow bear. Whether the color was genuine or fictitious we know not, but the effect was most strange. The beast had been flayed with great care, so as not to spoil the fur of the head or limbs, which were sewn up again, and in which the doctor ensconced himself altogether, so that he had nothing human left in his gait or appearance. Probably with a view to make himself more frightful still, he wore about his neck, waist, and arms a collection of stuffed animals, especially rattlesnakes, toads, bats, owls, ducks, and dried tarantulas; he had birds' wings spread out on his chest, and a necklace composed of quadrupeds' tails, mixed with teeth, claws, and talons. To believe in the presence of a man under this uncouth assemblage, it was necessary to look at the feet and hands, which last remained free, in order to hold the medicine-drum. The first idea on beholding such an apparition for the first time is naturally to fly from it; but this soon gives place to a feeling of pity or disgust."

THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO.

One of the most curious entomological objects which has attracted the attention of naturalists traveling in Mexico, is the curious insect which the Indians, in the neighborhood of Santiago and Cantla, call *chicarra*, and which is sometimes called the animal plant. It is so called from a peculiar excrescence starting from the head of the insect, the nature of which has given rise to much discussion. Some maintain that it is purely an animal product, supplied from the insect itself; others that it is a true plant, or vegetable substance, starting from the brain of the insect. The hypotheses are both wrong. The insect is a kind of grasshopper (*Cicada plebeia*) in its larva state, and the excrescence which it bears, resembling a miniature branch of coral, is a vegetable parasite, a kind of fungus, or mushroom. This is certainly a curious and interesting parasite, but by no means singular in the history of the cryptogamia.

Nearly all the mushrooms are parasites—that is to say, such as are developed on other organized bodies. Some attack or start from plants, others from animals. Numerous examples might be quoted in illustration of this point.

It is probable that, after being hatched from the egg, the larva of the grasshopper quits its cradle in the earth and seeks escape to the surface; the parasite in question, in the condition of a germ, becomes attached to its head and takes root there, as any ordinary vegetable in the soil. After transformation, this excrescence falls off, and the fully-developed insect appears, as in the third figure in our engraving on page 292.

A PAIR OF NEIGHBORS.

The law sometimes has strange freaks. A case lately tried in a Dublin court brought out one of the strangest of them. The plaintiff sued for damages for injuries sustained by falling into a cellar, the grating of which had been left open by the defendant. The plaintiff, in his fall, broke the grating, and for this damage to his property the defendant claimed five pounds. Plaintiff's counsel said that the audacity of this demand had never been paralleled in his experience, except in one instance; and this exceptional case he proceeded to relate for the benefit of the jury. There lived, he said, at one time in the fashionable quarter of that city an eminent lawyer, who afterward came to occupy a position on the judicial bench. He was a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper. His next-door neighbor was a retired major, noted for the eccentricity of his habits. Between the two there was anything but friendly feeling, and they did all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night, memorable in Ireland as "the night of the great storm," the major's chimneys were blown down. Crash they went through the roof of the lawyer's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in their course. The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction; and what made matters worse was that it was the major's chimneys that had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch-enemy, when a missive arrived from the latter, couched as follows: "Send me back my bricks immediately, or I'll put the matter in the hands of an attorney."

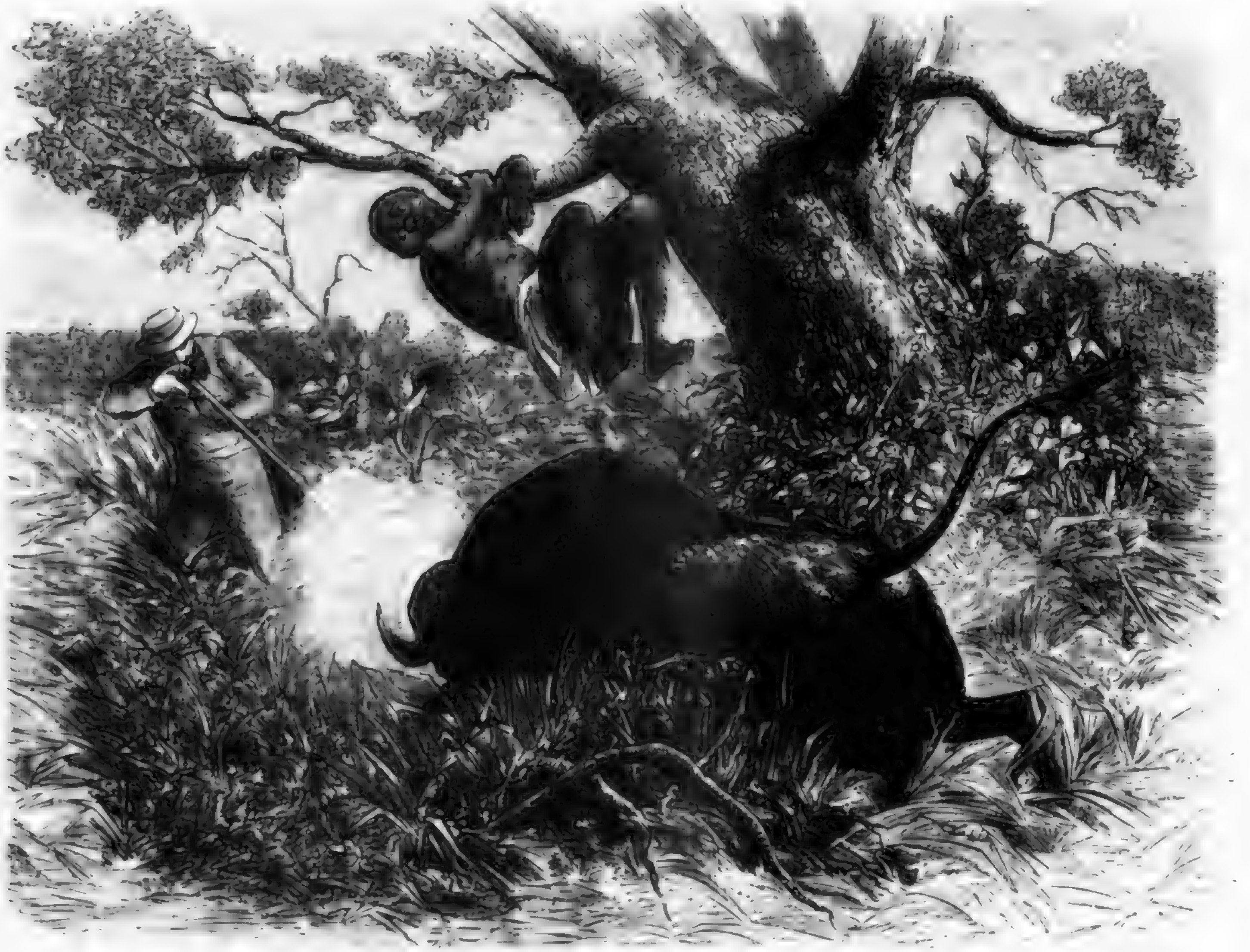
There is this difference between happiness and wisdom he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is good; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

XUM

A BUFFALO HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The buffalo of Africa is not our bison. He is an unwieldy, fierce animal, with somewhat of a hump, but none of the mane and little of the shaggy appearance of our bison. He is not found in as large numbers together, and is so fierce, that hunting him is no trifling business. The English colonists generally hunt him mounted, but an adventurous sportsman will sometimes attempt it on foot. The spoor or trail on the ground, and the presence of weaver birds, those bosom friends of the brute, soon lead to the spot.

After a long search (says a recently arrived hunter from that land), my band of negroes descried two buffaloes. Two rapid shots told, but the animals were merely wounded, and galloped off out of range of my gun.



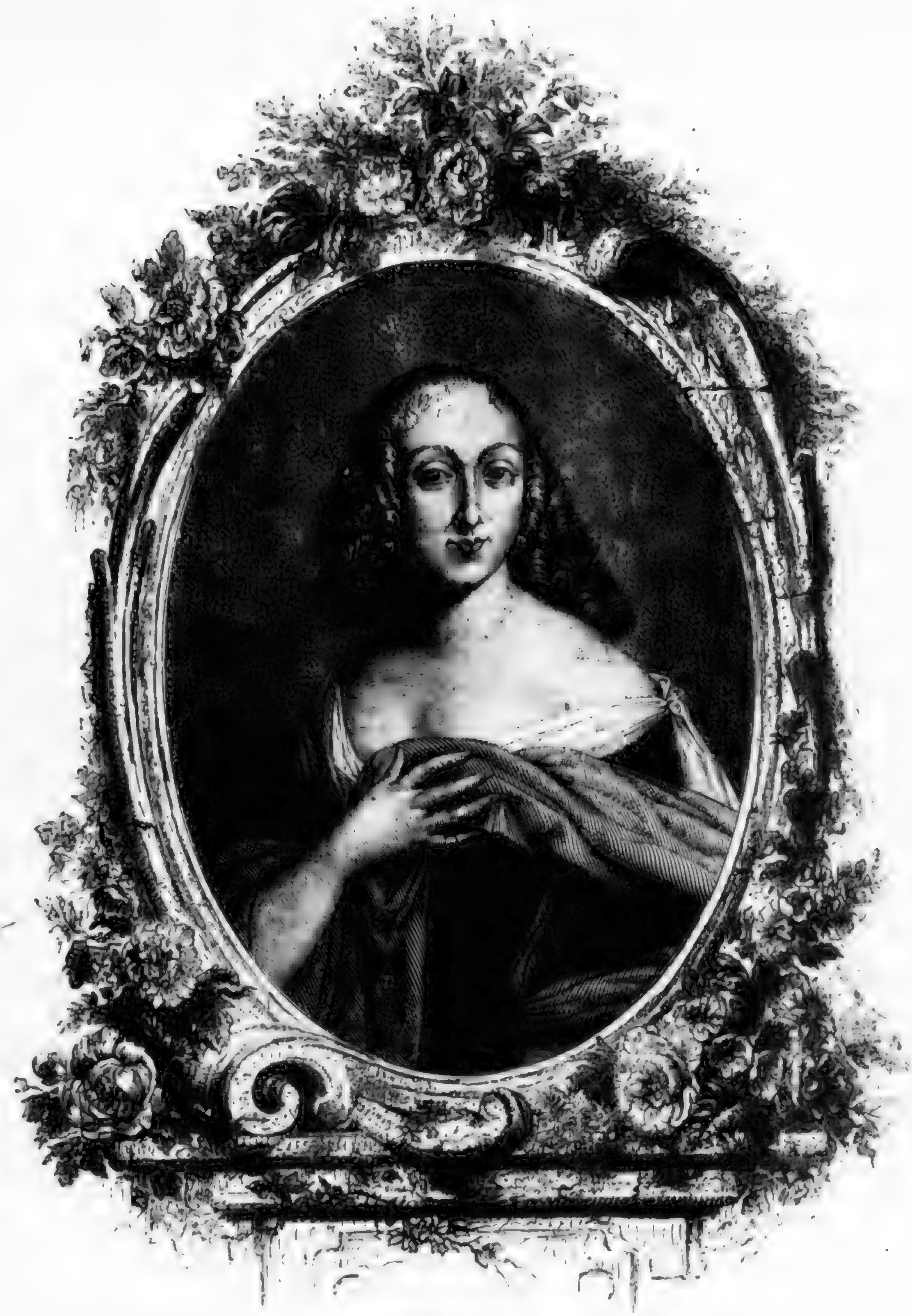
A BUFFALO HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.—"HE CAME MADLY ON, AND MY LAST ATTENDANT, DROPPING MY SPARE RIFLE, MONKEY-LIKE, SWUNG HIMSELF INTO A TREE."

After a time I overtook the now bloody spoor, and at last came in sight of the animal; a second ball prostrated it, and, cutting its throat, I pushed on. Guided by the blood, we soon perceived our second animal standing in some bushes. I fired, but my ball, striking a waving branch, glanced off, and the buffalo started away. I pushed on to follow the spoor, and ten minutes after, as, rifle in hand, I came to a little clearing, the enormous beast rushed out of a clump before me, charging down on me wildly. A little mound was between us. While he was tearing around it, I sprang up, and as he passed almost at my feet, I fired, and wounded him in the side.

This did not stop him. He came on madly, and my last attendant, dropping my spare rifle, monkey-like swung himself into a tree. As he came on, butting wildly in the smoke, now my only protection, for I felt through it the labored breathing of his mighty chest, I fired my last shot. It was true, and, piercing his skull, he was stunned by the blow, and intoxicated by the smoke, plunged past me, so near that I could have felled him with an ax. Had he fallen on me, as he fell a few feet from me, I had not been here to tell.

Dull Boys.—Don't be discouraged. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow to grow, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull as boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning his Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England has ever produced, was so impenetrably stupid, in his early years, that his father more than once said that, if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for anything in this world. Yet that boy was the genius of the family.

The important truth cannot be too early learned nor the journey that leads heavenward too soon begun. The enemy is awake while we slumber, and if we neglect to cultivate the good seed, his tares will cover all the surface.



MADAME DE LA VALLIÈRE.

THE STORY OF VALLIERE.

AN IDYLL.

Few kings have experienced the felicity of being loved for themselves alone. Of the many exceptional blessings bestowed upon the *Grand Monarque*, that was one of the rarest; the love of courts being usually a compound of vanity, avarice, and ambition.

Amidst the pomp and bustle, the brilliancy and artificiality of the age of Louis XIV., the story of La Vallière comes upon us like some strain of soft pastoral music suddenly breathed among the drums and trumpets and clashing cymbals of a grand overture; as though, while wandering among the stately magnificence, the artistically planted groves, geometrically cut trees, and exotic flower-beds of Versailles, we came unexpectedly upon some forgotten nook, unspoiled by art, where the grass grew unshaven, and where the sweet field-flowers reveled in wild freedom, and the luxuriant trees, ignorant of the pruning-knife, threw forth their arms with all the fantastic grace of untaught Nature.

Of the three victims of kingly love over which romance has cast its most roseate hues, Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and La Vallière, the latter is the purest, her story the most pathetic. Few, among even the most rigid moralists, have cast a stone at her. Her youth, her simplicity, her all-absorbing love, uncontaminated by ambition or greed of riches, her resistance, the almost impossibility of escape from the inevitable consequences of her passion, her agony of remorse, and, above all, the long, dreary years of austere penitence that closed her life, have gained for her the tears and sympathy of every gentle heart of all succeeding generations.

Louise-Françoise de la Baume le Blanc was the daughter of the Marquis de la Vallière, and was born at Tours, in the year 1644. Her father died while she was yet an infant, and after a while her mother re-married with M. de St. Rémy, comptroller of the household of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans; and at Blois, the dull, monotonous residence of that prince, Louise passed her girlhood.

It was in the year 1659 that she first beheld the king; he stopped at Blois for a few hours while on his way to claim the hand of the Infanta. Louis departed unconscious of her existence, but from that hour his image was graven upon her heart, never to be effaced until it was cold in death. But this love was unknown, unacknowledged to herself—it was dreamy, not passionate; she would sit for hours together recalling the tones of his voice, the lineaments of his face. Ah! if she could but live for ever in his presence, to gaze upon him, to hear him speak, although no word to her, she could be happy. Such was her dream at fifteen.

Not long after this the Duc d'Orléans died; the establishment at Blois was broken up, and M. de St. Rémy was deprived of his office. One day Louise went up to the old palace to take leave of her friend, Mademoiselle de Montalais, who had received an appointment in the household of the Princess Henrietta, the betrothed wife of the young Duc d'Orléans, and for whom she had a deep affection. The parting of the two young girls was witnessed by Madame de Choisy, who, observing Louise's great distress, asked her if she would like to go with her companion into the princess's household. The bare idea brought a smile into her face.

"In that case," said the kind lady, "dry your eyes; the arrangements are not yet complete, and I think there will be room for you."

A fortnight later she received the appointment; the marriage of the duke and the princess was performed, and she accompanied the court to Fontainebleau.

It was impossible that her youth and prepossessing appearance should long escape the attentions of the libertine gallants of the court. The Count de Guiche made advances to her, but, too preoccupied with one image to admit the shadow of another, she quickly repelled them, and thus converted his love into enmity. In the meantime her eyes were frequently blessed with the passing vision of the idol of her dreams; but the idol was still unconscious of the presence of a worshiper.

The secret was revealed to him by a romantic incident during the marriage festivities of madame. Among other magnificent entertainments given on the occasion was a splendid ballet, in which the king appeared as Ceres. He was then in his twenty-third year, with the face of Antinous and the figure of Apollo, the very *beau-idéal* of lusty manhood. The Greek dress displayed his noble form and handsome features to the finest advantage, and, gazing upon the glorious vision, Louise drank in new draughts of love. After the banquet she and two other ladies, one destined to be her rival, Athenais de Mortemar, the future Madame de Montespan, strolled into the forest through the soft, Summer twilight, and, sitting down beneath a large, old tree, began to converse on the events of the day. Their movements being observed by M. de Beringhen, he laughingly proposed to the king, who was standing near, to follow them and listen to their conversation, which would doubtless turn upon the merits of their favorite gallants. Entering fully into the spirit of the frolic, the king eagerly assented, and, after following the ladies at a safe distance until they were seated, the two gentlemen contrived to ensconce themselves behind the tree and hear the whole conversation that passed. M. de Beringhen was correct in his conjecture. Two of the ladies began an animated criticism upon the appearance of the different gentlemen who had prominently figured that day. The third, who was Louise, remained silent until she was appealed to. Her reply thrilled the heart of Louis with pleasure and gratified vanity. It was to the effect—that she wondered that any one should be noticed while the king was present. This reply was, of course, hailed with a shower of witticisms from her companions. Overwhelmed with confusion at having so openly expressed her thoughts, yet still unconscious that they deserved the meaning imputed to them, she added that a crown could add nothing to the gifts which nature had lavished upon him—it was rather a safeguard against the presumption of too ardent an admiration.

Eager to recognize the speaker, for it was now nearly dark, Louis made a movement forward, and thus betrayed the presence of listeners. Greatly terrified, the ladies sprang to their feet, and ran away so swiftly that they regained the company before their pursuers could overtake them.

The sarcasms and jests of her companions revealed to Louise the secret of her heart. In the solitude of her chamber she asked herself the questions: "Are their imputations true? Is it, then, *love?*" and her heart answered, "Yes." The revelation was terrible to her, for she was wholly pure. She prayed for strength to subdue her passion. She wept tears of shame lest her secret should be bruited abroad, and, for two days, fearful of encountering the ridicule of such a discovery, she never quitted her room. But, however long she might put off the evil hour, it must come at last; her duties must compel her reappearance in public.

It so happened that at the very time when, after her seclusion, she first entered the apartments of her royal mistress, the king was there. As he passed down the room he addressed a few words of compliment to each lady. Louise was the last he approached. As with downcast eyes and trembling voice she made some brief reply to his gallantries, he started and fixed his eyes upon her. He recognized the voice. This, then, was the lady of the forest whose words had so thrilled his heart.

Every evening, from that time, he joined the circle of Madame Henrietta, and never failed to hold some conversation, however brief, with Louise. This attention was quickly marked by the courtiers; but as he was suspected of a passion for the princess herself, it was thought to be only a mask worn the better to conceal other designs. And this interpretation Louis, for a time, preferred to humor. But as his love grew day by day he soon cast aside all disguise. One day there was a great hunt in the forest. While all were seated at a repast that had been hastily improvised beneath the trees, a violent thunder-storm came on, and the rain descended in such torrents that every one, regardless of rank or etiquette, fled to the nearest shelter. Blinded by the rain, Louise unwittingly took refuge beneath the same tree as the king, and for two long hours, with the pouring rain pattering upon the leaves above and often dropping upon his bare head, the king held converse with her. The words were unheard, but her blushing cheek and his earnest manner spoke a language perfectly intelligible to the beholders.

Although when in the apartments of Madame, the king avoided paying her any particular attention, yet when the ladies of the court took their evening drive, he would leave the princess's carriage and attach himself wholly to that which contained Louise. Not content with these continual meetings, they kept up a daily correspondence. There is a somewhat ludicrous anecdote told of this correspondence. The letters of the king were so beautifully written, that Louise, who possessed but little talent and no brilliancy of wit, despairing of being able to produce adequate replies, solicited the assistance of the Marquis de Dangeau, a gentleman remarkable for his accomplishments, to indite her letters. This brought about the discovery that he, the marquis, actually performed the same office for his royal master, and was the real author of the epistles she had so much admired! The king enjoyed a good laugh over the *exposé*.

A still more marked and open proof of the king's favor was the presentation to her of a pair of magnificent bracelets, which every one imagined would be for the Princess Henrietta, that he had won in one of those lotteries then so much in vogue at court. In the meantime the queen was entirely unsuspicious. "That confidence was a sad misfortune for us all," writes La Vallière. "One tear from her would have saved me!"

Versailles, which at this time was only a hunting-lodge, was a favorite rendezvous of the lovers, and thither, on the pretext of the chase, Louis frequently repaired to meet her. Here he could shun the curious glances of the court, the raillery of Madame, and, alas! the silent reproach of the presence of his young queen. Here under the shadows of glorious trees, amidst the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, the whispering of leaves, the murmuring of streams, alone with her love, the unhappy girl drank in deep draughts of intoxicating happiness.

When the night came and she was alone with her thoughts, she trembled with fear as she looked back upon the events of each day and saw herself drawing nearer and nearer to a gulf of shame and infamy. With streaming eyes she prayed for deliverance from temptation, and vowed she would fly the danger ere it was too late. But the next day came bending over her that form and face which were to her as a god's, that entrancing voice, breathing soft words of passion into her ear, until her whole soul swooned with the ecstasy of her adoration. All resistance melted away; let death come—destruction—all, so that she might exist but that one hour to gaze and listen, her being absorbed in his. She had power to resist the fascination no more than the moth the flame that will devour it, the ship the whirlpool that will engulf it, the Indian the eye of the rattlesnake that will enfold him in its deadly coils. But no sin had stained her as yet.

Louise de la Vallière was now scarcely eighteen, fair complexion, tinged with the bloom of the carnation, flaxen hair, blue eyes full of sweetness, features slightly marked with the smallpox, figure under middle height, graceful, but somewhat marred by a slight lameness. The Abbé de Choisy says in his Memoirs, "In childhood we have played together a hundred times;" and he thus describes her: "She was not one of those perfect beauties that one often admires without loving; she was very lovable, and the words of La Fontaine, 'a grace more beautiful even than beauty's self,' seemed written for her. She had a beautiful complexion, fair hair, a sweet smile; her eyes were blue, with an expression so tender, and yet at the same time so modest, that it gained both our hearts and our esteem at the same moment. Her charm was inexpressible; her voice so melodious, that while reading the verses of Racine, they seemed purposely composed to suit its tones. Further, she had but little wit, but that she did not fail to cultivate continually by reading. No ambition, no interested views. More taken up with dreaming of him she loved, than artfully studying to please him; totally absorbed in her passion, the only one of her life."

Referring to a later period than that at which we have at present arrived, he writes again: "Preferring honor to all things, and exposing herself more than once to death rather than allow her frailty to be suspected. Sweet-tempered, liberal, retiring; never forgetting that she had erred, hoping always to return to the right path—a Christian feeling which has drawn upon her all the treasures of pity, and imparted a holy calm to a long life of austere penitence. From the time that she knew the king's love she had no wish to see her old friends, nor even hear of them; for her passion held the place of all."

Even the shield of the king's love did not protect her from the advances of one libertine—Fouquet, the celebrated Minister of Finance—who offered to place 200,000 livres at her disposal. "Were it 20,000,000 I would not stoop to such degradation," was her indignant reply. On hearing of this audacity Louis's rage knew no bounds.

Soon after this came the splendid *fête* at Vaux—that most gorgeous palace of the time—for Fontainebleau was but a poor abode compared to it, with its wilderness of garden and grounds, to make room for which three villages had been swept away. Beautiful fountains, then almost unknown even in the king's gardens, cast their waters, brought from a distance of some five leagues, into vast marble basins; rare trees, brilliant flowers, exquisite statuary, cascades, grottoes, grand terraces, shady groves, all that money could purchase or genius could devise, had been brought together to make of the place a fairyland. The *fête* in splendor, and the variety of its entertainments, surpassed all that France had ever seen before. This ostentatious display of a wealth to which even he himself could make no pretense, and that ambitious motto, *Quò non ascendet?*—("Whither will he not ascend?" The arms were a squirrel leaping up a tree pursued by a snake)—stamped upon every part of the building, filled Louis's mind with wrath and uneasiness. But the culmination of these feelings was arrived at when, upon entering a cabinet, he saw hanging upon the wall the portrait of La Vallière. So violent was his rage, that he would have ordered the arrest of the daring superintendent there and then in the midst of the *fête*, had not Louise conjured him, almost upon her knees, to spare the offender.

Fêtes of unexampled splendor were given in her honor. In all these the king took part. In one he led the procession, his dress and the housings of his horse blazing with jewels. After the pages, equerries, etc., came a gilded car eighteen feet high, fifteen wide, and twenty-four long, representing the chariot of the sun. This was followed by representations of the four ages of gold, silver, bronze and iron, the signs of the zodiac, the seasons, and the hours. When night came, the banqueting-table was lit up by 4,000 torches, and 200 attendants, attired as dryads and wood nymphs, waited on the guests. Two persons, representing Pan and Diana, approached the royal circle on the summit of a moving fountain. A vast orchestra was erected as if by magic. Arcades lighted by 500 chandeliers of green-and-silver surrounded the banqueting-hall and theatre, and a gilt balustrade inclosed the whole exterior. The *fête* lasted seven days. During this time, the first three acts of "Tartuffe" were produced; but the play was prohibited as bearing too hardly upon the religious bodies.

La Vallière was now at the height of her favor; she had become the mistress of the king; but from that moment remorse had never ceased to gnaw her soul. At length came a terrible blow. One day she was summoned to the presence of the queen-mother. With a foreboding heart she

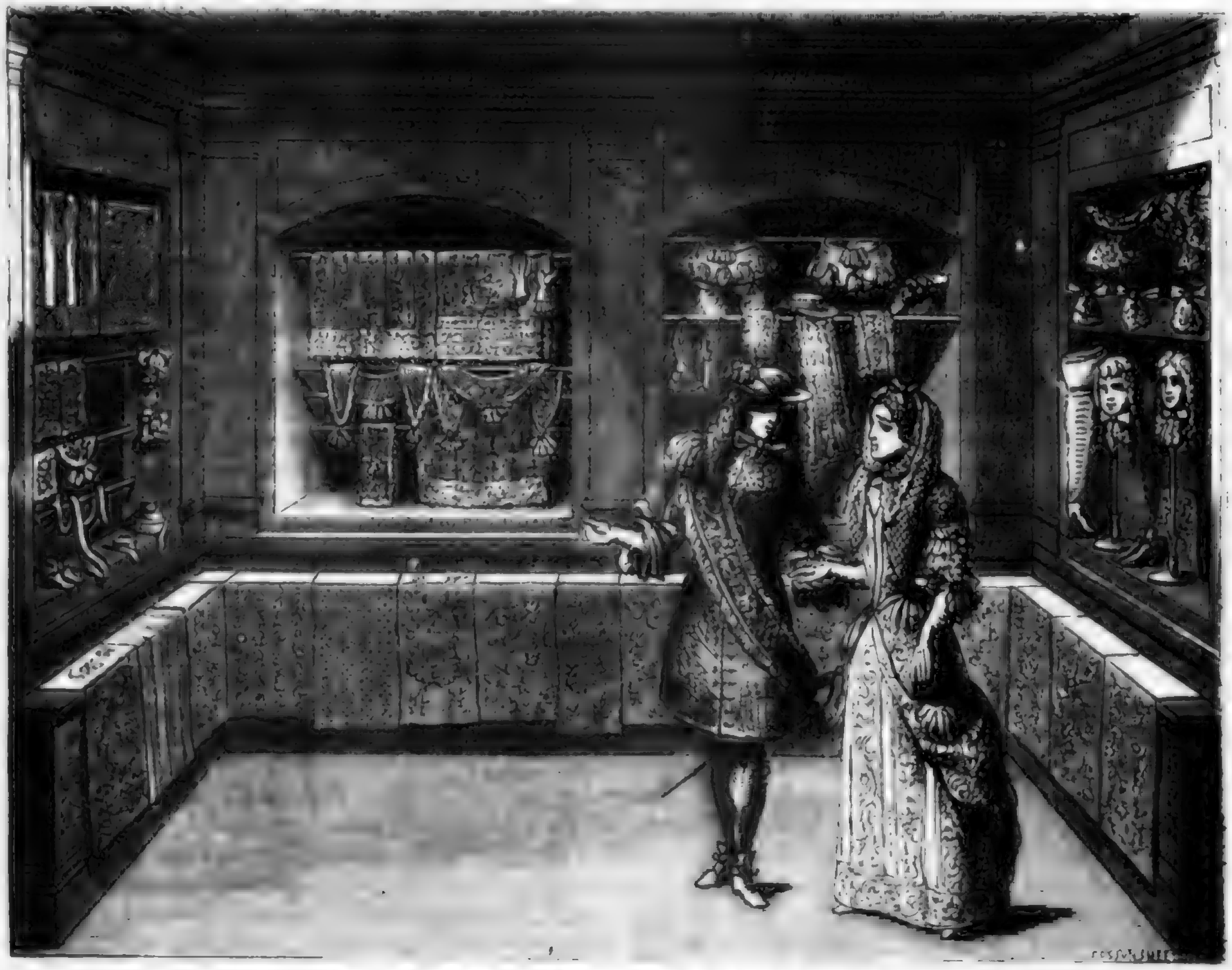
XUM

obeyed the summons. She found Anne of Austria and Madame closeted together. Coldly and haughtily the former declared her dismission from the court. She attempted to ask the nature of her offense. Her answer was, that there "could not be two queens in France." Overwhelmed with shame, she took refuge in her chamber and abandoned herself to despair. The king, finding her thus, questioned her as to the cause; but, fearful of creating a scene which could but add to her confusion, she would not tell him. Provoked by her silence, he left her in high displeasure. Utterly prostrated by this double blow, feeling herself abandoned by all, and tormented by remorse, who can describe her sufferings? But all could not conquer the anxiety of her love. Hour after hour through her sobs and groans she listened eagerly for the returning footsteps of her lover; but he came not. Midnight sounded, and still he returned not: and then came the awful thought that he had left her for ever. She sprang from the floor, upon which she had been lying; she could no longer remain within those walls, and, delirious with despair, she fled from the palace into the darkness and silence of the night.

Early the next morning the king discovered her flight, and, half mad with grief, went forth himself in search of her. Certain information directed him to the convent of Chaillot, and there, lying insensible upon the cold stones of the courtyard, he found the fugitive. She had come to the gate while the nuns were at their devotions, and they had refused to admit her until they had finished. Prostrated by fatigue, she had swooned, and thus the king found her. Kneeling down beside her, he raised her in his arms, and his passionate kisses soon restored her to life. Clasped in that embrace, her head pillowed upon his breast, all was forgotten —remorse, shame, suffering—all, in the bliss of that reunion, in the joy of recovered love.

From that moment her empire over him was stronger than ever. Intrigues were set on foot to exasperate the queen against her, but he thwarted them ere they could be put in action, or openly crushed them in their birth. He excused her from further attendance upon the Princess Henrietta, and obliged his mother, Anne of Austria—who had retired to the convent of the Val de Grâce—to receive her. Fain would La Vallière have foregone such triumphs, which she felt were truly only humiliations; but her lover's voice was law, and, devoted as he was to her, she dared not gainsay him.

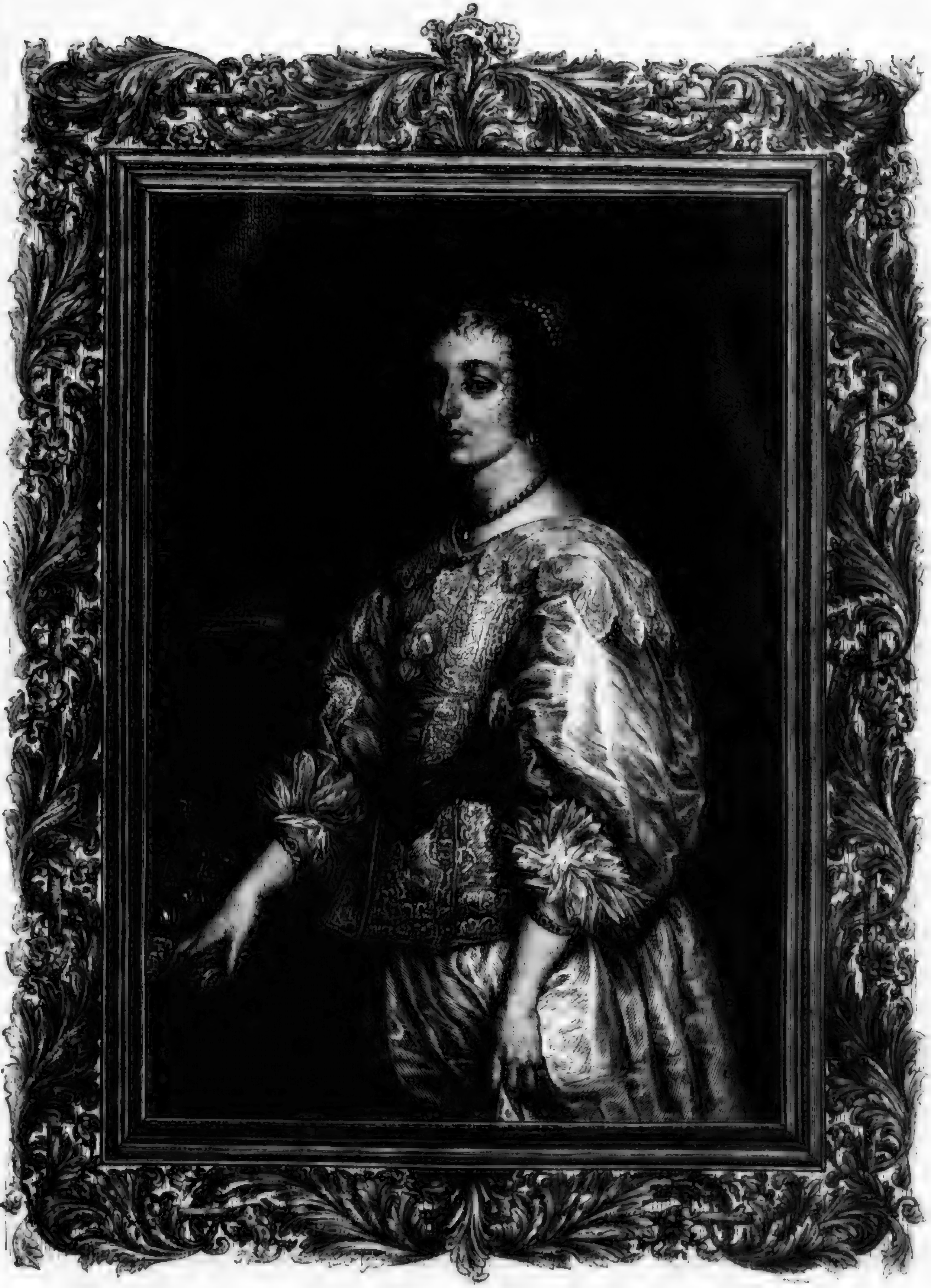
In 1666, Anna Maria of Bourbon, afterward Princess of Conti, was born. This was her second child; the first, a boy, had died at the age of ten months. Louis now created his mistress Duchess de la Vallière, and legitimatized the children she had borne or might bear. In 1667 she gave birth to Louis de Bourbon, created Count de Vermandois.



A SHOP IN THE PALACE GALLERY IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

These children were educated by the wife of Colbert. But even then a rival, whose sole purpose was to supplant her in the king's affections, was rising up in the court. This rival was Françoise Athenaïs de Mortemart, known at the Hôtels d'Albret and Richelieu as the beautiful Mademoiselle de Tonnay Charente, whom the reader will remember was one of the companions of Louise when she made her artless confession in the forest of Fontainebleau. She was now the wife of the Marquis de Montespan, and *dame du palais* to the queen; she eagerly sought the friendship of La Vallière, pretended to take a great interest in her and her child, and always contrived to be with her at the time of the king's visit.

Madame de Montespan was celebrated at the time, not only for her beauty and wit, but for her piety and virtue; so that poor, unsuspecting Louise, chilled by the frowns of Anne of Austria and of a court not yet accustomed to the



MADAME HENRIETTA.

open recognition of the king's mistresses, eagerly and gratefully embraced the proffered friendship. La Vallière was neither witty, nor well read, nor accomplished; Madame de Montespan was all these; wit with her was a family inheritance; the "*l'esprit de Mortemart*" was a by-word in Parisian society to distinguish all that was graceful and piquant in conversation. Louise, ever a prey to remorse, often met her lover pale and sad, with traces of recent tears upon her cheeks. Madame de Montespan was ever brilliant and sparkling with gayety. She carefully gathered all the court tales and anecdotes, and related them with a grace and piquancy all her own, interspersing them with satirical pictures of the principal actors, with lively sallies, *bon mots*, and repartees; and thus she contrived to amuse the king.

It was impossible for so great an admirer of wit and beauty as Louis to remain insensible to these fascinations; he would often pass the whole evening conversing with her, while Louise was only a silent listener.

By-and-by the marquis began to remark the attentions paid to his wife. It is said by St. Simon that the marquise had previously informed him of the king's advances, and entreated him to remove her from the court, but that he neglected the warning. This account, however, is by no means in consonance with the character of either, and is perfectly unworthy of credence. Be that as it may, he now became a very monster of jealousy; publicly accused his wife of adultery, and even treated her with brutality. A *lettre de cachet* consigned him to the Bastille, and he was afterward for ever banished from the court.

Having gained the king's love, her next object was to entirely supplant La Vallière in his favor. For this purpose she did all in her power to embitter the queen, who was as yet in ignorance of this new amour of her liege lord's, against her.

When the king went to the Spanish war the queen accompanied him, and both La Vallière and De Montespan were in attendance upon their royal mistress. Goaded by the designing beauty, the queen heaped such insults upon La Vallière—at one time causing every seat at the dinner-table to be filled so that there should be no place for her—that she, La Vallière, determined to return to her children at Compiègne, and was already on her way when she was overtaken by a peremptory order from the king, commanding her to return. Fearing, from the sternness of the mandate, that her enemies had been poisoning his mind with false tales, she was now more eager to return to him than ever she had been to leave. When she arrived at Guise the army had departed. Without a moment's delay she again started forward. The horses being urged at a furious pace over a plowed field, the carriage was overturned, and in the crash her arm was broken. But, heedless of pain, and possessed only with the thought of overtaking the king, she pushed on, and, driving up to the queen's carriage, she looked through the window. It was done without thought, in the excitement of the moment, but no sooner done than repented of. The king, whose love was chilling, received her with an angry reproof, and turned his horse's head in another direction. But soon repenting of his harshness, he returned to her, and, upon finding how severely she had been hurt, overwhelmed her with affectionate attentions. When they moved forward he insisted upon her bearing the queen company, and upon her being received in the queen's circle; once more the sycophants of the court, who had deserted her when her influence seemed upon the wane, fawned and flattered and crowded about her as before.

But day by day the king's infatuation for Madame de Montespan increased, and La Vallière had soon convincing proofs that another mistress had usurped her place in her lover's affections. The disagreements of the royal favorites agitated the court, and at last, unable to endure the torturing sight of her rival's triumph, Louise once more fled to the convent of Chaillot, and throwing herself at the feet of the abbess, poured forth her sad history. The abbess received her kindly, and willingly vouchsafed to her the shelter of her peaceful abode. But no peace came to the soul of the unhappy woman. Not the coldness and falsehood of her lover nor the anguish and remorse of her own heart could as yet crush her love. No anguish was so terrible as being absent from the presence of him whom she still adored as ardently as when on that stormy day they stood together beneath the tree in the forest of Fontainebleau. Would he come once more and take her back as he did in the time gone by? Would she again be aroused from some paroxysm of despair by the pressure of his arms, the warmth of his kisses? Such thoughts ever mingled with her tears, her remorse, and her prayers.

One day she heard the tramping of horses' feet in the court-yard. Her heart leaped—her pale face flushed crimson. 'Twas he—'twas the king come to take her back—he had not forgotten her! But she was deceived—it was only Colbert, who bore a letter from Louis, requesting her to return. He had not forgotten her, but—"*the last time he came himself!*" she murmured; and at that remembrance her heart sank and its joy fainted. Yet the letter was loving, and although she felt that the old, passionate love which had betrayed her to sin and remorse was a bliss she could never know again, still, even to live within its shadow was to her a happiness which naught else on earth could bestow. So she went with Colbert. But, with a prophetic boding of her coming fate, she said to the good abbess at parting, "Farewell for a time, but I shall soon return to end my days among you."

Her meeting with the king was an affecting one. The old love, although fast dying, blazed up for a moment with all its old fervor; and as he folded her in his arms he wept genuine tears of joy at their reunion. Madame de Montespan was warm in her gratulations, but she knew her own empire was secure, and that the king's ardor was but the evanescent excitement of the moment.

And so it proved. A little while, and ever-increasing coldness and neglect smote her heart with the conviction that the old love was dead, and that this world had to her died with it. She would have retired to her estate at Vaujours, but this Louis would not permit; neither would he allow her to enter the convent of Chaillot; he could not as yet reconcile himself to her perpetual absence from the court. But this clinging to the memories of the past daily grew weaker. The anguish of her mind brought on a dangerous illness, and for a time her recovery was despaired of. As she lay upon her sick-bed she formed the resolution, that should God spare her life, she would devote the remainder of it to His service, and pass it in prayer and penitence for her sins. To this course she had long been counseled by Bossuet, who had latterly become her spiritual director, as well as by the Marquise de St. Rémy, her mother, who had for some time been partly reconciled to her daughter, but who had ever regarded her connection with the king with profound horror. Louis came to her during her illness, and would fain have dissuaded her from her resolve; but, although she loved him as tenderly as ever, she had conquered the weakness of her heart with the knowledge that that love could never more bring aught but misery to her.

As soon as her strength would permit, she went to the queen, and on her knees implored her pardon for the wrongs she had done her. That much-injured woman freely forgave her, and shed tears over their parting. Nothing can testify more eloquently to the natural goodness of La Vallière's disposition than the fact that the queen never manifested any lasting resentment against her, but, when unbiased by the malicious promptings of her enemies, treated her with uniform kindness and consideration. Her last meeting with the king was on the day that he departed for the Flemish campaign (1674). Mass was performed and prayers offered up for the success of his arms. All the court was present; and when the holy service was over, Louise advanced from an obscure part of the chapel, where she had been offering up her fervent prayers for his success and safety, to speak the last words of earthly farewell to him who had been to her the life of this world. Her face was deadly pale, her limbs trembled so violently that she staggered, and her voice died away in her throat as she tried to speak the last bitter words that ever those lips would pronounce to him. But those lips, which had been once to him the rarest treasure of all his regal wealth, and upon whose accents he had once hung so fondly, had lost their charm. His voice was hard; it trembled not with emotion; there was no tenderness in its accents. Had he at that moment spoken one word whose tones would have recalled the love of the old times, it might have melted all her cold resolves; she might have fallen upon his neck, and been his slave again. Happy for her, no such word was spoken. His farewell was cold and formal; perhaps he felt something of bitterness at the thought that she *could* leave him. For the last time she raised her swimming eyes to that adored face, and as he turned to leave her the gushing tears vailed him from her sight for ever.

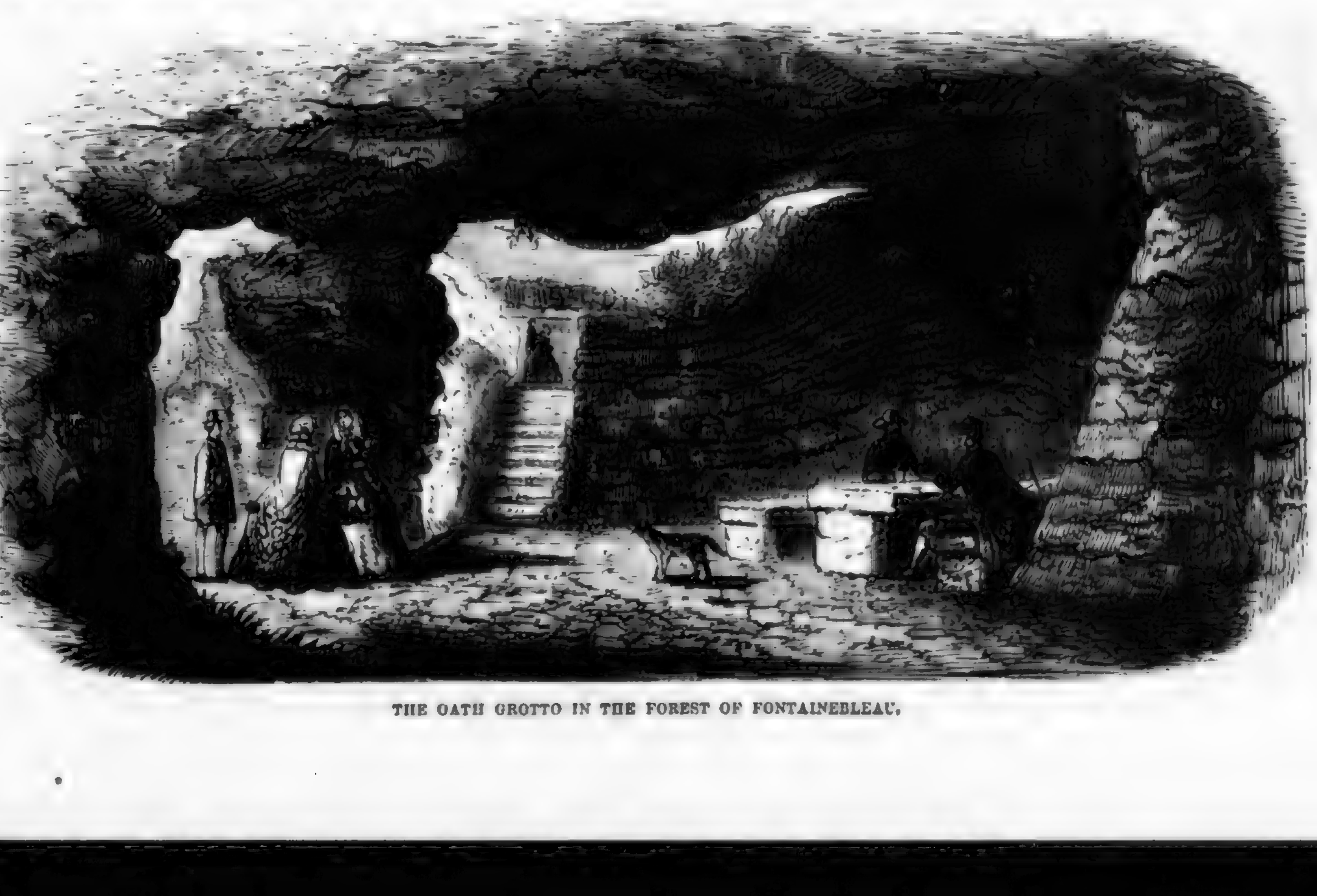
The convent she chose was a Carmelite, the most austere of all the religious Orders. Unceasing prayer and meditation, a diet of black bread, herbs, and water, sleep of only four hours, vestments of sack or hair-cloth worn next the skin—these were the things that were henceforth to make up the life of this delicately nurtured woman. Henceforth she was known as Sister Louise de la Miséricorde. Madame de Sévigné, who visited her in 1680, thus writes of her:

"She had in my eyes lost none of her youthful charms. She has the same eyes, with the same expression; neither hard diet nor lack of sleep has sunk or dimmed them. The uncouth dress cannot mar her grace or mien. Her modesty is not greater than when she gave to the world a Princess de Conti, and yet it is enough, even for a Carmelite. In truth, this dress and the retreat bestow dignity upon her."

In the after-time, when she also had experienced the fickleness of royal love—when, by a strangely appropriate retribution, she also had been thrust out of the royal favor by the machinations of a false friend, a remorse-haunted woman, still beautiful as Venus and haughty as Juno, was frequently in the bare, cold parlor of the Carmelites, humbly asking counsel of Sister Louise. That woman was Madame de Montespan. All was forgiven and forgotten, their rivalry was no more, and an intimacy was re-established, as sweet as in those innocent days when they were maids of honor to Madame.

Louise's children, of whom three attained to maturity, and to whom, from first to last, Louis was devotedly attached, became great and powerful. After a seclusion of thirty-six years, she died peacefully at the age of sixty-six, in the arms of her beloved daughter, thus atoning by nearly two-score years of penitence for those youthful sins which had resulted rather from the overweening sensibility of an ardent, poetic soul than from moral deformity of mind; sins which have bequeathed to posterity one of the saddest love-stories that fiction or history has recorded.

DIGESTION.—1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil. 2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and innervation. 3. Food for the repair of continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken toward the evening, when an opportunity is afforded for its leisurely absorption during sleep. 4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten. 5. In youth the digestion is quicker and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons. 6. Rest before meals makes digestion more complete. Exertion immediately before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterward deranges it. 7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more complete. 8. Alcohol retards digestion, and renders it also incomplete. 9. Earnest preoccupation of mind retards digestion, and may even quite annul it. 10. Water quickens digestion, and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters; but its effect on the complete solution of albumen is doubtful.



THE OATH GROTTO IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

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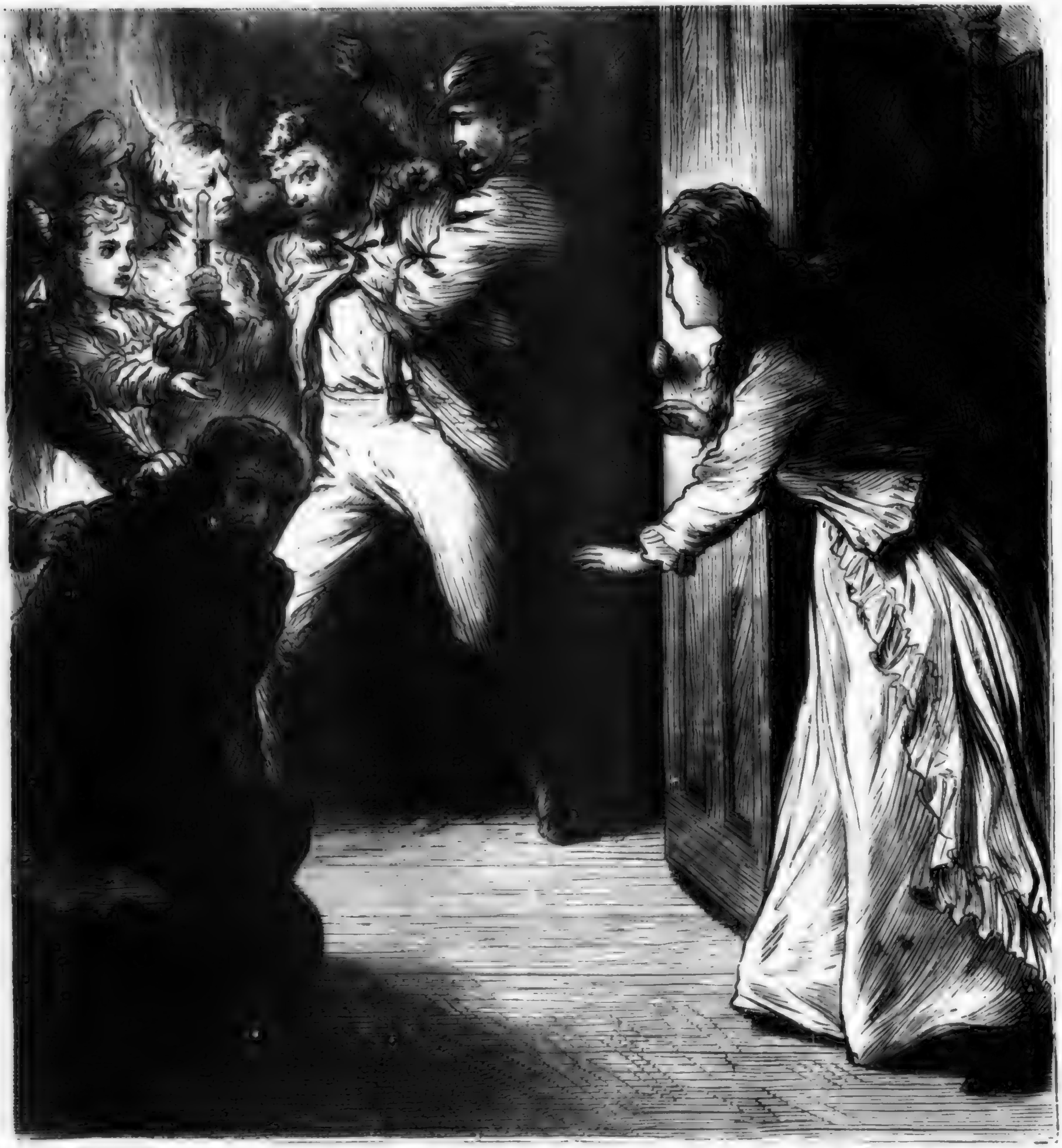


MY HEROINE.—" 'OPEN THE DOOR, MA'AM. THEY'VE COTCHED ALL OF THEM!' I OPENED THE DOOR AND FOUND THE BURGLARS BOUND AND GUARDED BY SOME TWO DOZEN MEN FROM THE VILLAGE."

MY HEROINE.

I do not wish you to imagine my heroine as a lovely, dark-eyed damsel, stolen in infancy from her distracted parents, and restored to the paternal embrace by the discovery, under her rags, of a diamond-studded locket, containing a miniature portrait of a naval officer, and of a fabulously beautiful woman.

I doubt if she ever saw a diamond, unless in a jeweler's window; and her departed parents, a hod-carrier and a washerwoman, died without mystery, in their beds, leaving the child in care of a maternal aunt. No interesting cognomen distinguished the little orphan from the Sallies and Jennies of her native alley: it was neither Eloise, Helena, nor Josephine, but plain, unvarnished Eliza Ann Jenkins.

Her occupation was as homely as her name, that of selling matches, crying them through the streets with a voice that proclaimed the undoubted strength and health of her throat and lungs.

My memory does not recall a more terribly stormy day than one in January, several years ago, when, as I sat sewing in my cozy room, my servant came to tell me the little match-girl was at the door.

"And, indade, marm," said the kind-hearted Irish girl, "it's a'most froze the girl is, with the bits of rags on her stiff with sleet, and niver a shoe nor a stocking to her poor little feet, at all, at all."

"Barefooted!" I cried, in horror, glancing out at the street, with its bed of half-melted snow and slush; "barefooted, on this dreadful day!"

"It's that same she is, marm," answered the girl, whose name, I may as well mention, was Mollie, "and that pinched and starved-looking, it would make your heart ache to see her, jest."

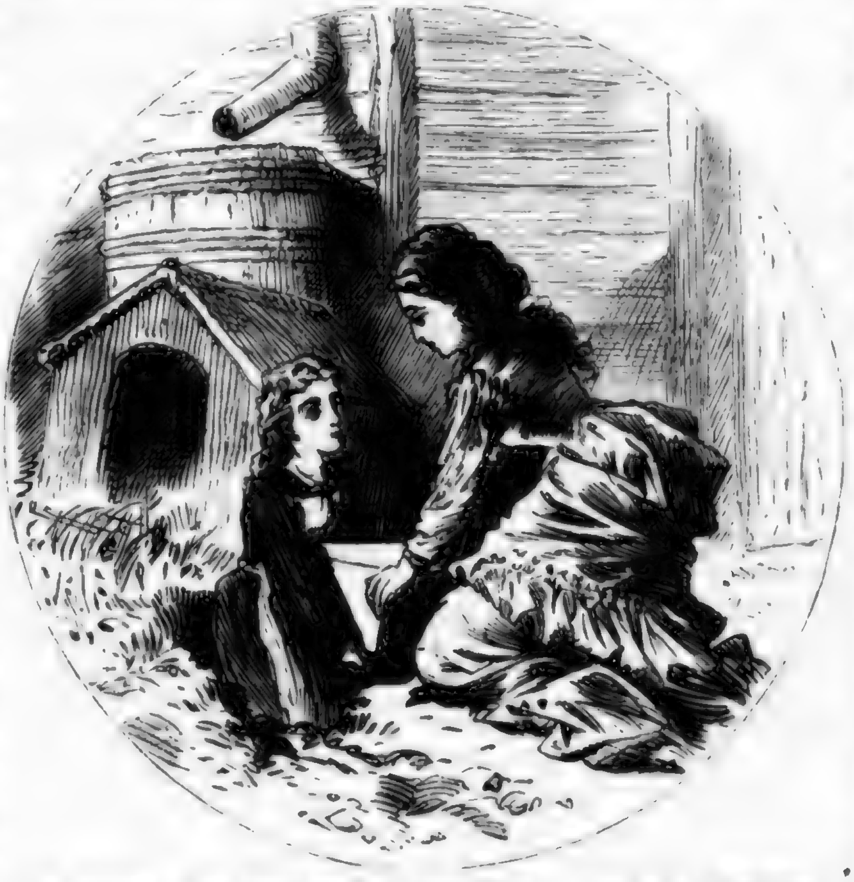
"Bring the child into the kitchen, Mollie," I said; "give her something to eat, and let her sit by the fire till I come down-stairs."

Mollie started off, delighted with her errand, and I busied myself at once in an endeavor to help the pitiable case she had described.

Fortunately, being an active member of the Dorcas Society, I had always a stock of ready-made clothing under my control for just such little sufferers, and I pulled out the basket at once, and made such selections as seemed fitting.

Waiting a little, till I thought the child had been warmed, fed, and comforted, I went down-stairs to verify Mollie's statements.

It was not the first time I had seen the child, for she had supplied me with matches for several months; but I had never given her more than a passing glance, or pleasant word. Now, as she sat curled up on the rug before the kitchen-fire, eating eagerly of the hot soup and bread Mollie had provided with a liberal hand, my heart reproached me for having failed to notice her forlorn appearance and pinched face before.



MY HEROINE.—"WE MOVED THE DOG KENNEL, DUG A LARGE HOLE IN THE SOFT EARTH UNDER IT, AND BURIED THE BOXES, HEAVY ENOUGH TO SINK OF THEMSELVES, TO QUITE A DEPTH."

She was a very ugly child, rough-skinned and freckled, with coarse features and dust-colored hair that seemed entirely neglected, and face and figure were thin and ungainly-looking. Her eyes were good, large and bright, and she had white, even teeth, but certainly there was nothing pretty nor pleasing about her. Her hands and feet, which were entirely uncovered, were blood-red with cold.

"My poor child," I said, "how came you to be out barefooted in such a terrible storm as this? Have you no shoes?"

"Had some," she said, shortly. "Aunt Sue pawned them last night for a spree. She was sleeping it off when I came out. I took ten cents out of her pockets for matches, to get a bit o' wittles. Hain't had nothing since yesterday. This soup's just about scrumptious, that's what it is!"

"But you must be nearly frozen."

"I took a sip out o' Aunt Sue's bottle afore I started," was the answer. "It's nasty stuff, but it keeps you up when you're cold and hungry."

"I have shoes and stockings here for you," I said, "and a warm hood and shawl."

She looked at me, and at the articles in my hand, and shook her head.

"'Tain't no use," she said, speaking very earnestly. "I wouldn't have 'em two hours. I've been fixed up nice, by one lady and another, four or five times, but Aunt Sue can't see me in good clothes. It's sure to make her thirsty!"

"Thirsty!" I said.

"Pawns the clothes for liquor?" said Mollie.

"Exactly!" said the match-girl, scraping the last spoonful of soup from the bowl. "I'm just as much obliged to you, ma'am," she continued, "but I've about made up my mind not to carry home any more clothes. Aunt Sue ain't none too good to me when she is sober, but when she's drunk she's too cantankerous to live. If you'll give me a bite, and a warm now and then, I'll be just as much obliged."

It is too long a story to tell all the conversation that followed, but I kept Eliza in the kitchen until my husband came home to dinner. By a series of feminine arguments I persuaded him that I needed a little servant-girl to help Mollie, and he undertook to secure the child. In three days Aunt Sue was bought over, and Eliza legally bound to me for three years.

Mollie was eager as myself to train the poor girl for a good servant, and welcomed her cordially, when I led her to the kitchen.

"The first thing to do," I said, "is to make her clean and comfortable. Give her a warm bath, Mollie, and put on the clothes you will find in the bathroom."

"Come with me," Mollie said. "It's beautiful and warm in the bathroom; the register's been open all the morning."

Some five minutes later, yells of anguish, and a profusion of oaths that would have put a Billingsgate fisherman to shame, called me to the bathroom. Howls, yells, and execrations greeted me as I opened the door, and Mollie's voice above them.

"Arrah, now, be aisy," she was saying. "Nobody is hurting you at all. Can't yer sit down in the wather while I scrub yer?"

"Oh! oh! Murder! Help! I'm freezing! You're drowning me! You're rubbing all the skin off me! The soap's in my eyes! You stupid bog-trotter, you're killing me! Stop pulling my hair!"

The profanity I omit, but such a profusion of shocking oaths as were scattered through these exclamations never greeted my ears before in my whole quiet life. In spite of my horror, it was difficult to maintain my gravity. Eliza, one mass of frothy soap-suds, was dancing a kind of frantic war-dance round good-natured Mollie, yelling and crying, dodging in every corner, slipping out of her grasp, turning somersaults to escape the sponge on her face, and performing wonderful leaps when the filth on her face was threatened. At the sound of my voice, she stood silent a moment, while I asked, as gravely as I could, what was the matter.

"Look at me!" she sobbed. "I'm soap from my head to my heels, and there's not a bit of skin on me."

XUM

"Arrah, you monkey," said Mollie, "it's the dirt you're missing! Come, duck in here, and I'll have you rinsed and dried in a jiffy."

A frantic yell greeted Mollie's sudden, expert ducking, and I beat a hasty retreat, satisfied that the child would suffer no harm. It was not very long before the two came to the sitting-room, Mollie flushed and panting, and Eliza perfectly transformed. A suit of neat clothing, closely-cropped hair, and a clean face, had made another child of her. In answer to my inquiry, if she did not feel more comfortable, Eliza emphatically assured me she was never so miserable in her life. She was cold, she was sore, she was "riled all over," and she had "rather have Aunt Sue wallop her with the poker ten times than have that Paddy wash her again."

This was not encouraging, but I sent the pair to the kitchen, telling Eliza she was to help Mollie get dinner.

"In the afternoon," I added, "you will come to this room to learn to read and sew."

She made a grimace, but followed Mollie quietly, and peace reigned once more. After dinner I gave my *protégée* a large alphabet-card to study, and went to the kitchen to question Mollie as to her culinary capabilities.

"Oh, the crather!" cried Mollie. "It's altogether heart-broken I am with the thricks of her. After she'd paled the praties, as soon as I turned my back, she took the quill pen I write home with, made a pop-gun of it, sliced up the praties, and was peppering me and the cat with the pieces. Didn't she pull all the pins out of my hair, and put them in the illigant gravy I'd jest made! Didn't she upset the turnips on the floor, and wipe up the mess with a table-napkin! It's on her head she's stood nine times, for once on her feet. Wherever she's larnt her tricks, it's plenty of them she's got intirely."

"Perhaps she'll do better to-morrow," I said.

"Well, she can't do worse, that's one comfort," Mollie answered; and with this I returned to the sitting-room.

This was the sight that greeted my astonished vision: Exactly in front of the grate Eliza was lying upon her back, barefooted, and upon one upraised foot was balanced a large, round basket, in which I kept my kindling-wood. She was singing a lively tune, and skillfully twirling the basket with the poker, keeping perfect time with the blows. Under Eliza's head was a superbly bound copy of Milton, a Christmas gift from my husband, and one of my most valued possessions. Words failed me, but as I stood looking at the child, she tossed the basket in the air, and, with one bound, stood before me.

"I know them letters," she said; "leastwise, some of them. I don't care about reading, nohow, 'less I kin have the newspapers, and see what tells about the pictures; murders and such must be jolly."

"What were you doing when I came in?" I asked.

"Circus. Carroty-headed Peggy and I learned it last Summer. She can keep up a bushel-basket ten minutes; got pennies for doing it in the public garden. I can keep up a big basket better than that little one, and I can dance a ball on my feet first-rate."

"But look at my kindlings all over the floor."

"I'll fix that in a wink;" and it was wonderfully quick work indeed. Almost while she spoke, the mischief was rectified.

"Now, put on your shoes and stockings."

"Oh, please!" she pleaded, "not in the house. They hurt my feet."

It will readily be seen from this first day's experience that my task was no light one when I undertook to civilize this poor little savage. But as time wore on, I found that I could bend her to my will solely by the power of affection. She loved me very dearly and fairly worshiped my husband. Her monkey-like agility soon became a valuable activity in household matters, and when Mollie left me to become a baker's wife, Eliza was quite able to take her place. She had been four years in my household when my husband's affairs called him to Europe for a few months, and I moved into a country house before his departure, in order to save expenses.

We were twenty miles from town, but only half a mile from a pretty village, and my brother had agreed to come out two or three times a week, to see to my safety and comfort. Our new home was a brick house, three stories high, situated in the centre of rather extensive grounds. It had been built for a boarding-school, but owing to a failure of the owner, was sold at what my husband considered a great bargain, and he secured it. Our furniture was removed, and I had time to get settled and feel home-like before I was left alone.

I liked our new residence very much, but the effect of country air upon Eliza was actually bewildering. Every morning at daybreak she was in the grounds, climbing trees like a boy of ten instead of a girl of fourteen, swinging from high boughs by her crossed feet or clasped hands, running, shouting, perfectly crazy with her new-found liberty and pleasure. She was very small, and, although in perfect health, had never grown plump. The painful attenuation of her figure was gone, but she was still slender.

My husband had been gone from home about two months when the first of a train of incidents occurred which nearly proved disastrous in result. A maiden aunt of mine died, leaving to me, her namesake, a large quantity of valuable plate, a casket of old-fashioned and costly jewels, and bonds for fifty thousand dollars. To my great consternation, the entire property was, by the terms of her will, handed over to me intact; being sent by her executors to my new residence without any directions from me.

It was early Saturday morning when the boxes were brought to me, and certainly never did a legacy find a colder welcome.

My brother was away for a week, and Eliza and I were alone in the house. As the carmen deposited their precious load, I noticed one of them looking around him with quick, inquiring glances, and said to Eliza:

"Go to the study, and tell your master the books he ordered have come."

Quick as a flash she understood me, and darted away. Returning in a moment, she said:

"Master says leave them here, and he will unpack them after dinner."

I paid the men, saw them depart, and then fastened every door and window in the house.

"Eliza," I said, "the stuff there will bring thieves upon us, as sure as we are alive. On Monday I can send it all to town again to the bank, but in the meantime——"

"Bury it," said Eliza, who had been through a course of sensation stories, and rather enjoyed the situation.

"Bury it! Where?"

"Under the dog-kennel. I was thinking yesterday what a famous hiding-place it would make."

First examining my treasures, and giving my aunt anything but thanks for her eccentric will, which had sent the boxes untouched from her treasure-closet to me, I concluded to act upon Eliza's suggestion.

We moved the dog-kennel, dug a large hole in the soft earth under it, and buried the boxes, heavy enough to sink of themselves to quite a depth. Replacing some of the earth and the kennel, we removed the remainder of the dirt to a distant corner of the grounds, and satisfied ourselves that no traces of our task remained.

Saturday night passed undisturbed, and no alarming incident occurred on Sunday, so we retired on Sunday evening, satisfied that no one knew of our possessions, and we could sleep in peace. Eliza went to her own room in the third story, and I to mine on the floor below.

It must have been after midnight when I was awakened by the certainty of some one being in my room, although I had heard no sound. I was wide awake instantly, and a moment later heard a low whisper that chilled the blood in my veins.

"That was all a blind about a master in the house," said the voice. "There's nobody with the lady but that little gal."

"You're sure there was silver in the boxes?" asked a second voice.

"Sure. There were cracks in one box, and I knew by the heft. I ain't been a carman ten years without knowing the feel of plate. Now, where is it stowed?"

The voices came from a small room adjoining mine, which the thieves must have entered by the window, reaching that by a porch. As quietly as I could, I stole from bed, put on my stockings and slippers, threw a dressing-gown around me, and opened my door, meaning to send Eliza, if possible, to the village for help.

But I was heard. A shout behind me sent my feet flying to Eliza's room. Fortunately, it roused her, also, and she opened the door just as I reached it. We were inside, and the door locked again, as my pursuers gained the landing.

"They are up here somewhere," said one. "You sit on the stairs and keep them up, while Jim and I find them boxes. If we can't find them, we'll come up and make the women tell where they are."

"All right," was the answer; and we heard the footsteps descending.

"Oh, Eliza, we are lost!" I whispered. "They will kill us!"

Imagine my astonishment when Eliza answered me, as coolly as if I was in some domestic difficulty, at the same lighting a candle:

"Don't worry, ma'am; I'll fix 'em."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to the village for help. You stay here, and keep the door fast—put the bedstead against it. The lock's good and strong—that's one comfort! If they break in, hold out as long as you can. I'll not be long."

"But you cannot get down-stairs. Did you not hear? There's a man in the entry."

"Let him stay there," was the cool answer. "I'm going up the chimney, across the roof, down the waterspout to the porch-roof; then it's easy climbing to the ground."

"You'll break your neck!" I cried.

"Not I!" she said, with a short laugh. "I've done more than that, just for fun."

Before I could remonstrate further, she had finished her hurried dressing, and was in the wide chimney-place. Up the yawning passage she scrambled like a cat, and was out on the roof, and looking over at me.

"All right, so far," she said, in a low voice. "Keep up your courage—I'll soon be back."

Keep up my courage! The wretch on the stairs was whistling "Shoo fly," and below I could hear the indistinct voices of the other villains. How soon would they abandon their search and come up-stairs? I glanced despairingly at the chimney, and wished I could reduce my stout figure to Eliza's dimensions, and follow her. This being impossible, I put all the furniture in the room against the door, and sat down to await the result of the search, and Eliza's daring errand.

It is easy now to write coolly about it; but my head was whirling, my heart beating to suffocation, and the seconds seemed hours long. Every sound below seemed to threaten the arrival of my tormentors, and every horror of murder or burglary I had ever heard or read of, seemed crowding upon my brain. To increase the horror, my candle suddenly sputtered, and went out.

The minutes passed slowly, till it seemed hours before I was disturbed. Then, curses deep and loud, also, were heard upon the stairway, and I knew the burglars were ascending.

"Where are the women? We can't find the boxes," said one.

"Perhaps they have sent them away," said another.

"No; I kept a lookout for that! They came in, but they never went out. Hilloo! Come out here! We won't hurt you, if you'll tell us what we want to know."

This last was for my benefit, but I respectfully declined to present myself. Only silence answered the summons.

"Come out here!" cried the same voice. "We know where you are, and I'll stick a knife in you, if you don't open the door."

Oaths of the most forcible description emphasized this summons, but I still kept silence.

"I'll have them out! Here, Jim, give me the lantern."

A hurried search of the other rooms on the floor followed, and then my door was tried.

"They are in here; it is locked! Come, open this, or we will break it in!"

Oh, the long agony of that moment, before crashing blows fell upon the wood, and I saw the pile of furniture slowly swaying forward, and the light gleaming from the yielding hinges and lock! One wild prayer rose in my heart; as if in answer to it came shouts from below, and Eliza's shrill voice, calling:

"They are up-stairs! Come, come! We are here, ma'am—we are here!"

Hurried feet upon the stairs, a scuffle in the entry, and then the voice of my little deliverer again.

"Open the door, ma'am. They've cotched all of them!"

I opened the door, and found the burglars bound and guarded by some two dozen men from the village, roused by Eliza's cries, as she rushed through the streets.

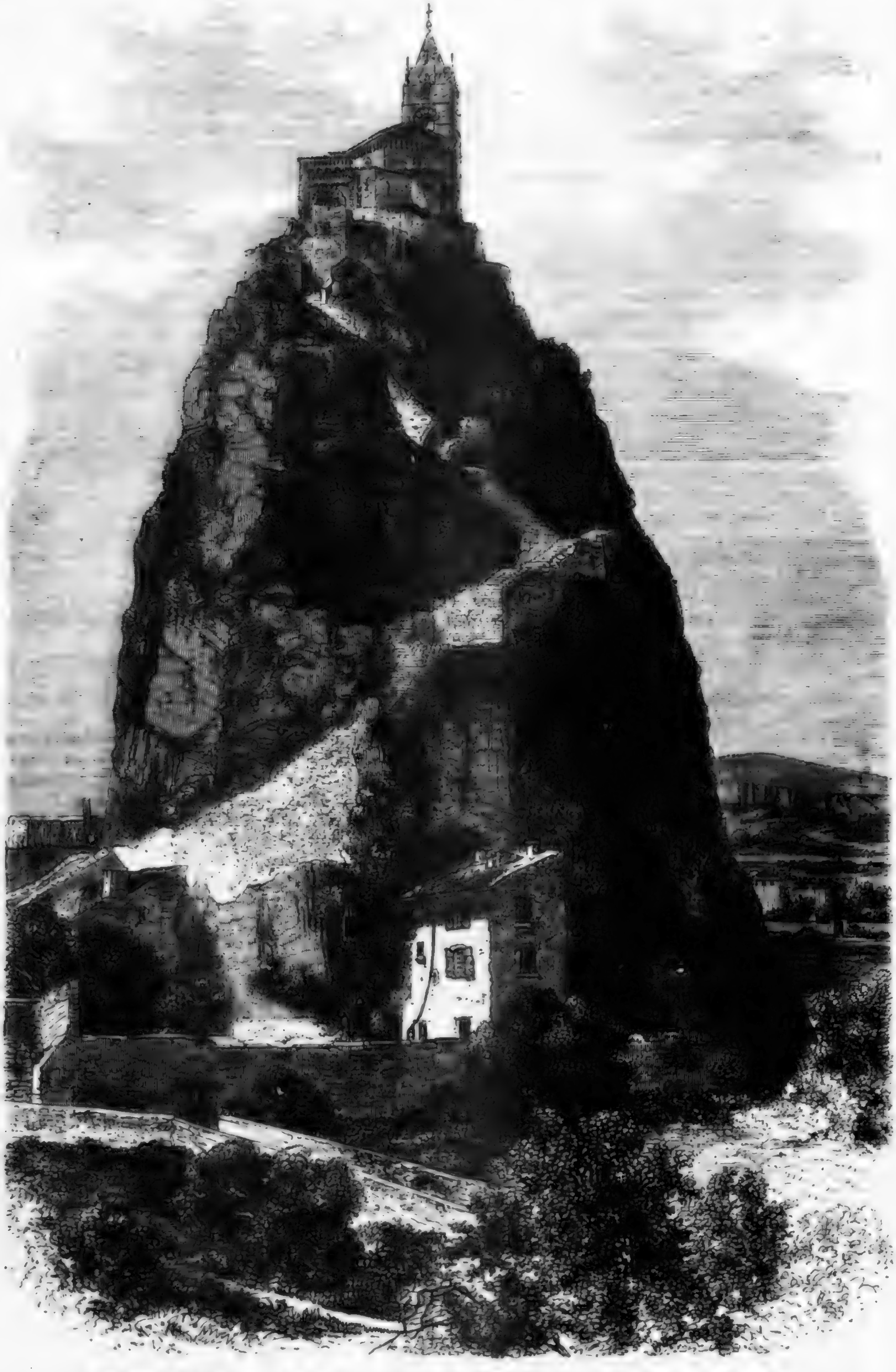
As I had already supposed, the leader of the trio was the carman already mentioned.

My brother returned on Monday, and, as my aunt's legacy allowed me more liberty with regard to expense, he insisted upon my immediate return to town, and placed my dangerous possessions in a place of safety.

I was the centre of a circle of sympathizing friends for several days; but the hero of the town for many long weeks was my little match-girl, Eliza Ann Jenkins.

THE DIKE DE L'AIGUILHE, OR ROCK ST. MICHAEL, AT PUY-EN-VELAY, FRANCE.

No one who visits Velay will fail to be struck with this volcanic mass, which towers like a monument; and he will wonder more that men ever dreamed of rearing on its summit a chapel, with a steeple higher than that of the Invalides, at Paris. This chapel is said to have been founded in 955, and was long a famous pilgrimage. It is a charming Byzantine structure, in which Mosaic, basso-relievos, and stonework of an early age have been introduced with great taste. A railing runs around the edge of the rock, and it is, indeed, necessary. Before the Revolution, two footprints were shown here—those of a young girl, who, slandered cruelly by her acquaintances, leaped off, but was miraculously preserved. This strange chapel, where service is said now only once a



THE DIKE DE L'AIGUILHE, OR CHAPEL AND ROCK OF ST. MICHAEL, AT PUY-EN-VELAY, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 307.

year, is reached by a series of flights of steps and inclined planes, winding round the rock.

Below it, and yet on a volcanic height, is the Church of Our Lady of Puy, a still more famous pilgrimage, with its statue of the Madonna, brought back from the Crusades by St. Louis. It was in this church that Charles VII. was proclaimed king. On the mountain-height that looks down both on St. Michael and the cathedral, is the gigantic Madonna, cast from cannon taken in the Crimea, and erected here in 1860.

ESCAPE OF MRS. SMITH.

In 1806, the French force under General Lauriston, entered Venice, and established there a new government. Mrs. Spencer Smith, the sister-in-law of Sir Sidney Smith, was then resident there, for the benefit of her health, with two infant children.

She was declared to be under arrest as a French prisoner, and received an order to depart, within a week, for the City of Bassano, the place fixed upon by the Government for her residence. She demanded the reason why she was thus treated ; and was answered, "*Your country and your name.*"

A few days after, it appeared that the order to repair to Bassano was a mere feint, and that the real instructions of the French police were to send her prisoner of war to the fortress of Valenciennes! At the moment when she was anxiously waiting to receive a passport, to enable her to quit Venice, she was arrested by a party of gens-d'armes, told of her destination to Valenciennes, and placed in a state of close confinement in her chamber, previously to being conducted to France.

The friends of Mrs. Smith were struck with consternation and grief at this change in her fate ; but, herself endued with an admirable degree of fortitude, she roused the courage of those who wept around her ; nor once appeared shaken till her lovely infants came running to her arms, to ask their mamma why she was so sad? She wished, by any sacrifice, to preserve them from the fate to which she was doomed. But how was this to be done? Who was able to help her by saving them? In evident anguish she looked round on each of the small circle of friends, who sympathized with her situation, and in mournful silence her eyes explained her supplication to them all.

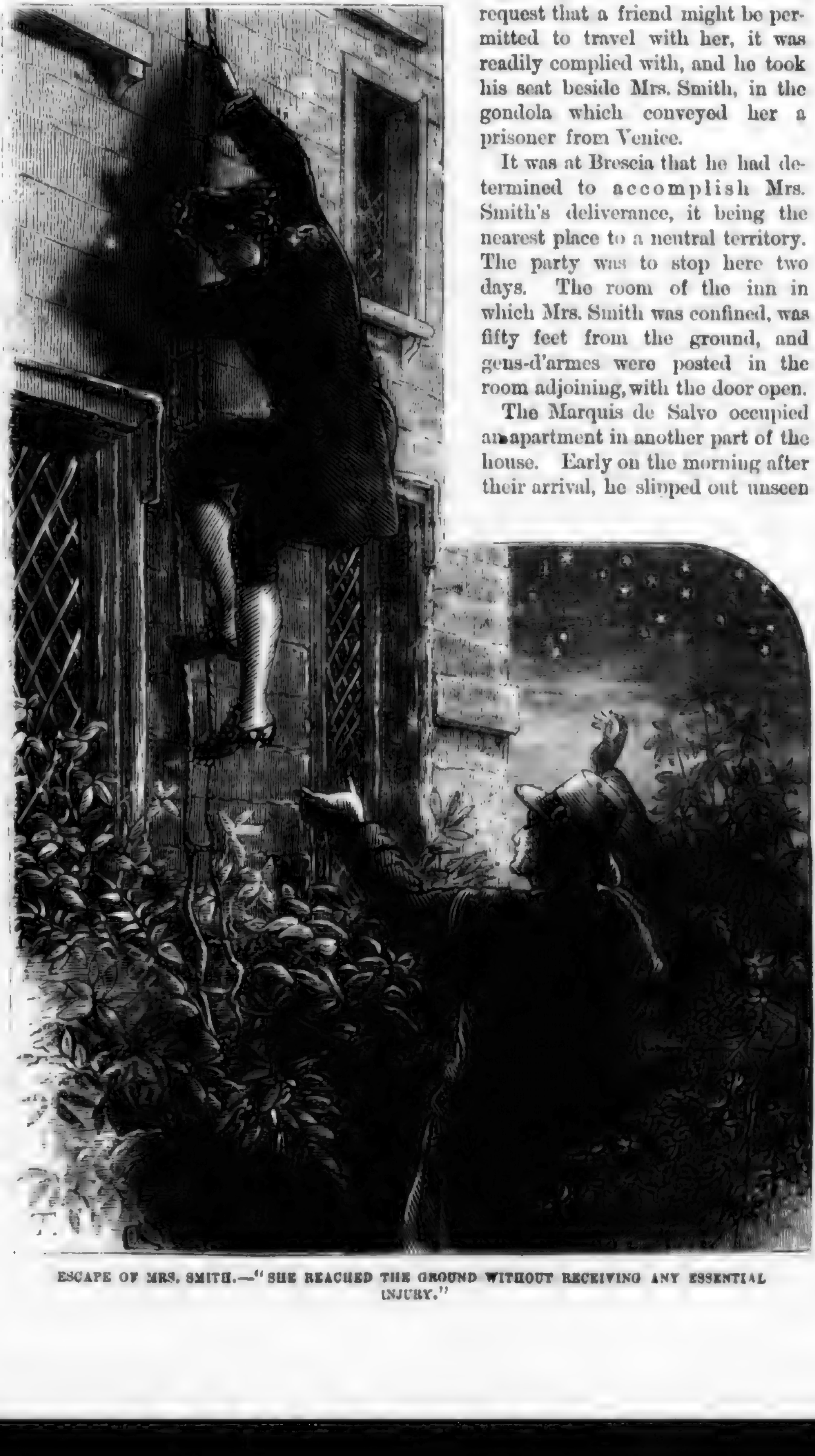
Among the number of these friends, was a young Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvo. Overcome by his feelings, he rushed from the room ; and when he had recovered composure sufficient to return, it was to intimate privately to Mrs. Smith that he had formed and resolved to execute, at all hazards, the generous design of effecting the escape both of herself and of her children.

The children not having been placed under the immediate vigilance of the police, the marquis succeeded, without any great difficulty, in getting them conveyed away to Grantz, where the Countess Strazzolda, a sister of Mrs. Smith, resided ; but he did not think it prudent to make the attempt to effect Mrs. Smith's own escape, till after she had left Venice, and was on her way to the Alps.

It was necessary to the success of the project that De Salvo should accompany Mrs. Smith on the road ; and nothing being more reasonable than her request that a friend might be permitted to travel with her, it was readily complied with, and he took his seat beside Mrs. Smith, in the gondola which conveyed her a prisoner from Venice.

It was at Brescia that he had determined to accomplish Mrs. Smith's deliverance, it being the nearest place to a neutral territory. The party was to stop here two days. The room of the inn in which Mrs. Smith was confined, was fifty feet from the ground, and gens-d'armes were posted in the room adjoining, with the door open.

The Marquis de Salvo occupied an apartment in another part of the house. Early on the morning after their arrival, he slipped out unseen



ESCAPE OF MRS. SMITH.—"SHE REACHED THE GROUND WITHOUT RECEIVING ANY ESSENTIAL INJURY."

by the gens-d'armes; and while the police of Brescia were yet in ignorance of his arrival with Mrs. Smith, went and got a passport signed for the Tyrol. From the police he hastened to survey the outlets of the city; but, to his sorrow, could see no other passage than through the gates, which were all strongly guarded.

He was not, however, dismayed, but immediately set about procuring all the means for their escape; a light carriage, which could travel anywhere; horses, to spare them the necessity of waiting at the post-houses; a man's dress, for the disguise of Mrs. Smith; and, finally, a bill of health, which would be requisite on entering another country. All this he accomplished before ten o'clock in the morning, when he returned to Mrs. Smith, and availed himself of an hour, while the soldiers were at the street-door, to settle with her all that was to be prepared and attempted.

It was agreed that he should go next day to reconnoitre the environs of Brescia, and collect all the information possible respecting the places through which it would be necessary to pass; and on the ensuing night, at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Smith was to let down a string from the window to the ground, to which the marquis was to be ready to tie a paper, communicating what further discoveries and arrangements he had made.

Returning down-stairs, the marquis told the guards that his affairs prevented him from continuing any longer in the company of this woman; that the slow manner in which she traveled greatly retarded his journey; that he had to go to Paris with all possible dispatch, and besides (flattering them by apparent confidence) he assured them that he did not like to be exposed to the stigma of being the friend of a woman whose arrest was demanded by the Emperor of the French. He added, that it was his intention to leave Brescia that very evening; and that, as he did not like to tell the lady that such was his intention, he begged as a favor that they would have the goodness to inform her of it themselves. The guards murmured their opinions to one another; and turning to the marquis, in a friendly tone commended his design, and promised to be the faithful bearers of his apology to the lady.

At four o'clock next morning the marquis passed the gates of Brescia, and directed his steps to Salo. On his arrival there, no officer appeared at the gate to demand his passport, nor did he perceive any crowd of idle gazers about his chaise, *to look at the stranger*, as is the custom in the small towns and villages of Italy; circumstances which made him at once fix on the place as one which it would be an easy matter to pass through without observation. He then hastened to the borders of the Lake di Garda, where he engaged a covered boat with twelve oars, to be ready next morning at six o'clock, for passing the lake with all expedition.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing further remained to be prepared at Salo; and as he could not well return to Brescia before the evening, he employed the interval in making a ladder of rope and pieces of wood, and succeeded in making one as long as he thought would be required. When this important implement was finished, he wrote a letter of instructions to Mrs. Smith; and, as the night closed in, returned to Brescia, which he entered just as the gates were shutting. He had left the horse and chaise at an inn, situated in a solitary square, telling the hostler that he would return by three o'clock in the morning.

It was near eleven o'clock when, dressed as a Brescian postillion, and with the rope ladder and letter under his cloak, he advanced through the most lonely streets, toward the inn called the Two Towers, where Mrs. Smith was. He stopped before he approached the window; he listened for some time to the noise of the soldiers; and after convincing himself that they were occupied in drinking, he drew near and felt for the string with his hand. Having found it, he tied the ladder and letter to it; and on pulling it gently, it was instantly drawn up. He then retired, overjoyed at seeing the first danger so well got over.

After waiting three hours, he returned under the window, at which, shortly after, a figure presented itself; it was Mrs. Smith; the marquis drew near; Mrs. Smith asked in a low voice, "If he was her friend?" De Salvo replied, "I am that friend, and wait for you." Mrs. Smith instantly proceeded to fasten the ladder. "Scarcely was this done," says the marquis, "when I saw Mrs. Smith take hold of the window and cling to the wall, pressing with uncertain foot the first step. I perceived she was reluctant in trusting herself upon it; the unhappy lady stood tottering upon the step, and seemed to tremble so much, that I was afraid of her falling. But I was greatly relieved when I beheld her grasping the knots of the ladder, and boldly determined to descend. What an interesting spectacle! A forlorn woman, anxious to escape from captivity, committing herself from a height to ropes, which, even while they tore her delicate fingers, she kissed in ecstasy, because they were instrumental to her release. And at the same time, armed sentinels in the adjoining apartment, who were ready to dart upon her if their sleep were interrupted by the least noise. Happily, the silence of the night, and its intense gloom, remained undisturbed; and she reached the ground without receiving any essential injury.

Mrs. Smith and her gallant liberator now hurried in breathless haste from street to street, till they reached the summit of the fortress of Brescia. Here the violence of Mrs. Smith's desire to save herself was such, that she actually offered to attempt scaling the walls; but, on the marquis acquainting her that a chaise was in waiting at the inn near the gates, her agitation was somewhat calmed. They found the chaise ready, but the hour for opening the gates had not yet arrived; at their earnest entreaties, however, the guard opened them, and they passed through on the 3d of May, at four o'clock in the morning.

They reached Salo at half an hour after six the same morning; hastened on board the boat which the marquis had engaged to convey them across the Lake di Garda, and in eight hours more reached the Tyrolean frontier in safety.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A WILD BOAR.

The Hindoos, who are naturally an inoffensive, timid race, have an almost fabulous reverence for the courage of Europeans, whom they often term fighting devils—an epithet applied in no disparaging way, but, on the contrary, as the highest of compliments. The assistant-surgeon (B——h) and a lieutenant (D——n) of a regiment to which I once belonged on the Indian establishment, were traveling up the country. On arriving early one morning at their breakfast tent (which had been sent forward as usual the preceding evening), they were met by the Cutwal and principal men of the small village, bearing a trifling present of fruit.

After many salaams, the deputation said that the villagers were in the greatest distress—that an enormous wild boar and a sow had taken up their abode in the neighboring sugar plantation—that the crop was fully ripe, but that whenever the laborers ventured in to cut the cane they were driven out by a charge of the swine; that the whole body, women as well as men, had united more than once in an attempt to alarm the intruders with the noise of tom-toms, cholera-horns, firing of match-locks, etc., but that the unclean brutes would not leave, and that the inhabitants had nearly resigned all hopes of saving the crop, when they had the happiness of hearing that an English officer was expected, who, as a matter of course, could have no objection to shoot the vicious animal.

D——n and B——h willingly consented to start directly after breakfast. The former was a keen sportsman, but the latter had never fired a gun; however, he said he would do his best; and being furnished with an old musket, he sallied forth "at fixed bayonets." Almost the instant they entered the cover a crashing noise warned them to be on their guard. The boar, without an instant's hesitation, rushed at the invaders, making a special selection of the individual least accustomed to arms. B——h, in no way daunted, dropped upon his right knee—brought his firelock to the charging position—and calmly waited to pull the trigger until the formidable beast was so close upon the bayonet, that he knocked the piece out of B——h's grasp, and sent him spinning heels over head. On regaining his feet, B——h found that his formidable adversary was already dead; the bayonet, much bent in the encounter, was buried deep in his huge chest; and subsequent examination showed that the ball had severed his heart into two nearly equal portions. The sow had apparently quickly become aware of the mischance that had befallen her mate, for she ignominiously fled from the field at her best pace.

In reply to the thanks, congratulations, and encomiums bestowed upon the worthy assistant-surgeon for his success and admirable coolness, he quietly observed that all was well that ended well; that it was an awful beast; and that he would take precious good care never voluntarily to encounter such another; that he had had his first shot, and fervently hoped it would be his last.

DAUGHTER OF A WHIG.

By Etta W. Pierce.

OUR house stood on the south side of Beacon Hill. The English troops had pulled down the flagstaff above, long used as a danger-signal to the surrounding towns, and were building a fort in its place. Below us, on the Common, their marquee tents were pitched, and their moving parade made a great clangor. The sound of drum and fife poured loudly into our breakfast-room.

"Put down the windows, Crispus!" roared my father to his black servant.

Crispus knew the signs of the times, and jerked them down in a twinkling.

"Another regiment arrived last night from Halifax," went on my father, bitterly; "they will pass up the street directly. Close every shutter, Miss Warring, and keep away from the windows—you and my little Anne here. By good rights, the house should be draped in mourning; every man, woman and child in Boston should put on mourning to-day."

It was just after the affair at Lexington. My father no longer drank the health of the king at our four o'clock dinner; his toast was now, "The Colonies," or "Our Liberties."

The crown officers whom I met at the Province House, and who stared at me so boldly as they walked Marlborough Street and the great mall of the Common, in scarlet coats and lace ruffles, called my father a rebel. I was never allowed to attend the parties at the royal governor's, nor even to dine with my mother's people, the Thornleys, unless accompanied by my governess, Miss Warring. She was thirty-five, and I fifteen. She was ugly, and I handsome. In both places those crown officers above-mentioned called us, very impertinently, a new version of Beauty and the Beast.

Breakfast over, up rose Miss Warring, and closed all the shutters along the front of the house. While she was doing this, I heard from the direction of King Street the beat of drums. I ran to the window opening on the balcony to the drawing-room, and peeped through.

"Ah, Miss Warring," I said, "would it be so dreadful to look?"

"Your father has forbidden it!"

"But I meet these red-coats every week at the Thornleys' table. Why may I not look at them this morning, and why must the house be made like a tomb because they are passing?"

"Fie! Anne Wyatt—the Thornleys are Tories to their finger-tips; but you are the daughter of a Whig, and this is the house of a Whig."

The drums grew louder; they had turned into Queen Street. I began to toy with the shutter.

"If you had fewer curls in your hair, Anne, it would be better for your soul, I think. You should be thinking of your grammar, child, not of gold-laced coats. Hark! those bands are playing 'God Save the King.' I shall stop my ears; so also should you."

The music came pouring up from the street below, such music as only the English bands could make. It charmed me; it lured me. While Miss Warring pressed both hands to her ears to shut it away, I flung the shutter wide open and sprang out upon the balcony.

"Papa will forgive me," I said.

Ah, there were the troops all in sight below me; their long line, glittering with scarlet and gold, turned from Centre Street and approached the house as I looked. Nearer they drew, and nearer. I leaned over the railing, and pressing the riotous curls back from my eyes, stared down on them.

Then it was that I saw his face.

He was marching on the right of the troops. The sunshine fell strong upon his blazing uniform and fair, bold English face, with eyes the color of his own sword-blade, and powdered blonde locks. Our eyes met. He stopped short there below the balcony. Breathlessly he looked up at me. I could not stir—I could not breathe; I had never met such a look before. It burned me, it seared me, it seemed to devour me; it filled me from head to foot with a tremor of joy and exquisite shame. Still gazing at me with that rapt, intense gaze, "That girl seals my fate!" he cried aloud.

I turned, and darted back through the window, burning and breathless. I fled to my own chamber, and, hiding there behind the long linen curtains of the bed, burst into a passion of ridiculous tears. Miss Warring found me, and dragged me forth; but as she could neither force nor coax me to explain, the matter was dropped between us.

Late that night I saw a man come down from the fort on Beacon Hill, cross the waste ground, covered with wild rose and barberry bushes, and leap the wall into my father's garden. The stalwart figure, the scarlet uniform, the fair, dashing face, how could I mistake them? Fully revealed by the moonlight, he stopped at an angle of the wall, and looked up at my chamber-window.

"Heavens!" screamed Miss Warring, "it is a red-coat! Come away instantly!" and she dropped the lace and muslin in a trice.

I fled to bed, but not to sleep. As midnight struck, I crept from her side. He stood there still, leaning against the wall, his eyes fixed on the window, the moonlight falling upon him. A deep, passionate sigh was wafted toward me through the still night.

Dawn broke. For the second time I went to look. Starting then from his night-long watch, I saw him kiss his jeweled hand toward the curtained window, vault over the wall, and walk slowly off toward the fort. That very day Miss Warring and I went to dine with the Thornleys.

At five o'clock my grandmother sent for us her yellow chariot and two powdered footmen in livery. I wore a violet bodice, with an embroidered petticoat and white satin train, and sapphire buckles in my high-heeled, satin shoes. The Thornleys lived in Marlborough Street, next door to the Province House. We found their long drawing-room this day filled with the scarlet coats my father and Miss Warring hated.

"Lennox," said my grandmother, rising to receive us, and speaking to a crown officer who leaned over the back of her claw-footed chair, "here is my little rebel rose. I am striving to turn her from her heresies. You must help me." Then taking my hand, "Anne, how beautiful you are, and how you tremble, child! This is the son of an old friend of mine—Arthur Lennox, the heir of a viscount, and a captain in his majesty's service."

He advanced, and made me a profound bow. I did not look in his face, yet I knew it was pale with agitation. Under its deep lace ruffle, his hand closed on mine as if he would never let me go.

"Ah, do you know me?" he murmured, with a bold look.

"I remember your face among the troops yesterday," I answered, in great confusion.

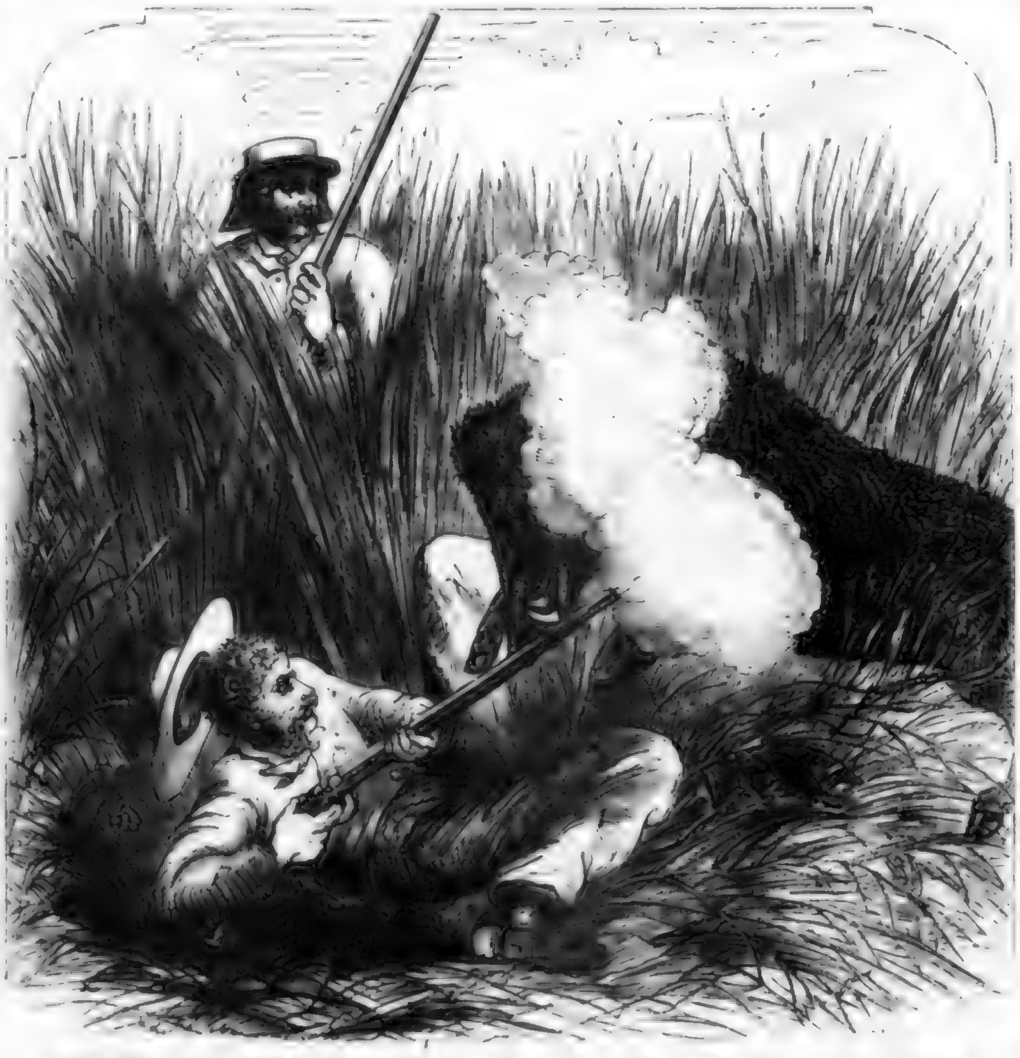
"You remember! Heaven be thanked! You have even thought of me, perhaps. Nay, do not turn away—look at me once more. Not till yesterday did I dream how great a fire a look may kindle."

Miss Warring grasped my lace shawl.

"Anne Wyatt, you astonishing child! how long will you let that man hold your hand?"

I tried to snatch it away; but at this moment dinner was announced, and he drew it coolly through his arm.

"What, would you fly from me thus soon?" he murmured, and so led me out, and placed himself on my left hand.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A WILD BOAR.—"THE BOAR, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, RUSHED AT THE INVADERS."—SEE PAGE 310.

General Gage, the royal governor, was my grandmother's guest that day, and another general also, named Burgoyne. I had dined with the crown officers often, but not since the Lexington affair—since my father had openly declared for the colonies. When the wine was placed on the board, General Gage proposed the first toast, "The King."

I looked at Miss Warring; she was staring grimly at her glass. She did not touch it; no more did I mine. Said General Gage, with a bland smile:

"My dear Miss Wyatt, you do not drink your wine."

The reproof embarrassed me greatly; I felt the eyes on my left flaring upon me like steel in the sun.

"A toast, sir, that is not allowed at my father's table I cannot drink at any other," I said, bluntly.

My grandmother grew red with rage. I myself was ready to sink through the floor, though I kept a bold front.

"Did I not tell you she was an arrant rebel?" said my grandmother. "This is the result of her Wyatt blood, and her colonial education," with a scathing look at Miss Warring.

General Gage lifted his thick eyebrows.

"She appears to be a dutiful daughter, though a disloyal subject," he answered, coldly.

But Burgoyne, who was something of a gallant, gave me an admiring look.

"My dear madam," he said to my grandmother, "we must pardon her indiscretion because of her extreme youth. No one, I am sure, cares to know what were the politics of Venus, or what toasts she refused to drink at the feasts of the gods."

Then they all began to talk of something else—all but Captain Lennox.

"Do you, then, rank us as your enemies?" he asked—"we, the defenders of the crown, the loyal subjects of the king?"

"Since you force me to say it, yes."

"There is a text that reads, 'Thou shalt love thine enemies,'" said he, with a long, bold look.

After an ominous pause, he broke out in an undertone that I only could hear.

"Miss Wyatt, I cannot keep silent. Even at the risk of your anger, I must speak. Will you promise not to think me mad?"

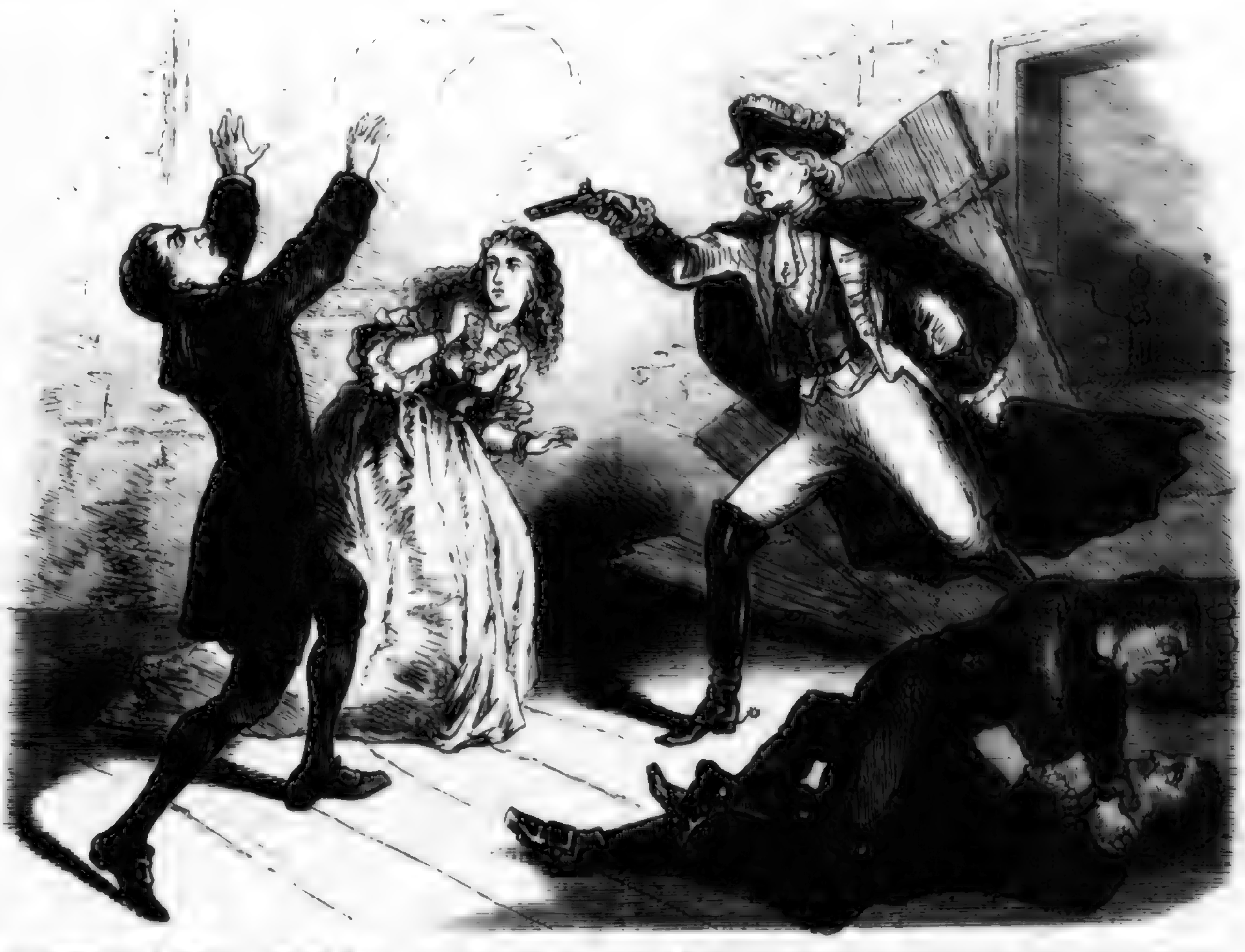
"I hear," said Burgoyne, from the other end of the table, "that ten thousand of these ridiculous rebels are trying to besiege Boston."

"The passion that creeps by degrees on other men smote me like lightning from a clear sky. The moment our eyes met—the moment I saw you leaning from that balcony, like an angel from heaven, I knew that I was lost!"

This from Lennox. The next voice was General Gage's.

"That arch-rebel, Hancock, and his betrothed wife, were seating themselves at an elegant repast when our troops arrived. The two, and Adams with them, fled in great haste, and were glad, among their rebel friends, to dine off cold salt pork and potatoes, served in a wooden tray."

"My dear general," said Miss Warring, dryly, "I hope Hancock and Miss Quincy did not miss their dinner more than your troops did the convoy of provisions those dreadful minute-men captured at West Cambridge that same day."



DAUGHTER OF A WHIG.—"THERE WAS A FLASH, A REPORT, AND THE INNKEEPER STAGGERED, LOOSENED HIS HOLD ON ME, AND BOUNDING INTO THE AIR, FELL DEAD AT MY FEET."—SEE PAGE 311.

"Miss Wyatt," murmured Lennox, with angry pain, "are you listening to me? You have a father—give me permission to wait upon him to-morrow!"

"Yes, I have a father," I answered, "and he is a rebel; so, also, am I. You have heard them call me that just now."

He got my hand beneath the table, and pressed it passionately.

"Do you hate me? Do you forbid me to ask for this lovely hand? I could almost bless the wretched rebellion that brought me here to meet my doom at your feet."

"Silence, sir; my governess is watching."

"I am consumed by this passion; it is like a fever in my veins; I cannot eat nor sleep. Pity me, Miss Wyatt, and speak one word."

"Hush! oh, hush!"

His extreme agitation had drawn every eye to us; yet he would not stop.

"Cruel! I ask only for one word. May I come to you to-morrow?"

Trembling with mingled fright and joy, I answered:

"Come."

Late in the afternoon of the following day my father sent Miss Warring to bring me to the drawing-room. She found me hiding again in the linen curtains of the bed.

"Is papa very angry?" I said, shivering with fear.

"I do not know. Go down at once," she answered.

I went. They were there together, my father and Captain Lennox. Both were standing. The face of the latter was like ashes, and my father's square mouth wore an ominous look. As I entered, he advanced to meet me.

"Anne," he said, abruptly, "this gentleman has asked of me your hand in marriage"—my heart beat wildly—"and I have declined the alliance."

I turned toward Lennox with a fierce gesture. He snatched me to his heart.

"My love!" he panted, "my life! my rose of all the world! what does your heart say to this?"

"Sir," cried my father, angrily, "release that child! She has but just abandoned her dolls. She is not old enough to know her heart. You cannot have my daughter."

He did not release me; he held me fast; his heart beat like a trip-hammer against mine.

"At her command I will release her; at her command I will go, and only at hers," answered Lennox.

"Anne," shouted my father, "you have known this man, as he himself tells me, forty-eight hours. Speak! what does this mean?"

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"I have known him long enough to love him," I sobbed—"to love him now and for ever." Yet, in speaking, I put the arms of Lennox from me, and walked blindly toward my father. "Father, I am your only one, your all—whatever you say I must do."

He lifted my face, and looked into it.

"Anne, Anne! am I awake or dreaming? A child of fifteen! impossible! You will forget him in a week." He then advanced toward Lennox. "Sir, do you think I will give my enemy the apple of my eye? You cannot have my daughter. You are her foe and mine. The time is near when we shall stand in arms against each other; so, Captain Lennox, I bear you no ill-will, but you shall never see her face again."

"Her foe!" repeated Lennox, bitterly. "My God! as if such a thing could be! Must her heart as well as mine be broken because of this rebellion of yours, in which neither of us have had a part? I cannot obey you, sir! I shall see her face again, let it cost what it may."

"I tell you you cannot have my daughter!" repeated my father, in a hard voice. "There is no more than this to say. Oblige me by ending the interview."

"If I may not have her with your consent, sir, I shall not hesitate to take her without it. Give her up—I neither can nor will! I have the honor, sir, to bid you adieu!"

The door closed. My father looked at me, and his hard mouth relaxed.

"My poor, foolish little girl," he said, "forget him at once."

"I will try, papa," I answered, and then something dark came between his face and mine, and I fell senseless at his feet. It was dark when I awoke. I was not in the familiar drawing-room at Beacon Hill, nor yet in my own chamber. I was jolting along in a close carriage over a dark and silent road. I looked up in the face of Miss Warring, who was bending over me; she and I occupied the vehicle together.

"Where am I?" I asked. "What does this mean? Where are we going?"

"Your father thought it necessary for us to leave Boston," she answered, dryly; "many people are leaving. The town is in a state of siege."

"I understand. He sends me away that Captain Lennox may have no chance of meeting me again?"

"Exactly. This is Cambridge; the patriots muster in great force here; he cannot follow you."

"Oh, Miss Warring," I cried, terrified at the intolerable ache at my heart, "what is to become of me?—what am I to do?"

"You are to remain here with my mother and me till your recovery is certain. The carriage has stopped. We have reached the house. A few weeks will work wonders for you, I feel sure."

We alighted together in the early Spring night at an old farmhouse on the North Cambridge Road; it was a spot altogether lonely and deserted. I followed Miss Warring into a great keeping-room, where the aged mistress of the house was taking her early tea, with a housemaid in attendance.

"You did well to bring that child here, Dorcas," she said to her daughter. "No place could be safer. We have all the American forces betwixt us and Boston."

I looked out across the lonely twilight fields, and felt my heart sink. I asked for my father. Miss Warring drew a letter from her deep, old-fashioned pocket, and gave it me; it was tender and brief. He bade me strive with the folly that beset me, and submit myself to Miss Warring. In a few days he would visit me in my new home.

I went to sleep that night in a chamber overlooking the Cambridge road, homesick and heartsick. Never before had I been thwarted in a wish of my life. I was full of rebellion. To be sent away like a criminal to be prisoned here in this lonely place, with Miss Warring for a jailer—it was too much. Yet, even then, I meant with all my heart to obey my father, to yield up all to his will, to forget Arthur Lennox, if such a thing could be. Alas! I had yet to learn how weak a thing a human heart is.

For one week I remained at the old Cambridge farmhouse; at its close Miss Warring began to look at me aghast.

"Anne! Anne! you are actually losing flesh and color. Thank heaven! your father comes to-night. Put on your hat and mantle, child, and go down to the gate to meet him. The air will brighten you up."

I obeyed listlessly. It was a cloudy night, threatening storm. I lingered at the gate a while, but saw nothing of my father. Then I lifted the latch, and walked out into the road.

I did not know in what direction my face was set; I walked mechanically, and with no purpose in view. The old farmhouse disappeared among the trees behind me. The murky twilight deepened. Suddenly the thud of horsehoofs, rapidly advancing, met my ears. A horseman came spurring around a bend in the lonely road before me. I ran to meet him, thinking only of my father. The next moment he was out of the saddle—I was locked in his arms. Arthur Lennox was raining convulsive kisses on my lips, my eyes, my hair.

"Anne, Anne! have I found you at last! For days I have been seeking you. It was Mrs. Thornley who gave me this clue. And they exile you to this place because of me?—they think to keep me from you here. They shall see."

I lifted my head from his breast, and looked at him. He was haggard, and pale, and worn. A long, dark-blue horseman's cloak completely concealed his scarlet uniform; he wore a plain chapeau, and his horse was covered with the plainest of housings.

"Yes," quoth he, in answer to my look. "I come in disguise; in no other way could I reach you through the ten thousand rebels that surround Boston. A desperate man can accomplish much. My life, my love! I am on my way to New York. I go with special dispatches to our loyal friends there. I have dared death itself to see you to-night, dearest—is it in vain?"

I knew what he meant. I looked at him, but I could not answer. He fell at my feet.

"Anne, must I go alone? Must I? Oh, my darling, you are pale, you tremble; you, too, have suffered! If you love me, you will not refuse to marry me now. Your father's consent we can never gain. Come with me, Anne—come!"

I tried to think of my father, but in vain. The kisses of that father's enemy fell thick and fast upon me; his agitation was terrible; he begged, he prayed, he entreated; he was like a man bereft of his senses.

"At the house of a royalist near by," he said, "there is a horse waiting for you. By morning we will be beyond pursuit—you will be my wife."

"How wrong, how rash it is for you to be here at all!" I sobbed, "in the very midst of your enemies, and disguised. Should they discover you, they would treat you as a spy."

"Without doubt," he answered; "yet, as God hears me, I will never leave this place till you lay your hands in mine, and come with me. In them I place my heart, my hope, my very life. Now do with them as you will."

I looked at his face, white, and set, and full of pain; he rose in the twilight, and stretched out his arms toward me. I glided into them, and hid my face on his heart.

At the house of the royalist he had mentioned, I found awaiting me a riding-habit of black cloth, a vail, and a swift horse. We left the town behind us, and safely skirting some outposts of the Americans in the darkness, set off at a tearing gallop on the stage-route to Providence. My flight, I knew, could not long remain undiscovered.

If he knew little of the road, I knew even less. The darkness, too, was intense. We encountered first the stage, with its lights gleaming, and its leaders' heads turned toward Boston; after that a body of men met us, and demanded to know who we were, and whither we journeyed.

"I am a physician of Boston," answered Lennox, coolly; "my name is Wilder, and this lady is my sister."

He whipped one of General Gage's passports from his pocket, granting permission to said Doctor Wilder and sister, both of seditious principles, to leave the town of Boston at their good pleasure. After a short parley here, which Lennox conducted with great *sang froid*, we were suffered to move on.

On, and away into the night; for miles we pressed forward at breakneck speed. The darkness grew so deep that Lennox took my bridle-rein into his own hand; the road became deserted and difficult, and nowhere did we see a light. Suddenly Lennox drew rein and looked at me.

"We have missed the road," he said, quickly.

I was too frightened to answer.

"My darling," and his hand closed on mine, "it is useless to go back seeking it. We must go on now till we reach the nearest town; we shall find a clergyman there, and whether Providence be far or near, baffle all pursuit by being united at once."

We rode on again for a few miles; then a cluster of lights twinkled out of the darkness before us. We had reached a little village in a valley, and the house of the clergyman we sought was situated near its entrance. Lennox's impatient knock brought to the door a withered old woman.

"The parson's gone to see a sick man," she said; "he'll be back directly. The young lady had better come in and wait."

I followed her into the clergyman's parlor. As for Lennox, he was boiling with impatience.

"I would rather die than lose you now," he said, wildly, wringing my hands in his; "and something tells me we are pursued. I shall not wait here; I shall go for the man myself; I will bring him back immediately, either by persuasion or force. Do not move from this spot till I return."

I listened till the last echo of his footsteps died away; then a great terror, a dark foreboding of evil came over me. I arose and began to walk the room.

"Are we far from Providence?" I asked of the woman.

"Yes," she answered; "this town is close on to the Connecticut border; you must have come a good bit out of your way."

I looked at her old-fashioned Dutch clock on the mantel. The evening was wellnigh spent.

"Has my companion far to go?"

"No," said she; "and like enough he'll meet the parson coming home."

At that very instant I heard a footstep outside the door.

"Oh, can he have returned already?" I cried, and ran to open it. A scream escaped my lips. On its threshold I stood face to face with my father!

Haggard and sorrowful, he caught me in his arms.

"Anne, answer me—are you his wife?"

"No."

"Thank God! I am, then, in time."

"The parson's not here," volunteered the woman, who began to grow bewildered; "the gentleman has gone for him; they'll be back directly."

My father looked at me.

"Not a word," he said, sadly. "I forgive you Put on your hat, and come with me; there is not a moment to lose. He must not find us here when he returns."

More dead than alive, I hastened to obey him; his horse stood at the door; he mounted, and placed me on a pillion behind him.

"Say to Captain Lennox," he called to the woman, throwing her a piece of money, "that my daughter is in the hands of her father; he will find it useless to follow us."

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped away with me into the night.

"I reached the Warrings'," he said, "just as you were missed; I started at once upon your track. My darling, cling fast to me, for we must ride hard, and there is a long road before us."

Not a word of reproach escaped him. Back over the road by which I had come with Lennox we went at a rapid rate. Presently drops of rain began to splash on the foliage overhead. A deafening peal of thunder shivered the silence; a dazzle of lightning darted across my blinded eyes, and the storm broke. It was a terrible night; the wind roared madly through the trees that bordered the wild country road; the rain roared through the stony gullies under-foot, and the horse, startled by the sharp and continued flashes of lightning, became quite unmanageable. I felt, rather than saw, the consternation on my father's face.

"It cannot be helped," he muttered through his teeth; "we must seek shelter; you are drenched already. We cannot go on."

At that moment we saw, straight before us among the trees, a bright light shining.

My father spurred toward it eagerly; it beamed from the window of a low, large house, standing at the junction of two woody roads. There was no other sign of life about it; and little wonder, for the time was midnight, and New England people keep early hours.

"It is an inn!" cried my father. "Heaven be praised!"

He dashed up to the door, and leaning from his saddle, pounded upon it lustily; the candle left the window, flashed along other windows, and approached the door. This last opened cautiously. A voice—a woman's voice—called out:

"Who's there?"

"Belated travelers," answered my father. "Open."

She obeyed. The light flashed full upon her as she stood in the doorway—a young woman, pale and plain, in a dress of coarse cotton stuff—a woman with a narrow, retreating forehead, a heavy, full-featured face, and eyes that seemed to flash over us both from head to foot in a moment.

"Master," she called to some one within, "travelers!"

My father leaped from his horse, and lifted me down also. As he did this, a man appeared on the threshold, where the girl still stood, devouring us with her cruel eyes—a man sleek and pale of aspect, in a decent black waistcoat and knee-breeches, with silver buckles in his shoes, and a black queue, tied with a ribbon.

"Supper and rooms," said my father, seemingly unconscious of the prolonged scrutiny of these people.

While speaking, he drew me out of the rain into the doorway, where I stood face to face with the man in black. A sharp exclamation broke from his lips:

"God save us!" he cried, "here is a beauty!" and before I was aware he put a hand under my chin, turned my face upward, in the light of the candle, and stared down on me.

Never shall I forget those eyes—lawless, devouring, terrible. With a sickening thrill of alarm, I darted back, just as my father raised his riding-whip and struck the innkeeper a blow full in his sleek, pale face. From forehead to chin a purple welt leaped under the stinging lash. The man staggered against the wall.

"This lady is my daughter!" roared my father. "What do you mean, sirrah?"

The innkeeper passed a hand over his wounded face, but he kept his eyes bent downward.

"I crave your pardon, traveler," he answered, smoothly. "I touched your fair daughter to make sure that she was mortal. It's not often we see such a face here. You called for supper and rooms, eh? First of all, who are you?"

"I am John Wyatt, a merchant of Boston," answered my father. "How far away is that good city?"

"Forty miles. A merchant of Boston?" He let his stealthy eyes creep from the crown of my father's powdered head down to the heavy gold buckles in his shoes. "The Boston merchants have full purses, I hear, but not all of them such handsome daughters. Sukey, go and make ready the rooms."

"There are no rooms, Master Black," answered the young woman, who had been leaning all this time against the doorway, shading the candle from the storm. "The house is full already. Merchant Wyatt and his daughter must pass on to the next door."

"The next door!" repeated my father, giving her a long look. "Where is that?"

"A step across the fields," answered the woman. "When we have extra guests we send them there."

"Storms here bring full houses," murmured the innkeeper, still caressing his wounded face. "You can leave your horse, merchant—a fine beast he is. Take your pistols from the holsters, and I'll stable him myself. The grooms are abed and asleep."

An odd look crossed my father's face.

"The pistols are safe," he replied, with a significant movement toward his beast. "Well, since we may not rest here, where shall we find this next door of which you speak? It is late, and my daughter is exhausted."

"Sukey," called the innkeeper, his lawless eyes fixed on me still, "go bring the lantern. The storm is increasing; hear the rain pour! You'll find the old folks up, most likely; they are always on the lookout on stormy nights."

The girl, Sukey, in turning to obey her master, caught my riding-habit, and pulled it sharply. One look she flashed upon me, full of wild warning, and then went and brought the lantern, as directed, and, pulling an old cloak over her head, darted out of the open doorway, motioning us to follow. Meanwhile, the innkeeper had taken my father's horse, and was leading him off with his own hands.

"Saddle him at dawn," said my father; "I must be off early."

"Ay, merchant," answered Black. "Good-night and good rest to you and your fair daughter."

He turned, with the bridle in his hand, and looked at us as we moved off. It was a look so diabolical, so strange, so terrible, that I cried out, and caught my father's arm.

"What is it, Anne?" he said, kindly.

"That is an evil man," I whispered, for the girl, Sukey, was just before us; "a bad, bad man, papa. Oh, let us take to the saddle again, and go on!"

"Impossible, my dear child. The horse is exhausted; we could not proceed a mile. Take courage. You shall not see this Master Black again. I will go alone to the inn at dawn. His evil eyes have looked their last on you."

"Come!" shouted Sukey; "yonder's the way to Daddy Black's!"

And she darted over a stile, and through a well-worn path across a drenched, rain-swept field. My father and I followed.

"What!" he shouted, "another Black, my girl?"

"Ay, the old folks, who help keep tavern. A pretty pair. Here's the house, and here's the river. Come in."

It was a dark, weather-beaten house, built in an open field. The lapping, gurgling sound of water filled the air around it, and by the light of the girl's lantern we saw a broad stream, running dark and turbid, almost at its very threshold.

"It's easy to drop things there, and never find them again—eh?" said Sukey. "Daddy Black's lamp is burning: Daddy Black's up, waiting for guests. Ha! ha!"

Without ceremony, she lifted the latch, and entered.

"Daddy Black!" she shouted; "travelers from the inn!"

There was but one room on the ground-floor of the house. Its walls were black with smoke, the gaping hearth was sunken and low, and on either side of it an old man and woman were sitting together in the light of a blazing fire.

The man was a hunchback. His great, gray head was set betwixt an enormous pair of shoulders. One could see that he was a Samson in strength. As for his face, it was hideous.

The woman, as we entered, sat leaning over the fire, whetting on a smooth, round stone, a common bread-knife, and feeling its edge carefully with her skinny fingers. She looked not unlike her own blade, sharp and thin, her white hair straggling over her sunken eyes, her hands like a vulture's talons.

Up rose the man from his corner.

"Travelers?" he repeated; "we've been waiting up for them. Ho! we saw them in the teacups to-night—man and girl—ho!" He looked long at us, longer still at the rich cloth of my father's dress and the gold buckles, set with jewels, in his shoes. "A fine gentleman, a most beautiful young lady—father and daughter, did ye say, Sukey? Sir, what's your will with us?"

"I want supper and lodging for the night," said my father, shortly. "The inkeeper over yonder is your son, then?"

"You've said it, sir. It was kind of him to send such guests to me. You shall have the best my poor house affords. Get up, woman, and set them seats."

The old woman, who had been whispering with Sukey in the corner, rose now, put her knife and whetting-stone aside, and placed us seats, as she was bidden. The girl Sukey grasped my dress for the second time.

"The young lady is all wet with the rain, Mother Black," said she. "Give her a place near the fire. Such a young, young thing as she is, too!" Then she leaned over me. I heard a quick whisper. "For God's sake——!"

That was all. Mother Black pushed her savagely off.

"Back to the inn with ye, huzzy!" she cried. "Back, and let the girl alone. What do you mean?"

Sukey retreated sullenly toward the door. Daddy Black took her by the shoulder and thrust her rudely out. The last I saw were her wild eyes darting that same wordless meaning to me again from under the folds of her torn cloak. Then Daddy Black drew bolt and bar across the door, and came back, rubbing his hands, to the hearth.

"You are journeying late with so young a daughter," he said to my father.

"Yes," was the answer. She is greatly fatigued. Hasten with your supper, and let her go to bed."

The rain dashed against the windows in torrents; the wind roared outside like a lost soul. I could hear through all the storm the fret and fall of that turbid stream near by.

Mother Black cut a rasher of bacon with the knife she had been whetting, and put it on the coals, placing a steaming mug of flip at my father's elbow, and from some remote cupboard brought forth milk, bread, and a dish of green sage cheese.

"Draw up, master," said Daddy Black; "draw up with your fair daughter; all is ready."

My place at the table brought me face to face with my father. For the first time I saw how haggard and troubled he looked. It filled my heart with a vague remorse.

"Papa!" I faltered.

His foot touched mine under the table.

THE MUSICAL RECITAL.

"Yes, my darling, hasten with your meal, and let us get to bed; we must rise early."

The hunchback was waiting behind his chair as he spoke. I saw the outrageous creature exchange glances with the old woman, who had returned to the chimney-corner, and was smoking a stubby, black pipe there over the coals. I could not eat. Something in the atmosphere of the place seemed to choke me. I rose up.

"Papa, I am ready."

Daddy Black lighted a candle by the coals of the fire.

"Ye know the rooms, man," said the woman, without looking up from her pipe.

"We want but one room," said my father, sharply. "My daughter and I will share it together."

The pair looked at each other as if disconcerted.

"What!" screamed Mother Black, "one room for her and ye?"

"Yes," said my father; "she has been greatly wearied and troubled to-night. I am sure she will rest better with me near by."

He gave me a glance that said plainly, "Be silent."

"Well, come, then," hesitated Daddy Black, "it will make no difference. Come, pretty dear! Ah, what fine eyes we have, and what handsome jewels round our pretty, white throat! This way—this way—up the stair."

The chamber assigned us overlooked the river. It was small and mean, with some chairs, and a four-posted bed, of some black wood, sat tall and stark against the wall.

"Sir," said my father to our host, "do not forget to call us at daybreak."

"Not I," chuckled Daddy Black; "ay, ye shall be called;" and with that he departed.

My father put the candle on a chair, and without a word to me, began to walk the small chamber, great drops of sweat starting out on his forehead as he went.

"Anne," he whispered at last, "I am utterly unarmed. I rode out in pursuit of you to-night without a weapon. There were no pistols in my holsters, nor yet in my breast, and that innkeeper knew it. My God! I would give my entire fortune to-night for a single weapon."

I ran to him, and threw my arms round his neck.

"These Blacks," I gasped, "mean us harm. You suspect them. That girl, too, tried hard to warn me."

"Yes, without a doubt we have fallen into sorry company. Lie down at once, little one, and go to sleep; I must watch."

"Oh, papa! I cannot sleep. I will watch with you; the night must be far spent now."

He drew out his watch; it was a half-hour past midnight.

"Nay, darling, you are worn out; you must rest. Lie down without removing any garment. You see now why I insisted upon one room for us. I dared not lose sight of you for a moment."

I flung myself, all dressed as I was, upon the bed. I did not mean to sleep; but by degrees the candlelight, the meagre room, the figure of my father listening near the door, with his head sunk on his hands, faded away before me. In spite of myself, my eyes closed. I was weary, and I slept.

Slept, and for one happy hour or more, dreamed of Lennox; then a grasp on my arm awoke me.

"Wake!" whispered the voice of my father; "for the love of God, wake, Anne!"

I started up; he was standing over me, his finger on his lip, his face stern and set.

"They are coming!" he breathed, rather than spoke—"listen!"

I held my breath; a stealthy step was creeping up the stair without; it drew near and more near. A man's step, then a woman's. My father blew out the remnant of the candle, and, quick as thought, cast himself down on the bed near me.

"Let us see what they mean to do," he whispered. "On your life, do not speak nor stir."

The footsteps halted at the door. Cautiously it opened—cautiously a gleam of light stole in, followed by a hideous, grizzled head.

Daddy Black entered with a candle shaded carefully, and signed for Mother Black to follow. The two approached the bed together. Then I saw that the hag had in her hand the same long steel blade that we had found her whetting in the chimney-corner on our arrival that night.

"Lift the girl carefully," said Daddy Black, in a distinct whisper; "I'll take care of him."

The woman slipped her arms beneath me as I lay, and Daddy, gathering the bedclothes together, began rolling them slowly up from the foot, over and over, in smothering masses nearer and nearer my father's face. With such an oath as I never heard from his lips before, he started up. From the floor at the head of the bed he seized a heavy claw-footed chair of solid mahogany.

"Back! you murderous devils!" he roared; "back, or by the living God, I'll brain you, man and woman, where you stand!"

A staggering blow sent Daddy Black reeling through the door. My father seized the woman and flung her after him, headlong. We heard them both go crashing, neck and heels, down the narrow stair.

"Davy!" screamed the hunchback, "Davy, my boy, come and help!"

"My God!" he calls the innkeeper!" cried my father. "We are lost!"

I ran and helped him to move the heavy bed against the door—to barricade it with everything the chamber held; bolt there was none, and my father, without a moment's hesitation, slipped his good right arm into the staple. This was barely done when the voice of the innkeeper himself was heard outside.

"Open, merchant," he said, in a wheedling tone; "I have something to say to you."

"Never!" roared my father. "The first who forces an entrance here is a dead man."

We heard them retreat a few steps and stop on the stair; they fell to whispering there together.

"They are planning how to attack us," said my father. "Run to the window, Anne, and open it. What light is that which I see yonder?"

"It is the moon," I answered, looking forth; "the storm is passing; the clouds are breaking."

"What more do you see?"

"Wide, lonely fields, a black stream running under the window, and at a little distance, a light still shining in the inn."

"No human thing to help us?"

"None."

"Take out your handkerchief, and wave it from the window; somebody may chance to see it. We can't long hold out here; and, as sure as there's a heaven overhead, those devils without are bent on murder, and worse than murder!"

I drew out my embroidered handkerchief, and waved it from the window. At the same moment a thundering blow fell on the door.

"Merchant," said the voice of the innkeeper, "you have something in there that I must have—it is your fair daughter. Cost what it may, I must have her."

"I will kill her with my own hand first!" answered my father.

"Tut! you are unarmed; you can't defend her. Yield her now, and I will make terms with you; force me to break in to her, and I'll butcher you without mercy."

The ghostly moonlight streaming through the window showed me my father's face, fixed and awful.

"With the last drop of my blood I will defend her," he answered.

I had in my pocket a long, slim penknife, with an ivory handle; I drew it out, and tried to smile up in his face.

"Papa, you shall see I am not afraid to die with you," I said.

"Light of my eyes! my own Anne! look over the fields again."

I obeyed. Dark and still they lay under the low, ghostly moon.

"Oh, papa, there is no hope." I shuddered.

"Better have given you to the Briton," he said, bitterly; "though a foe, he was a noble one. Look out once more."

I looked, and saw of a sudden among the trees a black object tearing rapidly along the little path by which we had come from the inn.

"I see something," I cried; "father, it is a man—a horse and a rider."

"Call to him, for God's sake!"

I leaned from the window in the moonlight.

"Help!" I shrieked. "Whoever you are, come and help us!"

Simultaneously the door of the chamber groaned and reeled; then, beaten from its hinges, it came crashing inward against the barricade. My father's right arm had been thrust into it as a bolt. A groan of agony broke from his lips; I ran and helped him to withdraw the shattered limb, all torn and bleeding. He turned, like a man in a dream, and thrust his left arm into the aperture. By main force I drew it back.

"Oh, papa, papa! save one arm at least for defense."

"Get behind me!" he shouted. "Here they come! They shall reach you only over my dead body."

The door fell prostrate on the barricade. My father hurled me behind him, and with the shattered arm hanging power-

"Barely," he answered. "Though you could not give these travelers rooms here last night, I see no guests here this morning."

"There wasn't a soul in the house," she said, sullenly, "but Dave was taken with the girl at sight, and he meant to have her father's life for the blow he struck him. So he gave me the sign to send them to Daddy's. 'Twas safer the river was there."

"In the name of God, woman, why didn't you speak out to us?" cried my father.

"I?" she answered, with a bitter laugh. "'Twould have cost me my life. I am Dave Black's wife. Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"He lies dead at the house yonder," said my father, sternly. "Go, give him decent burial, if you will. In an hour there will be men here to search this place, who will not leave one stone upon another. Save yourself before it is too late."

With that we turned out of the inn-yard, and rode away.

Lennox went on with us till the day broke. We came to a patch of pine-wood then, through which the first sunlight filtered, and struck across my father's pale face. He drew rein, and turned sadly to Lennox.

"I owe you a debt that can never be paid," he said. "If better times ever dawn, and you love her still, come for her,

A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

By Ada Vrooman Leslie.

Last night my darling said to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh.

"We laugh and jest, to lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile;
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile –

"Our hearts are sad – a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life;
Not always can a faithful breast,
And sacred name of wife,

"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A bitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.

"As one within a prison chained,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all –

"The right to do, the right to be
A nobler thing than toy or slave;
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

"E'en so we yearn—ah! me, you smile,
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while
You care not for our pain.

"'Tis wiser far by stern control—
By bitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

"'Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream."

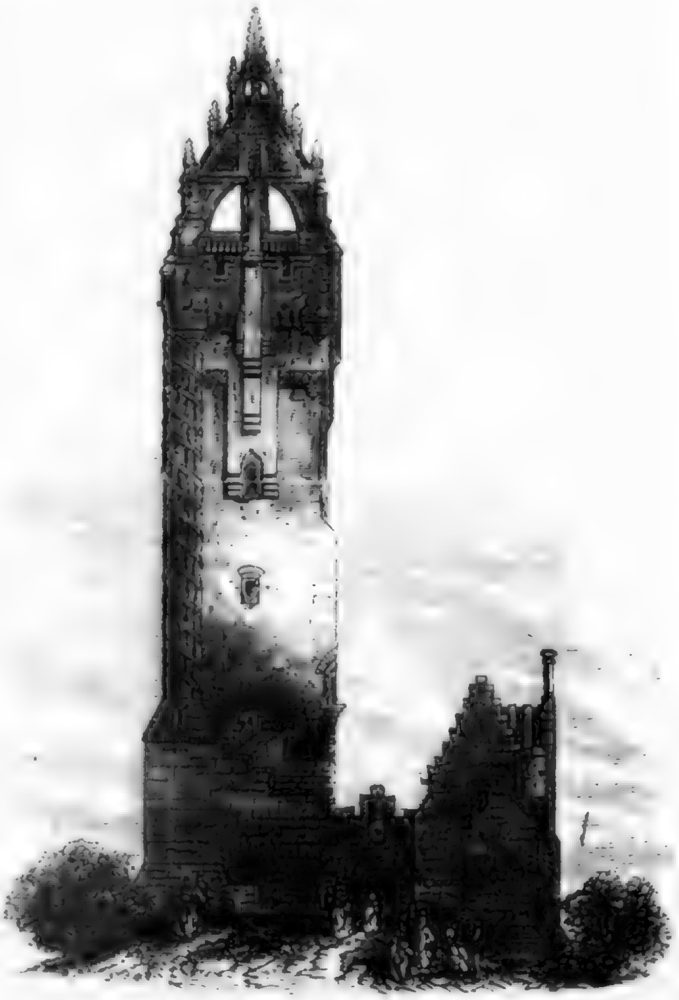
I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and sighed,
"Come to your home!" She sank therein,
My own, my plighted bride!

THE WALLACE MONUMENT AT STIRLING, SCOTLAND.

The monument erected in 1869 at Abbey Craig, near Stirling, Scotland, to the memory of Sir William Wallace, is one of the most singular and beautiful structures ever reared to the memory of a distinguished man.

It consists of a Scottish baronial tower 220 feet high, and 36 feet square. The walls are massive, being 15 feet thick at the base, and graduating from 5 feet to 6 feet at the top. At the east side of the tower is a house for the keeper. An open courtyard, entered by an arched gateway, with bold moldings, separates the main building from the keeper's dwelling. Above the gateway are the heraldic arms of Scotland. Passing through the gateway into a stone arched passage, a series of steps leads to an open octagonal winding staircase projecting from the southwest angle of the tower, and running up nearly its entire height. Arrowlet slits or lights pierce the walls of the staircase at intervals, almost to the summit of the tower; and imitation ropework, with molded angles, binds the walls externally. The staircase forms the approach to several spacious and lofty halls, designed for the display of armor and other antiquarian relics, illustrative of early national history. An imperial crown forms the apex of the monument. This coronal top is upward of 50 feet high, and is built of pure white sandstone.

No more appropriate site for the erection of this substantial monument than Abbey Craig could have been selected. It is geographically the centre of Scotland, it is likewise the centre of the Scottish battle-ground for civil and religious liberty, and overlooks the field of Stirling Bridge, where Wallace achieved his greatest victory.



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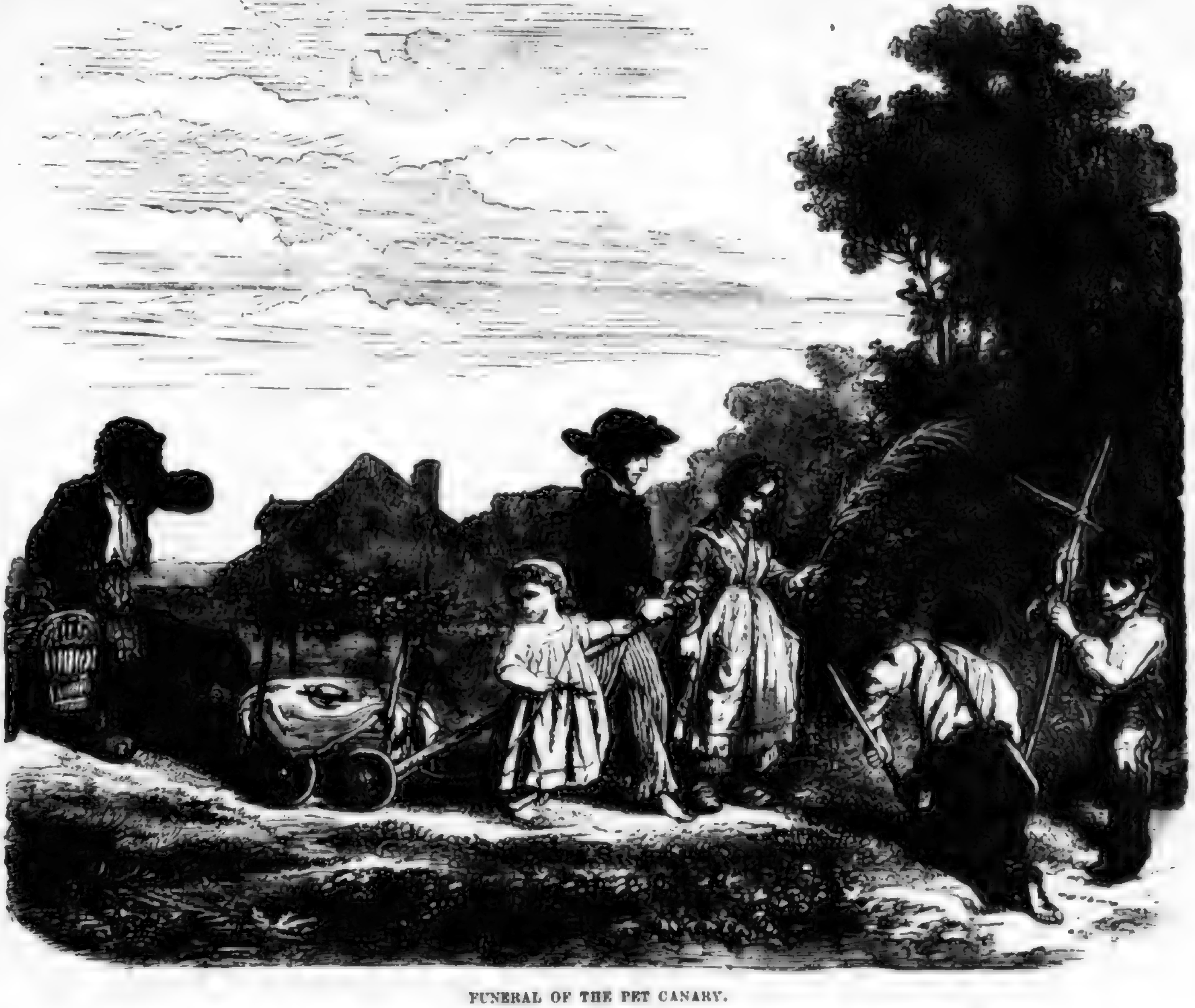

FUNERAL OF THE PET CANARY.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "On her Wedding-Morn," "Redeemed by Love," "A Woman's War," etc., etc.

Chapter I.

It was the close of an Autumn day, and Dr. Stephen Letsom had been standing for some time at his window, watching the sun go down. It faded slowly out of the western sky. There had been a golden flush with the sunset which changed into crimson, then into purple, and finally into dull gray tints that were forerunners of the shades of night. Dr. Stephen Letsom had watched it with sad, thoughtful eyes. The leaves on the trees had seemed to be dyed first in red, and then in purple. The chrysanthemums changed color with every phase of the sunset; there was a wail in the Autumn wind as though the trees and flowers were mourning over their coming fate. There was something of sadness in the whole aspect of nature.

The doctor evidently shared it. The face looking from the window was anything but a cheerful one. Perhaps it was not the most judicious manner in which the doctor could have spent his time—above all, if he wished to give people an impression that he had a large practice. But Dr. Letsom had ceased to be particular in the matter of appearances. He was to all intents and purposes a disappointed man. Years before, when his eyes were bright with the fire of youth, and hope was strong in his heart, he had invested such money as he possessed in the purchase of a practice at Castledene, and it had proved to be a failure—why, no one exactly knew.

Castledene was one of the prettiest little towns in Kent. It had a town-hall, a market-place, a weekly market, and the remains of a fine old castle; but it was principally distinguished for its races, a yearly event which brought a great influx of visitors to the town. It was half buried in foliage, surrounded by dense woods and green hills, with a clear, swift river running by. The inhabitants were divided into three distinct classes—the poor, who gained a scanty livelihood by working in the fields, the shopkeepers, and the gentry; the latter class consisting principally of old maids and widows, ladies of unblemished gentility but limited means.

Amongst the latter Dr. Letsom was not popular. He had an unpleasant fashion of calling everything by its right name. If a lady would take a little more stimulant than was good for her, he could not be persuaded to call her complaint "nervousness"; when idleness and *ennui* preyed upon a languid frame, he had a startling habit of rousing the patient by a mental cautery. The poor idolized him, but the ladies pronounced him coarse, abrupt, unpleasing; and, when the ladies decide against a doctor, fate frowns upon him.

How was he to get on in the world? Twenty years before he had thought less of getting on than of the interest of science or of doing good; now those ideas were gradually leaving him—life had become a stern hand-to-hand fight with hard necessity. The poor seemed to be growing poorer—the difficulty of getting a fee became greater—the ladies seemed more and more determined to show their dislike and aversion.

Matters were growing desperate, thought Dr. Letsom on this Autumn night, as he stood watching the chrysanthemums and the fading light in the western sky. Money was becoming a rare commodity with him. His housekeeper, Mrs. Galbraith, had long been evincing signs of great discontent. She had not enough for her requirements—she wanted money for a hundred different things, and the doctor had none to give her. The curtains were worn and shabby, the carpets full of holes, the furniture, though clean and well preserved, was totally insufficient. In vain the doctor assured her he had not the means; after the fashion of weak-minded women, she grumbled incessantly. On this night he felt overwhelmed with cares. The rent due the preceding June had not been paid; the gas and coal accounts were still unsettled; the butcher had sent in his "little bill"; the baker had looked anything but pleasant at the non-payment of his. The doctor sadly wanted a new hat—and he had scarcely money enough in hand for the week's expenses. What was to be done?

Mrs. Galbraith had retired to rest in a very aggrieved state of mind, and the doctor stood watching the stars, as they came out one by one in the darkening sky. He was almost tired of the struggle; life had not been a grand success with him; he had worked hard, yet nothing had seemed to prosper. In his early youth he had loved a bright, pretty girl, who had looked forward to becoming his wife; but he had never married, simply because he had not had the means, and the pretty girl had died a sad, disappointed woman. Now, as he watched the stars, he fancied them shining on her grave; he fancied the grass waving above her head, so long and cool, studded with large, white daisies; and he wished that he were lying by her side, free from care, and at rest. Strong man as he was, his eyes grew dim with tears, and his lips trembled with a deep-drawn, bitter sob.

He was turning away, with a feeling of contempt for his own weakness, when he was startled by the sound of a vehicle driven furiously down Castle Street. What vehicle could it be at that hour of the night—nearly eleven? Stephen Letsom stood still and watched. He saw a traveling carriage with two horses driven rapidly up to the door of the principal hotel—the "Castle Arms"—and there stand for some few minutes. It was too dark for him to see if any one alighted from it, or what took place; but, after a time, the horses' heads were turned, and then, like a roll of thunder, came the noise of the carriage-wheels.

The vehicle drew up before his door, and the doctor stood for a few moments as though paralyzed. Then came a violent peal of the door-bell; and he, knowing that Mrs. Galbraith had retired for the evening, went to answer it. There indeed, in the starlight, were the handsome traveling carriage, the pair of gray horses, and the postilion. Stephen Letsom looked about him like one in a dream. He had been twenty years in the place, yet no carriage had ever stopped at his door. He heard an impatient voice saying:

"Are you the doctor—Dr. Letsom?"

Looking in the direction of the sound, the doctor saw a tall, distinguished-looking man, wrapped in a traveling cloak—a man whose face and manner indicated at once that he belonged to the upper rank of society. Dr. Stephen Letsom was quick to recognize that fact.

"I am the doctor," he replied, quietly.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, help me! I am almost mad. My wife has been suddenly taken ill, and I have been to the hotel, where they tell me they have not a room in which they can lodge her. The thing is incredible. You must help me."

"I will do what I can," returned the doctor.

Had fortune indeed knocked at his door at last?

He went to the carriage-door, and, looking inside, saw a lady, young and beautiful, who stretched out her hands to him, as though appealing for help.

"I am very ill," she moaned feebly.

Dr. Letsom guessed so much from her pallid face and shadowed eyes.

"What is the matter with your wife?" he asked of the strange gentleman, who bent down and whispered something that made Dr. Letsom himself look anxious.

"Now, doctor," said the traveler, "it is useless to raise objections. You see how the matter stands; my wife must stop here. The hotel is full of visitors—people who are here for the races. There is nowhere else for her to go—she must stay here."

"At my house?" interrogated the doctor. "It is impossible."

"Why?" asked the stranger, quickly.

"Because I am not married—I have no wife, no sister."

"But you have woman-servants, surely?" was the hasty rejoinder.

"Only one, and she is not over-clever."

"You can get more. My wife must have help. Send all over the place—get the best nurses, the best help possible. Do not study expense. I will make you a rich man for life if you will only help me now."

"I will help you," said Dr. Letsom.

For a moment his thoughts flew to the green grave under the stars. Riches would come too late after all; they could not bring back life to the dead.

"Wait one moment," said the doctor; and he hastened to rouse the housekeeper, who, curious and interested, exerted herself so as to satisfy even the stranger.

When the strange lady, all white and trembling, was helped down from the carriage into the doctor's shabby little parlor——

"Am I going to die?" she asked, raising her large, blue eyes to the doctor's face.

"Certainly not," he replied, promptly; "you must not think of dying."

"But I am very ill; and last night I dreamed that I was dead."

"Have you any brandy in the house?" asked the traveler. "See how my wife trembles."

Alas for the poor doctor! There was neither brandy nor wine. With an impatient murmur, the stranger called the postilion and sent him to the "Castle Arms" with such an order as made Mrs. Galbraith open her eyes in wonder. Then, without seeming to notice the doctor or his servant, he flung himself on his knees by the lady's side, and kissed the beautiful white face and colorless lips.

"My darling," he cried, "this is my fault. I ought not to have asked you to undertake such a journey. Can you ever forgive me?"

She kissed him.

"You did all for the best, Hubert," she said, adding, in a whisper, "Do you think that I shall die?"

Then the doctor thought it right to interpose.

"There is no question of death," he said; "but you must be quiet. You must have no agitation—that would injure you."

Then he and Mrs. Galbraith led the beautiful, trembling girl to the room which the latter had hastily prepared for her, and, when she was installed therein, the doctor returned to the stranger, who was pacing with quick, impatient steps up and down the little parlor.

"How is she?" he cried, eagerly.

The doctor shook his head.

"She is young and very nervous," he replied. "I had better tell you at once that she will not be able to leave Castledene for a time—all thought of continuing the journey must be abandoned."

"But she is in no danger?" cried the traveler; and Stephen Letsom saw an agony of suspense in his face.

"No, she is not in danger; but she requires and must have both rest and care."

"She shall have anything, if Heaven will only spare her! Doctor, my best and safest plan will be to make a friend of you, to confide in you, and then we can arrange together what had better be done. Can you spare me five minutes?"

Stephen Letsom nodded assent, and sat down to listen to as strange a story as he had ever heard.

"I should imagine," said the strange gentleman, "that no man likes to plead guilty to a folly. I must do so. Let me first of all introduce myself to you as Lord Charlewood. I am the only son of the Earl of Mountdean, and my father lies dying in Italy. I came of age only last year, and at the same time I fell in love. Now I am not in any way dependent on my father—the title and estates are entailed—but I love him. In these degenerate days it seems perhaps strange to hear a son say that he loves his father. I have obeyed him all my life from this motive. I would give my life for him. But in one respect I have done that which I know will cause him great anger and annoyance. I have married without his knowledge."

The doctor looked up with greater interest; perhaps his thoughts reverted to the grave in the starlight. Lord Charlewood moved uneasily in his chair.

"I cannot say that I am sorry," he continued, "for I love my wife very dearly; but I do wish now that I had been less hurried, less precipitate. My wife's great loveliness must be my excuse. She is the daughter of a poor curate, the Reverend Charles Trevor, who came two years ago to supply temporarily the place of the Rector of Lynton. He brought his daughter with him; and the first moment I saw her I fell in love with her. My heart seemed to go out from me and cleave to her. I loved her with what I can see now was the selfish ardor of a young man. I had but one thought—to win her. I wrote to my father, who was in Italy, and asked his consent. He refused it in the most decided manner, and told me to think no more of what after all was but a boy's fancy. He was then staying near the Lake of Como—staying for the benefit of his health—and I went over to see him. I pleaded, prayed, urged my great love—all in vain. The earl, my father, only laughed at me, and said that all young men suffered from the fever called love. I came back to England, and found that Mr. Trevor was dead. Madaline, his daughter, was left alone in the world. She raised her beautiful face to mine, poor child, and tried to smile while she talked of going out into the world and of working hard for her daily bread; and, as I listened, my love seemed to grow stronger and deeper. I caught her in my arms, and swore that nothing should part us—that, come what would, she must be my wife. She was very unwilling—not that she did not love me, but because she was afraid of making my father angry; that was her great objection. She knew my love for him, and his affection for me. She would not come between us. It was in vain that I prayed her to do as I wished. After a time she consented to a compromise—to marry me without my father's knowledge. It was a folly, I own; now I see clearly its imprudence—then I imagined it the safest and surest way. I persuaded her, as I had persuaded myself, that, when my father once knew that we were married, he would forgive us, and all would go well. We were married eleven months since, and I have been so happy since then that it has seemed to me but as a single day. My beautiful young wife was frightened at the bold step we had taken, but I soothed her. I did not take her home to Wood Lynton, but, laying aside all the trappings of wealth and title, we have traveled from place to place as Mr. and Mrs. Charlewood, enjoying our long honeymoon. If we liked any one particular spot, we remained in it. But a letter from Italy came like a thunderbolt—my father had grown rapidly worse, and wanted to see me at once. If I had been content to go at once, all would have been well. I could not endure that he should die without seeing, loving, and blessing my wife Madaline. I told her my desire, and she consented most cheerfully to accompany me. I ought to have known that—in her state of health—traveling was most injurious; but I was neglectful of the fact—I listened only to my heart's desire that my father should see my wife before he died. We started on our fatal journey—only this morning. At first my wife seemed to enjoy it; and then I saw all the color fading from her sweet face. I saw her lips grow white and tremble, and I became alarmed. It was not until we reached Castledene that she gave in and told me she could go no farther. Still you say that there is no danger, and that you do not think she will die?"

"Danger? No, I see none. Life and death lie in the hands of One above us; but, humanly speaking, I see no fear of danger."

"Of course we cannot go on now," observed Lord Charlewood—"at least Lady Charlewood cannot. How long do you think my suspense will last?"

"Not much longer," was the calm reply. "By noon to-morrow all will be safe and well, I hope."

"I must wait until then," said Lord Charlewood. "I could not leave my wife while even the faintest shadow of danger lies over her. If all be well, I can start the day after to-morrow; and, please Heaven, I shall be in time to see my father. You think I shall have good news for him?"

"I have every hope that you will be able to tell him the heir of the Mountdeans is thriving and well."

Lord Charlewood smiled.

"Such news as that will more than reconcile him to our marriage," he said. After a pause he continued—"It is a most unfortunate matter; yet I am just as well pleased that my son and heir should be born in England. Doctor, there is another thing I wish to say. I know perfectly well what these little county towns are—everything is a source of gossip and sensation. If it were known that such an incident as this had happened to me, the papers would be filled with it; and it might fall out that my father, the earl, would come to know of it before I myself could tell him. That would hurt him, and pain me. We had better take all proper precautions against such a thing. I should prefer that we be known here only as Mr. and Mrs. Charlewood. No one will think of connecting the surname with the title."

"You are quite right," agreed the doctor.

"Another thing I wish to add is, that I want you to spare no expense—send for the best nurses, the best help it is possible to get. Remember that I am a rich man, and that I would give my whole fortune, my life itself a thousand times over, to save or to serve my wife."

Then came a summons for the doctor from the room above, and Lord Charlewood was once more left alone. He was a young man, and was certainly both a good and honorable one. He had never deliberately done anything wicked—on the contrary, he had tried always to do what was best; yet, as he stood there, a strange sense of something wanting came over him. The young wife he loved with such passionate worship was in the hour of need, and he could render her no assistance.

Later on a strange hush had fallen over the doctor's house. It was past one in the morning; the sky was

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overcast; the wind was moaning fitfully, as though a storm was brewing in the Autumn air; the dew lay thick and heavy on the ground. Inside the house was the strange hush that dangerous sickness always brings with it. The doctor had in haste summoned the best nurse in Castledene, Hannah Furney, who shook her head gravely when she saw the beautiful, pale face. An hour passed, and once more Dr. Letsom sought his distinguished guest.

"I am sorry not to bring better news," he said. "Lady—Mrs. Charlewood is not so well as I had hoped she would be. Dr. Evans is considered very clever. I should like further advice. Shall I send for him?"

The sudden flash of agony that came into Lord Charlewood's face was a revelation to Dr. Letsom; he laid his hand with a gentle touch on the stranger's arm.

"Do not fear the worst," he said; "she is in the hands of Heaven. I am taking only ordinary precautions. I do not say she is in danger—I merely say that she is not so well as I should like to see her."

Another hour passed, the church clock at Castledene was striking two, and Dr. Evans had joined the grave-faced group around the sick woman's bed. He too had looked with unutterable compassion on the beautiful young face—he too had bent forward to listen to the whisper that parted the white lips.

"Am I going to die?" she asked.

He tried to smile and say something about hope; but Nurse Furney knew, and she turned away lest the sick woman's questioning eyes should read what her face betrayed.

Three o'clock struck. A sweet voice, abrupt and clear, broke the silence of the solemn scene.

"Hubert! Where is Hubert? I must see him."

"Tell him to come," said Dr. Evans to Dr. Letsom, "but do not tell him there is any danger."

A few minutes later Lord Charlewood stood by the side of his young wife.

"Hubert," she said to him, with outstretched hands, "Hubert, my husband, I am so frightened. They do not tell me the truth. Am I going to die?"

He bent down to kiss her.

"Die, my darling? No, certainly not. You are going to live, to be what you always have been, the dearest, sweetest wife in the whole world." And he believed implicitly what he said.

Then came a strange sleep, half-waking, half-dreaming. Lady Charlewood fancied that she was with her husband on the sea-shore, and that the waves were coming in so fast that they threatened to drown her, they were advancing in such great sheets of foam. Once more she clung to him, crying:

"Help me, Hubert; I shall be drowned—see how the tide is coming in!"

Then the doctor bade him leave her—he must go down to the shabby, lowly little room, where the gas was burning, and the early dawn of the morning was coming in. The agony of unrest was on him. He thought how useless was money after all; here he was with thousands at his command, yet he could not purchase help or safety for her whom his soul loved best. He was helpless, he could do nothing to assist her; he could trust only to Heaven.

He went from the window to the door; he trembled at the solemn silence, the terrible hush; he longed for the full light of day. Suddenly he heard a sound that stirred the very depths of his heart—that brought a crimson blush to his face and tears to his eyes. It was the faint cry of a little child. Presently he heard the footsteps of Dr. Letsom; and the next minute the doctor was standing before him, with a grave look on his face.

"You have a little daughter," he said—"a beautiful little girl—but your wife is in danger; you had better come and see her."

Even he—the doctor—accustomed to scenes of sorrow and desolation, was startled by the cry of pain that came from the young man's lips.

Chapter II.

FIVE o'clock! The chimes had played the hour, the church clock had struck; the laborers were going to the fields, the dairy-maids were beginning their work; the sky had grown clear and blue, the long night of agony was over. The Angel of Death had spread his wings over the doctor's house, and awaited only the moment when his sword should fall.

Inside, the scene had scarcely changed. The light of the lamp seemed to have grown so ghostly that the nurse had turned it out, and, drawing the blinds, let the faint morning light come in. It fell on the beautiful face that had grown even whiter in the presence of death. Lady Charlewood was dying; yet the feeble arms held the little child tightly. She looked up as her husband entered the room. He had combated by a strong effort all outward manifestations of despair.

"Hubert," whispered the sweet, faint voice, "see, this is our little daughter."

He bent down, but he could not see the child for the tears that filled his eyes.

"Our little daughter," she repeated; "and they say, Hubert, that I have given my life for hers. Is it true?"

He looked at the two doctors; he looked at the white face bearing the solemn, serene impress of death. It would be cruel to deceive her now, when the hands that caressed the little child were already growing colder.

"Is it true, Hubert?" she repeated, a clear light shining in her dying eyes.

"Yes, my darling, it is true," he said, in a low voice.

"I am dying—really dying—when I have my baby and you?" she questioned. "Oh, Hubert, is it really true?"

Nothing but his sobs answered her; dying as she was, all sweet, womanly compassion awoke in her heart.

"Hubert," she whispered—"oh, my darling, if you could come with me!—I want to see you kiss the baby while it lies here in my arms."

He bent down and kissed the tiny face, she watching him all the time.

"You will be very kind to her, darling, for my sake, because you have loved me so much, and call her by my name—Madaline. Tell her about me when she grows up—how young I was to die, how dearly I loved you, and how I held her in my arms. You will not forget?"

"No," he said, gently; "I shall not forget."

The hapless young mother kissed the tiny rosebud face, all the passion and anguish of her love shining in her dying eyes; and then the nurse carried the babe away.

"Hubert," said Lady Charlewood, in a low, soft whisper, "may I die in your arms, darling?"

She laid her head on his breast, and looked at him with the sweet content of a little child.

"I am so young," she said, gently, "to die—to leave you, Hubert. I have been so happy with you—I love you so much."

"Oh, my wife, my wife," he groaned, "how can I to bear it?"

The white hands softly clasped his own.

"You will bear it in time," she said. "I know how you will miss me; but you have the baby and your father—you will find enough to fill your life. But you will always love me best—I know that, Hubert. My heart feels so strange; it seems to stop, and then to beat slowly. Lay your face on mine, darling."

He did just as she requested, whispering sweet, solemn words of comfort; and then, beneath his own, he felt her lips grow cold and still. Presently he heard one long, deep-drawn sigh. Some one raised the sweet head from his breast and laid it back upon the pillow. He knew she was dead.

He tried to bear it; he said to himself that he must be a man, that he had to live for his child's sake. He tried to rise, but the strength of his manhood failed him. With a cry never forgotten by those who heard it, Lord Charlewood fell with his face on the ground.

Seven o'clock. The full light of day was shining in the solemn chamber; the faint, golden sunbeams touched the beautiful, white face, so still and solemn in death; the white hands were folded, and lay motionless on the quiet heart. Kindly hands had brushed back the golden-brown hair; some one had gathered purple chrysanthemums and laid them round the dead woman, so that she looked like a marble bride on a bed of flowers. Death wore no stern aspect there; the agony and the torture, the dread and fear, were all forgotten; there was nothing but the sweet smile of one at perfect rest.

They had not darkened the room, after the usual ghostly fashion—Stephen Letsom would not have it so—but they had let in the fresh air and the sunshine, and had placed Autumn flowers in the vases. The baby had been carried away—the kind-hearted nurse had charge of it. Dr. Evans had gone home, haunted by the memory of the beautiful, dead face. The birds were singing in the morning sun; and Lord Charlewood, still crushed by his great grief, lay on the couch in the little sitting-room, where he had spent so weary a night.

"I cannot believe it," he said, "or, believing, cannot realize it. Do you mean to tell me, doctor, that she who only yesterday sat smiling by my side, life of my life, soul of my soul, dearer to me than all the world, has gone from me, and that I shall see her no more? I cannot, I will not believe it! I shall hear her crying for me directly, or she will come smiling into the room. Oh, Madaline, my wife, my wife!"

Stephen Letsom was too clever a man and too wise a doctor to make any endeavor to stem such a current of grief. He knew that it must have its way. He sat patiently listening, speaking when he thought a word would be useful; and Lord Charlewood never knew how much he owed to his kind, unwearied patience.

Presently he went up to look at his wife, and, kneeling by her side, nature's great comforter came to him. He wept as though his heart would break—tears that eased the burning brain, and lightened the heavy heart.

Dr. Letsom was a skillful, kindly man; he let the tears flow, and made no effort to stop them. Then, after a time, disguised in a glass of wine, he administered a sleeping potion which soon took effect. He looked with infinite pity on the tired face. What a storm, a tempest of grief had this man passed through!

"It will be kinder and better to let him sleep the day and the night through, if he can," said Stephen to himself. "He would be too ill to attend to any business, even if he were awake."

So, through the silent hours of the day Lord Charlewood slept, and the story spread from house to house, until the little town rang with it—the story of the travelers, the young husband and wife, who, finding no room at the hotel, had gone to the doctor's, where the poor lady had died. Deep sympathy and pity were felt and expressed; kind-hearted mothers wept over the babe; some few were allowed to enter the solemn death-chamber; and these went away haunted, as Dr. Evans was, by the memory of the lovely, dead face. Through it all Lord Charlewood slept the heavy sleep of exhaustion and fatigue, and it was the greatest mercy that could have befallen him.

The hour of wakening was to come—Stephen Letsom never forgot it. The bereaved man was frantic in his grief, mad with the sense of his loss. Then the doctor, knowing how one great sorrow counteracts another, spoke of his father, reminding him that if he wished to see him alive he must take some little care of himself.

"I shall not leave her!" cried Lord Charlewood. "Living or dead, she is dearer than all the world to me—I shall not leave her!"

"Nor do I wish you to do so," said the doctor. "I know you are a strong man—I believe you to be a brave one; in grief of this kind the first great thing is to regain self-control. Try to regain yours, and then you will see for yourself what had better be done."

Lord Charlewood discerned the truth.

"Have patience with me," he said, "a little longer; the blow is so sudden, so terrible, I cannot yet realize what the world is without Madaline."

A few hours passed, and the self-control he had struggled for was his. He sent for Dr. Letsom.

"I have been thinking over what is best," he said, "and have decided on all my plans. Have you leisure to discuss them with me?"

The question seemed almost ironical to the doctor, who had so much more time to spare than he cared to have. He sat down by Lord Charlewood's side, and they held together the conversation that led to such strange results.

"I should not like a cold stone grave for my beautiful wife," said Lord Charlewood. "She was so fair, so *spirituelle*, she loved all nature so dearly; she loved the flowers, trees, and the free, fresh air of heaven. Let her lie where she can have them all, now."

The doctor looked up, with mild reproach in his eyes.

"She has something far better than the flowers of this world," he said. "If ever a dead face told of rest and peace, hers does; I have never seen such a smile on any other."

"I should like to find her a grave where the sun shines and the dew falls," observed Lord Charlewood—"where grass and flowers grow, and birds sing in the trees overhead. She would not seem so far away from me then."

"You can find many such graves in the pretty churchyard here, at Castledene," said the doctor.

"In time to come," continued Lord Charlewood, "she shall have the grandest marble monument that can be raised, but now a plain white cross will be sufficient, with her name, Madaline Charlewood; and, doctor, while I am away you will have her grave attended to—kept bright with flowers—tended as for some one that you loved."

Then they went out together to the green churchyard at the foot of the hill, so quiet, so peaceful, so calm and serene, that death seemed robbed of half its terrors; white daisies and golden buttercups studded it, the dense foliage of tall lime-trees rippled above it. The graves were covered with richly-hued Autumn flowers; all was sweet, calm, restful. There was none of earth's fever here. The tall gray spire of the church rose toward the clear blue sky.

Lord Charlewood stood looking around him in silence.

"I have seen such a scene in pictures," he said, "I have read of such in poems; but it is the first I have really beheld. If my darling could have chosen for herself, she would have preferred to rest here."

On the western slope, where the warmest and brightest sunbeams lay, under the shade of the rippling lime-trees, they laid Lady Charlewood to rest. For long years afterward the young husband was to carry with him the memory of that green, grassy grave. A plain white cross bore for the present her name; it said simply:

In Loving Memory of
MADALINE CHARLEWOOD,
who died in her 20th year.
Erected by her Sorrowing Husband.

"When I give her the monument she deserves," he said, "I can add more."

They speak of that funeral to this day in Castledene—of the sad, tragic story, the fair young mother's death, the husband's wild despair. They tell how the beautiful stranger was buried when the sun shone and the birds sang—how solemnly the church-bell tolled, each knell seeming to cleave the clear, sunlit air—how the sorrowing young husband, so suddenly and so terribly bereft, walked first, the chief mourner in the sad procession; they tell how white his face was, and how at each toll of the solemn bell he winced as though some one had struck him a terrible blow—how he tried hard to control himself, but how, at the grave, when she was hidden forever from his sight, he stretched out his hands, crying "Madaline, Madaline!" and how, for the remainder of that day, he shut himself up alone, refusing to hear the sound of a voice, to look at a human face—refusing food, comfort, grieving like one who has no hope, for the love he had lost. All Castledene grieved with him; it seemed as though death and sorrow had entered every house.

Then came the morrow, when he had to look his life in the face again—life that he found so bitter without Madaline. He began to remember his father, who, lying sick unto death, craved for his presence. He could do no more for Madaline; all his grief, his tears, his bitter sorrow, were useless; he could not bring her back; he was powerless where she was concerned. But with regard to his father matters were different—to him he could take comfort, healing, and consolation. So it was decided that he should at once continue his broken journey.

What of little Madaline, the child who had her dead mother's large blue eyes and golden hair? Again Lord Charlewood and the doctor sat in solemn conclave; this time the fate of the little one hung in the balance.

Lord Charlewood said that if he found his father still weak and ill he should keep the secret of his marriage. Of course, if Madaline had lived, all would have been different—he would have proudly owned it then. But she was dead. The child was so young and so feeble, it seemed doubtful whether it would live. What need, then, to grieve the old earl by the story of his folly and his disobedience? Let the secret remain. Stephen Letsom quite agreed with him in this; no one knew better than himself how dangerous was the telling of bad or disagreeable news to a sick man. And then Lord Charlewood added:

"You have indeed been a friend in need to me, Dr. Letsom. Money can no more repay such help as yours than can thanks; all my life I shall be grateful to you. I am going now to Italy, and most probably I shall remain there until the earl, my father, grows better, or the end comes. When I return to England, my first care shall be to forward your views and prospects in life; until then I want you to take charge of my child."

Stephen Letsom looked up, with something like a smile.

"I shall be a rough nurse," he observed.

"You understand me," said Lord Charlewood. "You have lived here so long that you know the place and every one in it. I have been thinking so much of my little one. It would be absurd for me to take her to Italy; and as, for my father's sake, I intend to keep my marriage a secret for some time longer, I cannot send her to any of my own relatives or friends. I think the best plan will be for you to find some healthy, sensible woman, who would be nurse and foster-mother to her."

"That can easily be managed," remarked Stephen Letsom.

"Then you will have both child and nurse entirely under your own control. You can superintend all arrangements made for the little one's benefit. I have thought of offering to send you five hundred per annum, from which you can pay what you think proper for the child. You can purchase what is needful for her, and you will have an income for yourself. That I beg you to accept in return for the services you have rendered me."

Dr. Letsom expressed his gratitude. He thanked Lord Charlewood, and began at once to look round for some one who would be a fitting person to take care of little Madaline. Lord Charlewood had expressed a desire to see all settled before leaving for Italy.

Amongst the doctor's patients was one who had interested him very much—Margaret Dornham. She had been a lady's-maid. She was a pretty, graceful woman, gentle and intelligent—worthy of a far better lot than had fallen to her share. She ought to have married a well-to-do tradesman, for whom she would have made a most suitable wife; but she had given her love to a handsome ne'er-do-well, with whom she had never had one moment of peace or happiness. Henry Dornham had never borne a good character; he had a dark, handsome face—a certain kind of rich, gypsy-like beauty—but no other qualifications. He was neither industrious, nor honest, nor sober. His handsome face, his dark eyes, and rich curling hair had won the heart of the pretty, graceful, gentle lady's-maid, and she had married him—only to rue the day and hour in which she had first seen him.

They lived in a picturesque little cottage called Ashwood, and there Margaret Dornham passed through the greatest joy and the greatest sorrow of her life. Her little child, the one gleam of sunshine that her darkened life had ever known, was born in the little cottage, and there it had died.

Doctor Letsom, who was too abrupt for the ladies of Castledene, had watched with the greatest and most untiring care over the fragile life of that little child. He had exerted his utmost skill in order to save it. But all was in vain; and on the very day that Lord Charlewood arrived at Castledene the child died.

When a tender nurse and foster-mother was needed for little Madaline, the doctor thought of Margaret Dornham. He felt that all difficulty was at an end; he sent for her. Even Lord Charlewood looked with interest at the graceful, timid woman whose fair young face was so deeply marked with lines of care.

"Will I take charge of a little child?" she replied to the doctor's question. "Indeed I will, and thank Heaven for sending me something to keep my heart from breaking."

"You feel the loss of your own little one very keenly?" said Lord Charlewood.

"Feel it, sir? All the heart I have lies in my baby's grave."

"You must give a little of it to mine, since Heaven has taken its own mother," he said, gently. "I am not going to try to bribe you with money—money does not buy the love and care of good women like you—but I ask you, for the love you bore to your own child, to be kind to mine. Try to think, if you can, that it is your own child brought back to you."

"I will," she promised; and she kept her word.

"You will spare neither expense nor trouble," he continued; "and when I return you shall be most richly recompensed. If all goes well, and the little one prospers with you, I shall leave her with you for two or three years at least. You have been a lady's-maid, the doctor tells me. In what families have you lived?"

"Principally with Lady L'Estrange of Verdun Royal, sir," she replied. "I left because Miss L'Estrange was growing up, and my lady wished to have a French maid."

In after years he thought how strange it was that he should have asked the question.

"I want you," said Lord Charlewood, "to devote yourself entirely to the little one; you will be so liberally paid as not to need work of any other kind. I am going abroad, but I leave Dr. Letsom as the guardian of the child; apply to him for everything you want, as you will not be able to communicate with me."

He watched her as she took the child in her arms. He was satisfied when he saw the light that came into her face; he knew that little Madaline would be well cared for. He placed a bank-note for £50 in the woman's hands.

"Buy all that is needed for the little one," he said.

In all things Margaret Dornham promised obedience. One would have thought she had found a great treasure. To her kindly, womanly heart, the fact that she once more held a little child in her arms was a source of the purest happiness. The only drawback was when she reached home, and her husband laughed coarsely at the sad little story.

"You have done a good day's work, Maggie," he said; "now I shall expect you to keep me, and I shall take it easy."

He kept his word, and from that day made no further effort to earn any money.

"Maggie had enough for both," he said—"for both of them and that bit of a child."

Faithful, patient Margaret never complained; and not even Dr. Letsom knew how the suffering of her daily life had increased, even though she was comforted by the love of the little child.

Chapter III.

MADALINE slept in her grave—her child was safe and happy with the kindly, tender woman who was to supply its mother's place. Then Lord Charlewood prepared to leave the place where he had suffered so bitterly. The secret of his title had been well kept. No one dreamed that the stranger whose visit to the little town had been such a sad one, was the son of one of England's earls. Charlewood did not strike any one as being a very uncommon name. There was not the least suspicion as to his real identity. People thought he must be rich; but that he was noble also, no one ever imagined.

Mary Galbraith, the doctor's housekeeper, thought a golden shower had fallen over the house. Where there had been absolute poverty there was now abundance. There were no more shabby curtains and threadbare carpets—everything was new and comfortable. The doctor seemed to have grown younger—relieved, as he was, from a killing weight of anxiety and care.

The day came when Lord Charlewood was to say good-bye to his little daughter, and the friends who had been friends indeed. Margaret Dornham was sent for. When she arrived the two gentlemen were in the parlor, and she was shown in to them. Every detail of that interview was impressed on Margaret's mind, The table was strewn with papers, and Lord Charlewood, taking some in his hand, said:

"You should have a safe place for those, Doctor. Strange events happen in life. They might possibly be required some day, as evidences of identification."

"Not much fear of that," returned the doctor, with a smile. "Still, as you say, it is best to be cautious."

"Here is the first—you may as well keep it with the rest," said Lord Charlewood; "it is a copy of my marriage-certificate. Then you have here the certificates of my little daughter's birth and of my poor wife's death. Now we will add to these a signed agreement between you and myself for the sum I have spoken about."

Rapidly enough Lord Charlewood filled up another paper, which was signed by the doctor and himself, then Stephen Letsom gathered them all together. Margaret Dornham saw him take from the sideboard a small, plain, oaken box bound in brass, and lock the papers in it.

"There will be no difficulty about the little lady's identification while this lasts," he said, "and the papers remain undestroyed."

She could not account for the impulse that led her to watch him so closely, while she wondered what the papers could be worth.

Then both gentlemen turned their attention from the box to the child. Lord Charlewood would be leaving directly, and it would be the last time that he, at least, could see the little one. There was all a woman's love in his heart and in his face, as he bent down to kiss it, and say farewell.

"In three years' time, when I come back again," he said, "she will be three years old—she will walk and talk. You must teach her to say my name, Mrs. Dornham, and teach her to love me."

Then he bade farewell to the doctor who had been so kind a friend to him, leaving something in his hand, which made his heart light for many a long day afterward.

"I am a bad correspondent, Dr. Letsom," he said; "I never write many letters—but you may rely upon hearing from me every six months. I shall send half-yearly checks—and you may expect me in three years from this at the latest; then my little Madaline will be of a manageable age, and I can take her to Wood Lynton."

So they parted, the two who had been so strangely brought together—parted with a sense of liking and trust common among Englishmen who feel more than they express. Lord Charlewood looked round him as he left the town.

"How little I thought," he said, "that I should leave my dead wife and living child here! It was a town so strange to me that I scarcely even knew its name."

On arriving at his destination, to his great joy, and somewhat to his surprise, Lord Charlewood found that his father was better; he had been afraid of finding him dead. The old man's joy on seeing his son again was almost pitiful in its excess—he held his hands in his.

"My son—my only son! Why did you not come sooner?" he asked. "I have longed so for you. You have brought life and healing with you; I shall live years longer now that I have you again."

And in the first excitement of such happiness Lord Charlewood did not dare to tell his father the mournful story of his marriage and of his young wife's untimely death. Then the doctor told him that the old earl might live for some few years longer, but that he would require the greatest care; he had certainly heart-disease, and any sudden excitement, any great anxiety, any cause of trouble might kill him at once.

Knowing this, Lord Charlewood did not dare to tell his secret; it would have been plunging his father into danger uselessly; besides which, the telling of it was useless now—

his beautiful wife was dead, and the child too young to be recognized or made of consequence. So he devoted himself to the earl, having decided in his own mind what steps to take.

If the earl lived until little Madaline reached her third year, then he would tell him his secret; the child would be pretty and graceful—she would, in all probability, win his love. He could not let it go on longer than that. Madaline could not remain alone and uncared for in that little country town; it was not to be thought of. Therefore, if his father lived, and all went on well, he would tell his story then; if, on the contrary, his health failed, then he would keep his secret altogether, and his father would never know that he had disobeyed him.

There was a wonderful affection between this father and son. The earl was the first to notice the change that had come over his bright, handsome boy: the music had all gone from his voice, the ring from his laughter, the light from his face. Presently he observed the deep mourning dress.

"Hubert," he asked, suddenly, "for whom are you in mourning?"

Lord Charlewood's face flushed. For one moment he felt tempted to answer:

"For my beloved wife, whom Heaven has taken from me."

But he remembered the probable consequences of such a shock to his father, and replied, quietly:

"For one of my friends, father—one whom you did not know."

And Lord Mountdean did not suspect.

Another time the old earl placed his arm round his son's neck.

"How I wish, Hubert," he said, "that your mother had lived to see you a grown man! I think—do not laugh at me, my son—I think yours is perfect manhood; you please me infinitely."

Lord Charlewood smiled at the simple, loving praise.

"I have a woman's pride in your handsome face and tall, stately figure. How glad I am, my son, that no cloud has ever come between us! You have been the best of sons to me. When I die you can say to yourself that you have never once in all your life given me one moment's pain! How pleased I am that you gave up that foolish marriage for my sake! You would not have been happy. Heaven never blesses such marriages."

He little knew that each word was a dagger in his son's heart.

"After you had left me and had gone back to England," he continued, "I used to wonder if I had done wisely or well in refusing you your heart's desire; now I know that I did well, for unequal marriages never prosper. She, the girl you loved, may have been very beautiful, but you would never have been happy with her."

"Hush, father!" said Lord Charlewood, gently. "We will not speak of this again."

"Does it still pain you? Tell me, my son?" cried the earl.

"Not in the way you think," he replied.

"I would not pain you for the world—you know that, Hubert. But you must not let that one unfortunate love affair prejudice you against marriage. I should like to see you married, my son. I should like you to love some noble, gentle lady whom I could call daughter; I should like to hold your children in my arms, to hear the music of children's voices before I go."

"Should you love my children so much, father?" he asked.

"Yes, more than I can tell you. You must marry, Hubert; and then, as far as you are concerned, I shall not have a wish left unfulfilled."

There was hope, then, for his little Madaline—hope that in time she would win the old earl's heart, and prevent his grieving over the unfortunate marriage. For two years and a half the Earl of Mountdean lingered; the fair Italian clime, the warmth, the sunshine, the flowers, all seemed to join in giving him new life. For two years and a half he improved, so that his son had begun to hope that he might return to England, and once more see the home he loved so dearly—Wood Lynton; and, though during this time his secret had preyed upon him through every hour of every day, causing him to long to tell his father, yet he controlled the longing, because he would do nothing that might in the least degree retard his recovery.

Then, when the two years and a half had passed, and he began to take counsel with himself how he could best break the intelligence, the earl's health suddenly failed him, and he could not accomplish his purpose.

During this time he had every six months sent regular remittances to England, and had received in return most encouraging letters about little Madaline. She was growing strong and beautiful; she was healthy, fair, and happy. She could say his name; she could sing little baby-songs. Once, the doctor cut a long, golden-brown curl from the little head and sent it to him; but when he received it the earl lay dying, and the son could not show his father his little child's hair. He died as he had lived, loving and trusting his son, clasping his hand to the last, and murmuring sweet and tender words to him. Lord Charlewood's heart smote him as he listened; he had not merited such implicit faith and trust.

"Father," he cried, "listen for one moment! Can you hear me? I did marry Madaline—I loved her so dearly, I could not help it—I married her, and she died one year afterward. But she left me a little daughter. Can you hear me, father?"

No gleam of light came into the dying eyes, no consciousness into the quiet face; the earl did not hear. When, at last, his son had made up his mind to reveal his secret, it was too late for his father to hear—and he died without knowing it.

He died, and was brought back to England, and buried with great pomp and magnificence; and then his son reigned in his stead, and became Earl of Mountdean. The first thing that he did after his father's funeral was to go to Castledene; he had made all arrangements for bringing his daughter and heiress home. He was longing most impatiently to see her; but when he reached the little town a shock of surprise awaited him that almost cost him his life.

Chapter IV.

Dr. Letsom had prospered; one gleam of good fortune had brought with it a sudden outburst of sunshine. The doctor had left his little house in Castle Street, and had taken a pretty villa just outside Castledene. He had furnished it nicely—white lace curtains were no longer an unattainable luxury; no house in the town looked so clean, so bright, or so pretty as the doctor's. People began to look up to him; it was rumored that he had had money left to him—a fortune that rendered him independent of his practice. No sooner was that quite understood than people began to find out that, after all, he was a very clever man. No sooner did they feel quite convinced that he was indifferent about his practice than they at once appreciated his services; what had been called abruptness, now became truth and sincerity. He was declared to be like Dr. Abernethy—wonderfully clever, though slightly brusque in manner. Patients began to admire him; one or two instances of wonderful cures were quoted in his favor; the world, true to itself, true to its own maxims, began to respect him when it was believed that he had good fortune for his friend. In one year's time he had the best practice in the town, the ladies found his manner so much improved.

He bore his good-fortune, as he had borne his ill-fortune, with great equanimity; it had come too late. If but a tithe of it had fallen to his share twelve years earlier, he might have made the woman he loved so dearly his wife. She might have been living—loving, happy, by his side. Nothing could bring her back—the good fortune had come all too late; still he was grateful for it. It was pleasant to be able to pay his bills when they became due, to be able to help his poorer neighbors, to be able to afford for himself little luxuries such as he had long been without. The greatest happiness he had now in life was his love for little Madaline. The hold she had taken of him was marvelous; from the first moment she held out her baby-hands to him until the last in which he saw her, she was his one dream of delight, and the ideal of his future happiness.

A FROSTY MORNING.—AFTER A PAINTING BY BOUGHTON.

At first he had visited Ashwood as a mere matter of duty; but, as time passed on, those visits became his dearest pleasures. The child began to know him, her lovely little face to brighten for him; she had no fear of him, but would sit on his knee and lisp her pretty stories and sing her pretty songs until he was fairly enchanted.

Madaline was a lovely child. She had a beautiful head and face, and a figure exquisitely molded. Her smiles were like sunshine; her hair had in it threads of gold; her eyes were of the deep blue that one sees in Summer skies. It was not only her great loveliness, but there was about her a wonderful charm, a fascination, that no one could resist.

Dr. Letsom loved the child. She sat on his knee and talked to him, until the whole face of the earth seemed changed for him. Besides his great love for the little Madaline, he became interested in the story of Margaret Dornham's life—in her love for the handsome, reckless ne'er-do-well who had given up work as a failure—in her wonderful patience, for she never complained—in her sublime heroism, for she bore all as a martyr. He heard how Henry Dornham was often seen intoxicated—heard that he was abusive, violent. He went afterward to the cottage, and saw bruises on his wife's delicate arms and hands—dark, cruel marks on her face; but by neither word nor look did she ever betray her husband. Watching that silent, heroic life, he became interested in her. More than once he tried to speak to her about her husband—to see if anything could be done to reclaim him. She knew that all efforts were in vain—there was no good in him; still more, she knew now that there never had been such good as she had hoped and believed.

Another thing pleased and interested the doctor—it was Margaret Dornham's passionate love for her foster-child. All the love that she would have lavished on her husband, all the love that she would have given to her own child, all the repressed affection and buried tenderness of her heart, were given to this little one. It was touching, pitiful, sad, to see how she worshiped her.

"What shall I do when the three years are over, and her father comes to claim her?" she would say to the doctor. "I shall never be able to part with her. Sometimes I think that I shall run away with her and hide her."

How little she dreamed that there was a prophecy in the words!

"Her father has the first claim," said the doctor. "It may be hard for us to lose her, but she belongs to him."

"He will never love her as I do," observed Margaret Dornham.

Of the real rank and position of that father, she had not the slightest suspicion. He had money, she knew; but that was all she knew—and money to a woman whose heart hungers for love seems very little.

"There is something almost terrible in the love of that woman for that child," thought the doctor. "She is good, earnest, tender, true, by nature; but she is capable of anything for the little one's sake."

So two years and a half passed, and the child, with her delicate, marvelous grace, had become the very light of those two lonely lives. In another six months they would have to lose her. Dr. Letsom knew very well that, if the earl were still living, at the end of the three years his son would tell him of his marriage.

On a bright, sunshiny day in June, the doctor walked over to Ashwood. He had a little packet of fruit and cakes with him, and a wonderful doll, dressed most royally.

"Madaline!" he cried, as he entered the cottage; and she came running to him. "Should you like a drive with me to-morrow?" he asked. "I am going to Corfell, and I will promise to take you if you will be a good girl."

She promised—for a drive with the kind doctor was her greatest earthly delight.

"Bring her to my house about three to-morrow afternoon, Mrs. Dornham," said Dr. Letsom, "and she shall have her drive."

Margaret promised. When the time came, she took the little one, dressed in her pretty white frock; and, as they sat in the drawing-room, the doctor was brought home to his house—dead!

It was such a simple yet terrible accident that had killed him. A poor man had been injured by a kick from a horse. For want of better accommodation, he had been carried up into a loft over a stable, where the doctor attended him. In the loft was an open trap-door, through which trusses of hay and straw were raised and lowered. No one warned Dr. Letsom about it. The aperture was covered with straw, and he, walking quickly across, fell through. There was but one comfort—he did not suffer long. His death was instantaneous; and on the bright June afternoon when he was to have taken little Madaline for a drive he was carried home, through the sunlit streets, dead.

Margaret Dornham and the little child sat waiting for him when the sad procession stopped at the door.

"The doctor is dead!" was the cry from one to another.

A terrible pain shot through Margaret's head. Dead! The kindly man, who had been her only friend, dead! Then perhaps the child would be taken from her, and she should see it no more!

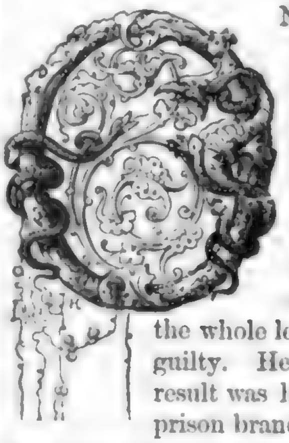
An impulse, for which she could scarcely account, and for which she was scarcely responsible, seized her. She must have the box that contained the papers, lest, finding the papers, people should rob her of the child. Quick as thought she seized the box—which always stood on a bracket in the drawing-room—and hid it under her shawl. To the end of her life she was puzzled as to why she had done this. It would not be missed, she knew, in the confusion that was likely to ensue. She felt sure, also, that no one, save herself and the child's father, knew of its contents.

She did not wait long in that scene of confusion and sorrow. Clasping the child in her arms, lest she should see the dead face, Margaret Dornham hurried back to the cottage, bearing with her the proofs of the child's identity.

The doctor was buried, and with him all trace of the child seemed lost. Careful search was made in his house for any letters that might concern her, that might give her father's address; but Stephen Letsom had been faithful to his promise—he had kept the secret. There was nothing that could give the least clue. There were no letters, no memoranda; and, after a time, people came to the conclusion that it would be better to let the child remain where she was; for her father would be sure in time to hear of the doctor's death, and to claim her.

So September came, with its glory of Autumn leaves. Just three years had elapsed since Lady Charlewood had died; and then the great trouble of her life came to Margaret Dornham.

Chapter V.



ON the day after Dr. Letsom's death, Margaret Dornham's husband was apprehended on a charge of poaching and aiding in a dangerous assault on Lord Turten's gamekeepers. Bail was refused for him, but at the trial he was acquitted for want of evidence. Every one knew he was guilty. He made no great effort to conceal it. But he defied the whole legal power of England to prove him guilty. He employed clever counsel, and the result was his acquittal. He was free, but the prison brand was on him, and his wife felt that she could not endure the disgrace.

"I shall go from bad to worse now, Maggie," he said to her. "I do not find prison so bad, nor yet difficult to bear; if ever I see that by any lucky hit I can make myself a rich man, I shall not mind a few years in gaol as the price. A forgery, or something of that kind, or the robbery of a well-stocked bank, will be henceforward my highest aim in life."

She placed her hand on his lips, and prayed him for Heaven's sake to be silent. He only laughed.

"Nature never intended me to work—she did not, indeed, Maggie. My fellow-men must keep me; they keep others far less deserving."

From that moment she knew no peace or rest. He would keep his word; he would look upon crime as a source of profit; he would watch his opportunity of wrong-doing, and seize it when it came.

In the anguish of her heart she cried aloud that it must not be at Ashwood; anywhere else, in any other spot, but not there, where she had been known in the pride of her fair young life—not there, where people had warned her not to marry the handsome, reckless ne'er-do-well, and had prophesied such terrible evil for her if she did marry him—not there, where earth was so fair, where all nature told of innocence and purity. If he must sin, let it be far away in large cities, where the ways of men were evil.

She decided on leaving Ashwood. Another and perhaps even stronger motive that influenced her was her passionate love for the child; that was her one hope in life, her one sheet-anchor, the one thing that preserved her from the utter madness of desolation.

The three years had almost elapsed; the doctor was dead, and had left nothing behind him that could give any clue to Madaline's identity, and in a short time—she trembled to think how short—the father would come to claim his child, and she would lose her. When she thought of that, Margaret Dornham clung to the little one in a passion of despair. She would go away and take Madaline with her—keep her where she could love her, care for her, tend her—where she could bring her up as her own child, and lavish all the warmth and devotion of her nature upon her. She never once thought that in acting thus she was doing a selfish, a cruel deed—that she was taking the child from her father, who of all people living had the greatest claim upon her.

"He may have more money than I have," thought poor, mistaken Margaret, "but he cannot love her so much; and after all love is better than money."

It was easy to manage her husband. She had said but little to him at the time she undertook the charge of little Madaline, and he had been too indifferent to make inquiries. She told him now, what was in some measure quite true, that with the doctor's death her income had ceased, and that she herself not only was perfectly ignorant of the child's real name, but did not know even to whom to write. It was true, but she knew at the same time that, if she would only open the box of papers, she would not be ignorant on any one point; but those papers she had firmly resolved never to touch; so that in saying she knew nothing of the child's identity she would be speaking the bare truth.

At first Henry Dornham was indignant. The child should not be left a burden and drag on his hands, he declared—it must go to the workhouse.

But patient Margaret clasped her arms round his neck, and whispered to him that the child was so clever, so pretty, she would be a gold mine to them in the future—only let them get away from Ashwood, and go to London, where she could be well trained and taught. He laughed a sneering laugh, for which, had he been any other than her husband, she would have hated him.

"Not a bad plan, Maggie," he said; "then she can work to keep us. I myself do not care where we go, or what we do, so that no one asks me to work."

He was easily persuaded to say nothing about their removal, to go to London without saying anything to his old friends and neighbors of their intentions. Margaret knew well that so many were interested in the child that she would not be allowed to take her away if her wish became known.

How long the little cottage at Ashwood had been empty no one knew. It stood so entirely alone that for weeks together nothing was seen or known of its inhabitants. Henry Dornham was missed from his haunts. His friends and comrades wondered for a few days, and then forgot him; they thought that in all probability he was engaged in some not very reputable pursuit.

The Rector of Castledene—Rev. John Darnley—was the first really to miss them. He had always been interested in little Madaline. When he heard from the shopkeepers that Margaret had not been seen in the town lately, he feared she was ill, and resolved to go to see her. His astonishment was great when he found the cottage closed and the Dornhams gone—the place had evidently been empty for some weeks. On inquiry, he found that the time of their departure and their place of destination were equally unknown. No one knew whither they had gone or anything about them. Mr. Darnley was puzzled; it seemed to him very strange that, after having lived in the place so long, Margaret Dornham should have left without saying one word to any human being.

"There is a mystery in it," thought the rector. He never dreamed that the cause of the mystery was the woman's passionate love for the child.

All Castledene wondered with him—indeed, for some days the little town was all excitement. Margaret Dornham had disappeared with the child who had been left in their midst. Every one seemed to feel more or less responsible for her; but neither wonder nor anything else gave them the least clue as to whither or why she had gone.

After a few days' earnest discussion and inquiry the excitement died away, when a wonderful event revived it. It was no other than the arrival of the new Earl of Mountdean in search of his little girl.

This time the visitor did not take any pains to conceal his title. He drove to the "Castle Arms," and from there went at once to the doctor's house. He found it closed and empty. The first person he asked told him that the doctor had been for some weeks dead and buried.

The young earl was terribly shocked. Dead and buried—the kindly man who had befriended him in the hour of need! It seemed almost incredible. And why had no one written to him? Still he remembered the address of his child's foster-mother. It was Ashwood Cottage; and he went thither at once. When he found that, too, closed and deserted, it seemed to him that fortune was playing him a trick.

He was disconcerted; and then, believing that this at least was but a case of removal, he decided upon going to the rector of the parish, whom he well remembered. He surely would be able to give him all information.

Mr. Darnley looked up in wonder at the announcement of his visitor's name—the Earl of Mountdean. What could the earl possibly want with him?

His wonder deepened as he recognized in the earl the stranger at the burial of whose fair young wife he had assisted three years before. The earl held out his hand.

"You are surprised to see me, Mr. Darnley? You recognize me, I perceive."

The rector contrived to say something about his surprise, but Lord Mountdean interrupted him hastily:

"Yes, I understand. I was traveling as Mr. Charlewood when my terrible misfortune overtook me here. I have returned from Italy, where I have been spending the last three years. My father has just died, and I am here in search of my child. My child," continued the earl, seeing

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the rector's blank face—"where is she? I find my poor friend, the doctor, is dead, and the house where my little one's foster-mother lived is empty. Can you tell me what it means?"

He tried to speak calmly, but his handsome face had grown quite white, his lips were dry and hot, his voice, even to himself, had a strange, harsh sound.

"Where is she?" he repeated. "The little one—my Madaline's child? I have a strange feeling that all is not well."

He saw the shadow deepen on the rector's face, and he clasped his arm.

"Where is she?" he cried. "You cannot mean that she is dead? Not dead, surely? I have not seen her since I left her, a little, feeble baby; but she has lived in my heart through all these weary years of exile. My whole soul has hungered and thirsted for her. By night and by day I have dreamed of her, always with Madaline's face. She has spoken sweet words to me in my dreams, always in Madaline's voice. I must see her. I cannot bear this suspense. You do not answer me. Can it be that she, too, is dead?"

"No, she is not dead," replied the rector. "I saw her two months since, and she was then living—well, beautiful, and happy. No, the little one is not dead."

"Then tell me, for pity's sake, where she is!" cried the earl, in an agony of impatience.

"I cannot. Two months since I was at Ashwood Cottage. Margaret Dornham's worthless husband was in some great trouble. I went to console his wife; and then I saw the little one. I held her in my arms, and thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen such a lovely face. Then I saw no more of her; and my wonder was aroused on hearing some of the tradespeople say that Mrs. Dornham had not been in the town for some weeks. I believed she was ill, and went to see. My wonder was as great as your own at finding the house closed. Husband, wife, and child had disappeared as though by magic from the place, leaving no clue or trace behind them."

The rector was almost alarmed at the effect of his words. The young earl fell back in his chair, looking as though the shadow of death had fallen over him.

It was but a child, the rector thought to himself, whom its father had seen but a few times. He did not understand that, to Lord Mountdean, this child his dying wife's legacy was the one object in life - that she was all that remained to him of a love that had been dearer than life itself. Common-place words of comfort rose to his lips, but the earl did not even hear them. He looked up suddenly, with the ghastly pallor still on his face.

"How foolish I am to alarm myself so greatly!" he said. "Some one or other will be sure to know whither the woman has gone. She may have had some monetary trouble, and so have desired to keep her whereabouts a secret; but some one or other will know. If she is in the world I will find her. How foolish I am to be so terribly frightened! If the child is living, what have I to fear?"

But, though his words were brave and courageous, his hands trembled, and the rector saw signs of great agitation. He rang for wine, but Lord Mountdean could not take it—he could do nothing until he had found his child.

In few words he told the rector the story of his marriage.

"I thought," he said, "that I could not not do better for the little one than leave her here in the doctor's care."

"You were right," returned the rector; "the poor doctor's love for the child was talked about everywhere. As for Margaret Dornham, I do not think, if she had been her own, she could have loved her better. Whatever else may have gone wrong, take my word for it, there was no lack of love for the child; she could not have been better cared for—of that I am quite sure."

"I am glad to hear you say so; that is some comfort. But why did no one write to me when the doctor died?"

"I do not think he left one shred of paper containing any allusion to your lordship. All his effects were claimed by some distant cousin, who now lives in his house. I was asked to look over his papers, but there was not a private memorandum amongst them—not one; there was nothing, in fact, but receipted bills."

Lord Mountdean looked up.

"There must be some mistake," he observed. "I myself placed in his charge all the papers necessary for the identification of my little daughter."

"May I ask of what they consisted?" said the rector.

"Certainly—the certificate of my marriage, of my beloved wife's death, of my little daughter's birth, and an agreement between the doctor and myself as to the sum that was to be paid to him yearly while he had charge of my child."

"Then the doctor knew your name, title, and address?"

"Yes; I had no motive in keeping them secret, save that I did not wish my marriage to be known to my father until I myself could tell him and I know how fast such news travels. I remember distinctly where he placed the papers. I watched him."

"Where was it?" asked Mr. Darnley. "For I certainly have seen nothing of them."

"In a small, oaken box with brass clasps, which stood on a sideboard. I remember it as though it were yesterday."

"I have seen no such box," said the rector. "Our wisest plan will be to go at once to the house where his cousin, Mr. Grey, resides, and see if the article is in his possession. I am quite sure, though, that he would have mentioned if he had seen it."

Without a minute's delay they drove at once to the house, and found Mr. Grey at home. He was surprised when he heard the name and rank of his visitor, and above all when he understood his errand.

"A small, oaken box with brass clasps," he said. "No; I have nothing of the kind in my possession; but, if your lordship will wait, I will have a search made at once."

Every drawer, desk, and recess were examined in vain. There was no trace of either the box or the papers.

"I have an inventory of everything the doctor's house contained it was taken the day after his death," said Mr. Grey; "we can look through that."

Item after item was most carefully perused. The list contained no mention of a small, oaken box. It was quite plain that box and papers had both disappeared.

"Could the doctor have given them into Mrs. Dornham's charge?" asked the earl.

"No," replied the rector—"I should say certainly not. I am quite sure that Mrs. Dornham did not even know the child's surname. I remember once asking her about it; she said it was a long name, and that she could never remember it. If she had had the papers, she would have read them. I cannot think she holds them."

Then they went to visit Mrs. Galbraith, the doctor's housekeeper. She had a distinct recollection of the box—it used to stand on the sideboard, and a larged-sized family Bible generally lay on the top of it. How long it had been out of sight when the doctor died she did not know, but she had never seen it since. Then they drove to the bank, thinking that, perhaps, for greater security, he might have deposited it there. No such thing had been heard of. Plainly enough the papers had disappeared; both the earl and the rector were puzzled.

"They can be of no possible use to any one but myself," said Lord Mountdean. "Now that my poor father is dead, and cannot be distressed about it, I shall tell to the whole world—if it cares to listen—the story of my marriage. If I had wanted to keep that or the birth of my child a secret, I could have understood the papers being stolen by one wishing to trade with them. As it is, I cannot see that they are of the least use to any one except myself."

They gave up the search at last, and then Lord Mountdean devoted himself to one object—the finding of his child.

In a few days the story of his marriage was told by every newspaper in the land, also the history of the strange disappearance of his child. Large rewards were offered to any one who could bring the least information. Not content with employing the best detective skill in England, he conducted the search himself. He worked unwearyingly.

"A man, woman, and child could not possibly disappear from the face of the earth without leaving some trace behind," he would say.

One little gleam of light came which filled him with hope -they found that Margaret Dornham had sold all her furniture to a broker living at a town called Wrentford. She had sent for him herself, and had asked him to purchase it, saying that she, with her husband, was going to live at a distance, and that they did not care about taking it with them. He remembered having asked her where she was going, but she evaded any reply. He could tell no more. He showed what he had left of the furniture: and tears filled Lord Mountdean's eyes as he saw amongst it a child's crib. He liberally rewarded the man, and then set to work with renewed vigor to endeavor to find out Margaret Dornham's destination.

He went to the railway stations; and, though the only clue he succeeded in obtaining was a very faint one, he had some reason for believing that Margaret Dornham had gone to London.

In that vast city he continued the search, until it really seemed that every inch of ground had been examined. It was all without result — Margaret Dornham and her little foster-child seemed to have vanished.

"What can be the woman's motive?" the earl would cry in despair. "Why has she taken the child? What does she intend to do with it?"

It never occurred to him that her great, passionate love for the little one was the sole motive for the deed she had done.

The papers were filled with appeals to Margaret Dornham to return to Castledene, or to give some intelligence of her foster-child. The events of the story were talked about everywhere; but, in spite of all that was done and said, Lord Mountdean's heiress remained undiscovered. Months grew into years, and the same mystery prevailed. The earl was desperate at first—his anguish and sorrow were pitiful to witness; but, after a time, he grew passive in his despair. He never relaxed in his efforts. Every six months the advertisements with the offers of reward were renewed; every six months the story was retold in the papers. It had become one of the common topics of the day. People talked of the Earl of Mountdean's daughter, of her strange disappearance, of the mysterious silence that had fallen over her. Then, as the years passed on, it was agreed that she would never be found; that she must be dead. The earl's truest friends advised him to marry again. After years of bitter disappointment, of anguish and suspense, of unutterable sorrow and despair, he resigned himself to the entire loss of Madaline's child.

Chapter VI.

Nature had made Philippa L'Estrange beautiful, circumstances had helped to make her proud. Her father, Lord L'Estrange, died when she was quite a child, leaving her an enormous fortune that was quite under her own control. Her mother, Lady L'Estrange, had but one idea in life, and that was indulging her beautiful daughter in her every caprice. Proud, beautiful, and wealthy, when she most needed her mother's care, that mother died, leaving her sole mistress of herself. She was but seventeen then, and was known as one of the wealthiest heiresses and loveliest girls of the day. Her first step was, in the opinion of the world, a wise one: she sent for a widowed cousin, Lady Peters, to live with her as chaperon. For the first year after her mother's death she remained at Verdun Royal, the family estate. After one year given to retirement, Philippa L'Estrange thought she had mourned for her mother after the most exemplary fashion. She was just nineteen when she took her place again in the great world, one of its brightest ornaments.

An afternoon in London in May. The air was clear and fresh; there was in it a faint breath of the budding chestnuts, the hawthorn, and lilac; the sun shone clear and bright, yet not too warmly.

On this afternoon, Miss L'Estrange sat in the drawing-room of the magnificent family mansion in Hyde Park. The whole world could not have produced a more marvelous picture. The room itself was large, lofty, well-proportioned, and superbly furnished; the hangings were of pale rose silk and white lace; the pictures and statues were gems of art, a superb copy of the Venus of Milo gleaming white and shapely from between the folds of rose silk, also a marble Flora, whose basket was filled with purple heliotropes, and a Psyche that was in itself a dream of beauty; the vases were filled with fairest and most fragrant flowers. Nothing that art, taste, or luxury could suggest was wanting—the eye reveled in beauty. Miss L'Estrange had refurnished the room in accordance with her own ideas of the beautiful and artistic.

The long windows were opened, and through them one saw the rippling of the rich green foliage in the Park; the large iron balconies were filled with flowers, fragrant mignonette, lemon-scented verbenas, purple heliotropes, all growing in rich profusion. The spray of the little scented fountains sparkled in the sun. Every one agreed that there was no other room in London like the grand drawing-room at Verdun House.

There was something on that bright May afternoon more beautiful even than the flowers, the fountains, the bright-plumaged birds in their handsome cages, the white statues, or the pictures; that was the mistress and queen of all this magnificence, Philippa L'Estrange. She was reclining on a couch that had been sent from Paris—a couch made of the finest ebony, and covered with pale rose-colored velvet. If Titian or Velasquez had seen her as she lay there, the world would have been the richer by an immortal work of art; Titian alone could have reproduced those rich, marvelous colors, that perfect, queenly beauty. He would have painted the picture, and the world would have raved about its beauty. The dark masses of waving hair; the lovely face with its warm Southern tints; the dark eyes, lighted with fire and passion; the perfect mouth, with its proud, sweet, imperial, yet tender lips; the white, dimpled chin; the head and face unrivaled in their glorious contour; the straight, dark brows that could frown and yet soften as few other brows could; the white neck, half hidden, half revealed by the coquettish dress; the white, rounded arms, and beautiful hands—all would have struck the master. Her dress fell round her in folds that would have charmed an artist. It was of some rich, transparent material, the pale amber hue of which enhanced her dark loveliness. The white arms were half-shown, half-covered by rich lace — in the waves of her dark hair lay a yellow rose. She looked like a woman whose smile could be fatal and dangerous as that of a siren, who could be madly loved or madly hated, yet to whom no man living could be indifferent.

She played for some few minutes with the rings on her fingers, smiling to herself a soft, dreamy smile, as though her thoughts were very pleasant ones; then she took up a volume of poems, read a few lines, and then laid the book down again. The dark eyes, with a gleam of impatience in them, wandered to the clock.

"How slowly those hands move!" she said.

"You are restless," observed a calm, low voice; "watching a clock always makes time seem long."

"Ah, Lady Peters,'" said the rich, musical tones, "when I cease to be young, I shall cease to be impatient!"

Lady Peters, the chosen confidant and chaperon of the brilliant heiress, was an elderly lady, whose most striking characteristic appeared to be calmness and repose. She was richly dressed in a robe of black *moire*, and she wore a cap of point-lace; her snowy hair was braided back from a broad, white brow: her face was kindly, patient, cheerful: her manner, though somewhat stately, the same. She evidently deeply loved the beautiful girl whose bright face was turned to hers.

"He said three in his note, did he not, Lady Peters?"

"Yes, my dear; but it is impossible for any one to be always strictly punctual; a hundred different things may have detained him."

"But if he were really anxious to see me, he would not let anything detain him," she said.

"Your anxiety about him would be very flattering to him if he knew it," remarked the elder lady.

"Why should I not be anxious? I have always loved him better than the whole world. I have had reason to be anxious."

"Philippa, my dear Philippa, I would not say such things if I were you, unless I had heard something really definite from himself."

The beautiful young heiress laughed a bright, triumphant laugh.

"Something definite from himself! Why, you do not think it likely that he will long remain indifferent to me, even if he is now? which I do not believe."

"I have had so many disappointments in life that I am afraid of being sanguine," said Lady Peters; and again the young beauty laughed.

"It will seem so strange to see him again. I remember his going away so well. I was very young then—I am young now, but I feel years older. He came down to Verdun Royal to bid us good-by, and I was in the grounds. He had but half an hour to stay, and mamma sent him out to me."

The color deepened in her face as she spoke, and the light shone in her splendid eyes—there was a kind of wild, restless passion in her words.

"I remember it all so well! There had been a heavy shower of rain in the early morning; that had cleared away, leaving the skies blue, the sunshine golden, while the rain-drops still glistened on the trees and the grass. I love the sweet smell of the green leaves and the moist earth after rain. I was there enjoying it when he came to say good-by to me—mamma came with him.

"'Philippa,' she said, 'Norman is going; he wants to say good-by to his little wife.'

"He always called me his little wife. I saw him look very grave. She went away and left us together.

"'You are growing too tall to be called my little wife, Philippa,' he said; and I laughed at his gravity. We were standing underneath a great, flowering lilac-tree—the green leaves and the sweet flowers were still wet with the rain. I remember it so well! I drew one of the tall, fragrant sprays down, and, shaking the rain-drops from it, kissed it. I can smell the rich, moist odor now. I never see a lilac-spray or smell its sweet moisture after rain, but that the whole scene rises before me again—I see the proud, handsome face that I love so dearly, the clear skies and the green trees.

"'How long shall you be away, Norman?' I asked him.

"'Not more than two years,' he replied. 'You will be quite a brilliant lady of fashion when I return, Philippa; you will have made conquests innumerable.'

"'I shall always be the same to you,' I replied; but he made no answer. He took the spray of lilac from my hands.

"'My ideas of you will always be associated with lilacs,' he said; and that is why, Lady Peters, I ordered the vases to be filled with lilacs to-day. He bent down and kissed my face.

"'Good-by, Philippa,' he said; 'may I find you as good and as beautiful as I leave you!'

"And then he went away. That is just two years ago; no wonder that I am pleased at his return."

Lady Peters looked anxiously at her.

"There was no regular engagement between you and Lord Arleigh, was there, Philippa?"

"What do you call a regular engagement?" said the young heiress. "He never made love to me, if that is what you mean—he never asked me to be his wife; but it was understood—always understood."

"By whom?" asked Lady Peters.

"My mother and his. When Lady Arleigh lived, she spent a great deal of her time at Verdun Royal with my mother; they were first cousins, and the dearest of friends. Hundreds of times I have seen them sitting on the lawn, while Norman and I played together. Then they were always talking about the time when we should be married. 'Philippa will make a beautiful Lady Arleigh,' his mother used to say. 'Norman, go and play with your little wife,' she would add; and, with all the gravity of a grown courtier, he would bow before me, and call me his little wife."

"But you were children then, and it was perhaps all childish folly."

"It was nothing of the kind," said the heiress, angrily. "I remember well that, when I was presented, my mother said to me, 'Philippa, you are sure to be very much admired; but, remember, I consider you engaged to Norman. Your lot in life is settled; you are to be Lady Arleigh, of Beechgrove.'"

"But," interposed Lady Peters, "it seems to me, Philippa, that this was all your mother's fancy. Because you played together as children—because, when you were a child, he called you his little wife—because your mother and his were dear friends, and liked the arrangement—it does not follow that he would like it, or that he would choose the playmate of his childhood as the love of his manhood. In all that you have said to me, I see no evidence that he loves you, or that he considers himself in any way bound to you."

"That is because you do not understand. He has been in England only two days, yet, you see, he comes to visit me."

"That may be for old friendship's sake," said Lady Peters. "Oh, my darling, be careful! Do not give the love of your heart and soul for nothing."

"It is given already," confessed the girl, "and can never be recalled, no matter what I get in return. Why, it is twenty minutes past three; do you think he will come?"

Philippa L'Estrange rose from the couch and went to the long, open window.

"I have never seen the sun shine so brightly before," she said; and Lady Peters sighed as she listened. "The world has never looked so beautiful as it does to-day. Oh, Norman, make haste! I am longing to see you."

Turning to Lady Peters with a charming smile, she shook out the perfumed folds of her dress—she smoothed the fine, white lace.

"You have not told me, *maman*," she said, "whether I am looking my best to-day. I want Norman to be a little surprised when he sees me. If you saw me for the first time to-day, would you think me nice?"

"I should think you the very queen of beauty," was the truthful answer.

A pleased smile curved the lovely, scarlet lips.

"So will Norman. You will see, *maman*, there is no cause for anxiety, none for fear. You will soon wonder why you looked grave over my pretty love-story."

"What will you say or do, Philippa, if you find that he has learned to love some one else? He must have seen some of the loveliest women in the world. Suppose he has learned to love one—what then?"

"What then? I know what I should do. He belonged to me first, and I should try to win him back."

"But if his word were pledged?"

"He must break his pledge. I feel that in the end I should win."

"But," persisted Lady Peters, "if you lost—what then?"

"If I failed, I should seek revenge. But we will not talk of failure. Oh, *maman*, there he is!"

How she loved him! At the sound of his footsteps a crimson glow shone in her face, a light shone in the depths of her splendid, dark eyes, the scarlet lips trembled. She clinched her white fingers lest a sound might betray her.

"Lord Arleigh," announced a servant at the door.

Tall, stately, self-possessed, she went forward to greet him. She held out her hand; but words failed her, as she looked once more into the face she loved so well.

"Philippa!" cried he, in wonder. "I expected to find you changed, but I should not have known you."

"Am I so greatly altered?" she asked.

"Altered?" he repeated. "I left a pretty schoolgirl—I find a queen."

He bowed low over the white hand.

"The queen bids you welcome," she said; and then, after introducing Lady Peters, she added, "Should you not really have known me, Norman?"

He had recovered from his first surprise, and Lady Peters, who watched him closely, fancied that she detected some little embarrassment in his manner. Of one thing she was quite sure—there were admiration and affection in his manner, but there was nothing resembling love.

He greeted her, and then took a seat, not by Philippa's side, but in a lounging-chair by the open window.

"How pleasant it is to be at home again!" he said. "How pleasant, Philippa, to see you! It seems strange that your mother and mine, after being such true friends in life, should die within a few days of each other. I would give the whole world to see my mother again."

"I always recognize a good man," put in Lady Peters, "by the great love he bears his mother."

"Then you think I am a good man?" he interrogated. "I hope, Lady Peters, that I shall never forfeit your good opinion."

"I do not think it likely," said her ladyship.

Philippa grew impatient on finding his attention turned, even for a few moments, from herself.

"Talk to me, Norman," she said; "tell me of your travels—of what you have seen—of the friends you have made."

"I have made no new friends, Philippa," he said; "I love the old ones best."

He did not understand the triumphant expression of the dark eyes as they glanced at Lady Peters. He told her briefly of the places that he had visited; and then he said:

"What a quantity of flowers you have, Philippa! You still retain your old love."

She took a spray of lilac and held it before him. Lady Peters noted confusion on his face.

"Do you remember the lilac, and what you said about it?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I was in Florence last year when they were in flower, and I never looked at the beautiful, blooming trees without fancying that I saw my cousin's face among the blossoms."

"Why do you call me 'cousin'?" she asked, impatiently.

He looked up in surprise.

"You are my cousin, are you not, Philippa?"

"I am only your second cousin," she said; "and you have never called me so before."

"I have always called you 'cousin' in my thoughts," he declared. "How remiss I am!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You will think that I have forgotten what little manners I had. I have never congratulated you on your success."

"What success?" she asked, half impatiently.

"I have not been twenty-four hours in London, yet I have heard on all sides of your charms and conquests. I hear that you are the belle of the season—that you have slain dukes, earls, marquises, and baronets indiscriminately. I hear that no one has ever been more popular or more admired than Philippa L'Estrange. Is it all true?"

"You must find that out for yourself," she said, laughingly, half-disappointed. He ought to be jealous, but evidently was not.

Then, to her delight, came a summons for Lady Peters. She was wanted in the housekeeper's room.

"Now we are alone," thought Philippa, "he will remember that he called me his little wife."

But he simply asked her what she had been reading lately—which was the book of the season. Remarks followed; but they were not what she wanted to hear.

"Do not talk to me about books, Norman!" she cried, at last. "I want to hear more about yourself."

She did not notice the slight flush that spread over his face.

"If we are to talk about ourselves," he said, "I should prefer you to be the subject. You have grown very beautiful, Philippa."

"Does it please you to find me what you call beautiful, Norman?" she asked, shyly.

"Of course it does. I am very proud of you—proud to be known as the cousin of Philippa L'Estrange."

Nothing more! Had he nothing more than this to be proud of? Was he so blind that he could not see love in the girl's face?

"We were always good friends, Norman," she said, simply, "you and I?"

"Yes, we were like brother and sister," he responded. "How we quarreled and made up! Do you remember?"

"Yes—but we were not like brother and sister, Norman. We did not call each other by such names, did we?"

"I never could find names pretty enough for you," he replied, laughingly.

She raised her eyes suddenly to his.

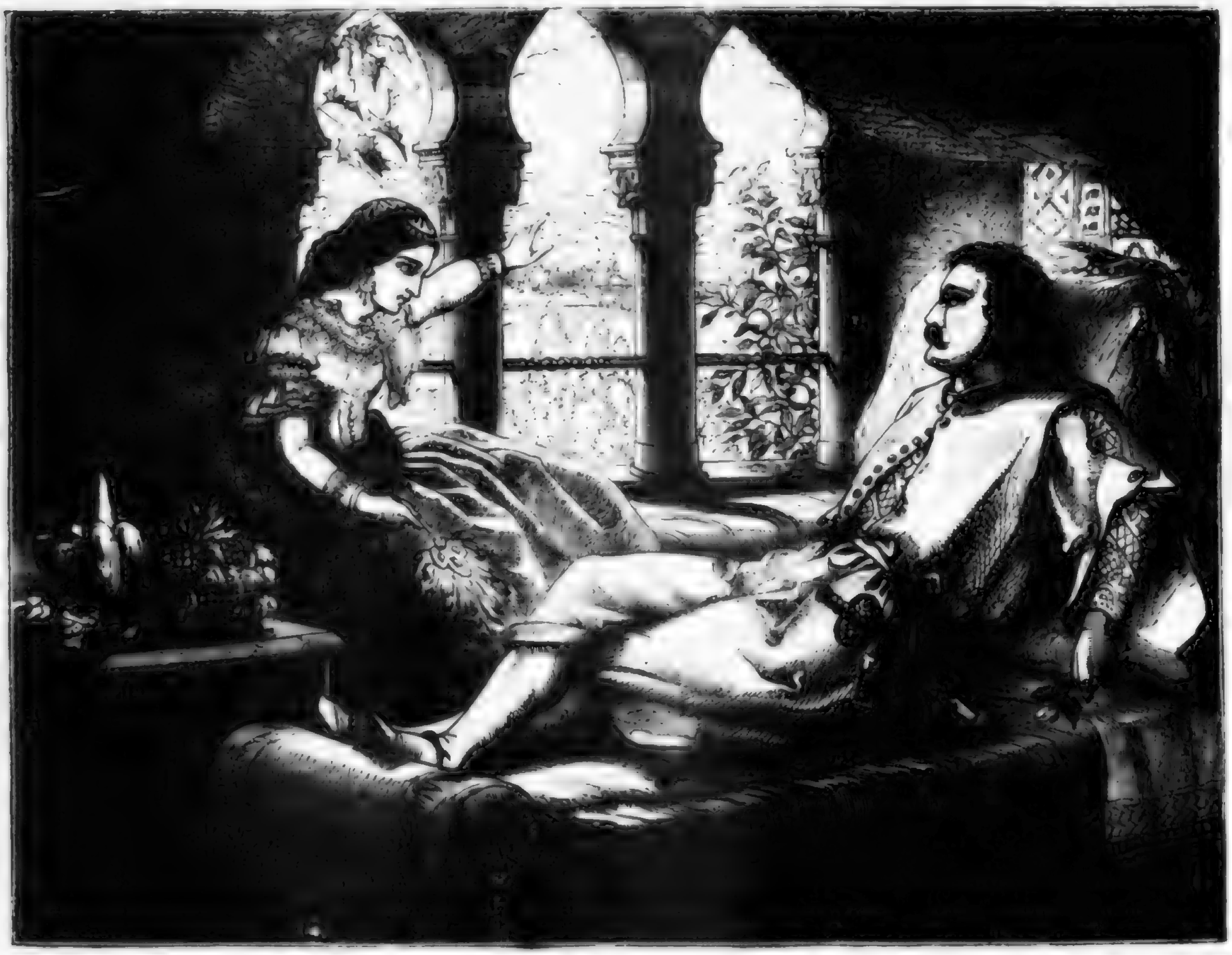
"You cared a great deal for me in those days, Norman," she said, gently. "Tell me the truth—in your travels have you met any one for whom you care more?"

He was perfectly calm and unembarrassed.

"No, cousin, I have not. As I told you before, I have really made no friends abroad for whom I care much—a few pleasant acquaintances, nothing more."

"Then I am content," she said.

But he was deaf to the passionate music of her voice. Then the distance between them seemed to grow less. They



THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

talked of her home, Verdun Royal; they talked of Beechgrove, and his plans for living there. Their conversation was the intimate exchange of thought of old friends; but there was nothing of love. If she had expected that he would avail himself of Lady Peters's absence to speak of it, she was mistaken. He talked of old times, of friendship, of childhood's days, of great hopes and plans for the future—of anything but love. It seemed to be, and perhaps was, furthest from his thoughts.

"I am going to Beechgrove in a week," he said; "you will give me permission to call and see you every day, Philippa?"

"I shall be pleased to see you—my time is yours," she answered; but he did not understand the full meaning of the words.

Then Lady Peters came in and asked if he would join them at dinner.

"Philippa likes gayety," she said; "we have never had one quiet evening since the season began; she has a ball for to-night."

"Yes," laughed the heiress, "the world is very sweet to me, just now, Norman; but I will give up my ball and stay at home purposely to sing to you if you will dine with us."

"That is a temptation I cannot resist," he returned. "I will come; all your disappointed partners will, however, vent their wrath on me, Philippa."

"I can bear it," she said, "and so can you. Now I can let you go more willingly, seeing that I shall soon see you again."

And then he went away. After he had gone, she spoke but little; once she clasped her arms round Lady Peters's neck and kissed the kindly face.

"Do not speak to me," she said, "lest I should lose the echo of his voice;" and Lady Peters watched her anxiously, as she stood with a rapt smile on her face, as of one who ha heard celestial music in a dream.

(*To be continued.*)

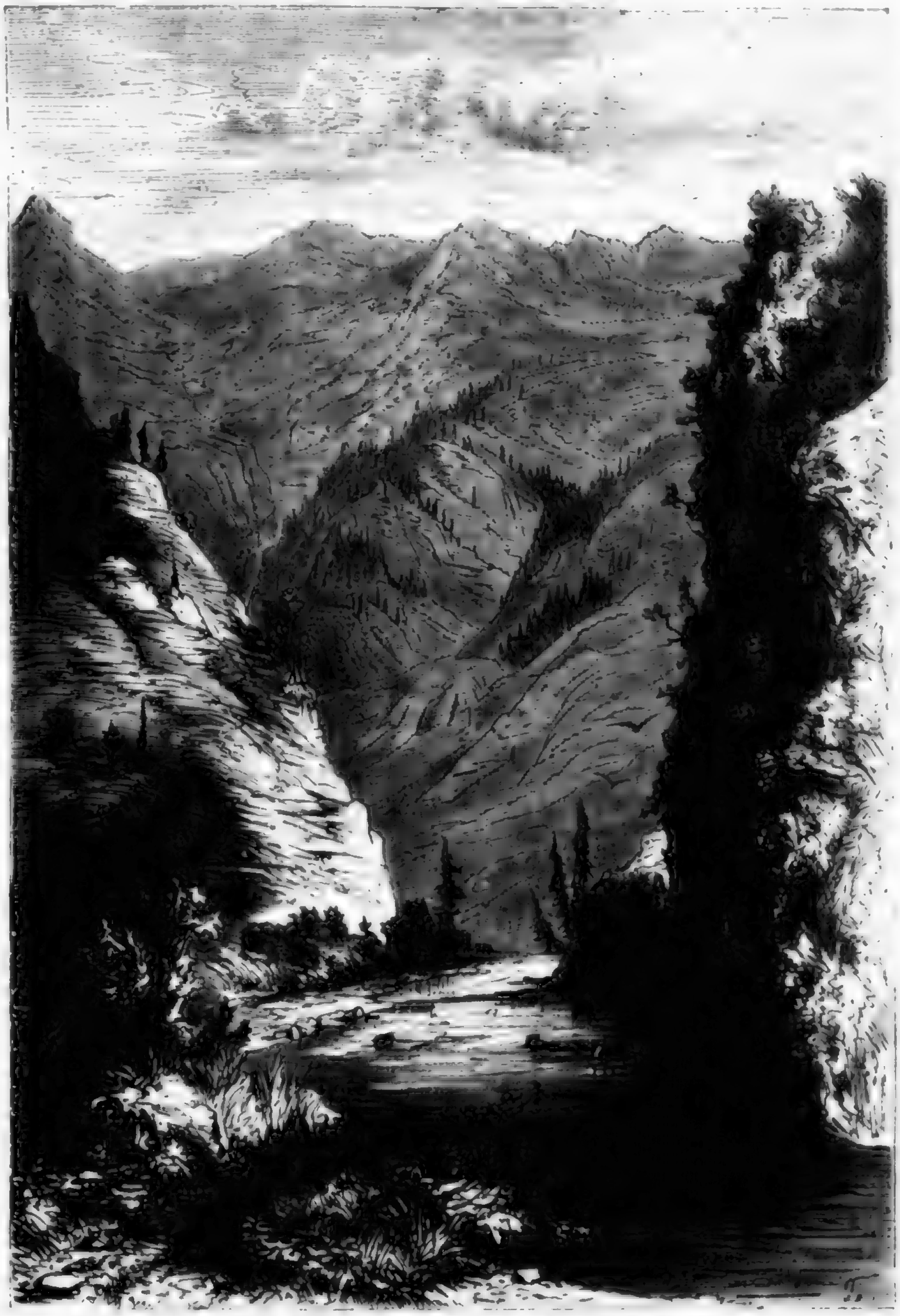
THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

The wounded warrior on his couch reclines,
His faithful wife beside him. The red wines
Court his pale lips in vain; he longs to dare
The combat's rage again, and breathe the air
Of glorious triumph. Slowly crawls the hour
Passed in his guarded castle, or the bower
Where beauty smiles! He longs once more to wield
His trusty battle-ax in well-fought field.
In vain she sings to him of perils past
His choicest music is the trumpet's blast!
He tells her how he broke the Paynim host
Of Saladin upon the Syrian coast;
And how, when half his recreant men took flight,
His brand and shield alone sustained the fight,
Till Cœur de Lion to his succor came,
And christened him the brother of his fame.
"But now, my Ethel, 'neath thine hazel eyes,
With shattered frame thy dauntless Guiscard lies.
Perchance no more my banner shall unfurl
Its rallying sign amid the battle's whirl;
No more, perchance, my crimson sword shall gleam
In victory's path. I now must lie and dream
Of triumphs past! Oh, had I found my tomb
In honor's bed, not in this purple room!"
Then gentle sleep fell on him with its dower
Of healing rest, and brought the rapturous hour
When, in the shadowy realm of dreams, once more
He reaped new laurels on the Syrian shore.

SKETCHES IN SIBERIA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

As we look upon the map of Asia, we find its lower or southern portion occupied by several countries, some of them covering wide areas, while others are comparatively small. But it is not so with the upper or northern part of the map; one single country fills it from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and one flag waves in triumph over its whole extent. That country is Siberia, and the flag which dominates is the flag of Russia.



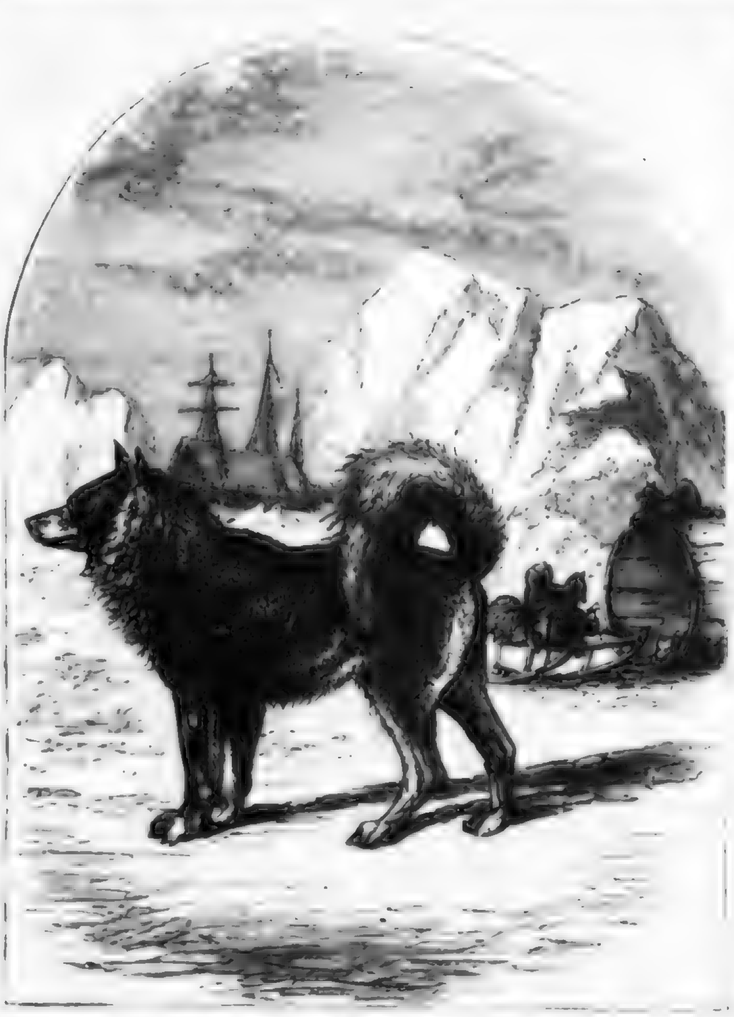
RIVER FLOWING INTO AHATCHA BAY, KAMTSCHATKA.

The history of the Russian occupation of Northern Asia is a remarkable one. Less than three hundred years ago a colony of Cossacks on the River Don refused to obey the orders of the Czar. A military force was sent to chastise them; the Cossacks heard of its approach, and as they were too weak to oppose it, they sought safety in flight. They left their homes, crossed the Volga River, and, under the guidance of Yermak, their chief, passed beyond the Ural Mountains, which were then the eastern limit of Russian power. The country east of the Urals was occupied by various independent tribes, descended from that immense horde of warlike Tartars which, four centuries earlier, swept like an enormous wave from the frontiers of China to Western Europe. Yermak conquered the inhabitants wherever he met them, and built a fort on the site of the Tartar village of Sibeer, on the banks of the Irtish River. From that fort the whole of Northern Asia received the name it now bears—Siberia.

Conquest was rapidly pushed, and though the Tartars made fierce opposition, they were speedily subdued. The country was found to be rich in fur-bearing animals; and when the news of its wealth was spread in Russia, many adventurers hastened to join the renegade Cossacks, so that their numbers were steadily increased. Yermak offered the captured country to the Czar, and along with the offer sent a personal present of the choicest furs. The Czar accepted the country and the furs, and sent to Yermak a full pardon for his misdeeds on the Don, an appointment to the command of Siberia, and a suit of chain armor. It is related that Yermak had a feast the night after the arrival of the Czar's messenger, and wound up the entertainment by attempting to swim across the Irtish in his iron-clad garments. The weight was too much for him, and he sank into the swift-flowing river so deeply that his body was never found.

I believe history presents no parallel to some features of this conquest. A few hundred outlaws, literally exiles to Siberia, passed from Europe to Asia. In less than a hundred years these men and their descendants, assisted only by the adventurers who joined them, conquered a region containing more than five million square miles of territory. The cost of their expeditions was entirely borne by individuals who sought their remuneration through the profits of the opening fur trade. The captured land became Russian, though the government neither paid for nor controlled the conquest.

Siberia is a land of magnificent distances; any one can understand this by glancing at its map, and he can be thoroughly convinced by making, as I did, a journey through the country. My first view of Siberia was on a clear Summer's day, where the conical peak of a volcano rose from the watery horizon of the Pacific and indicated the coast of Kamtschatka. At first the volcano stood alone, but soon



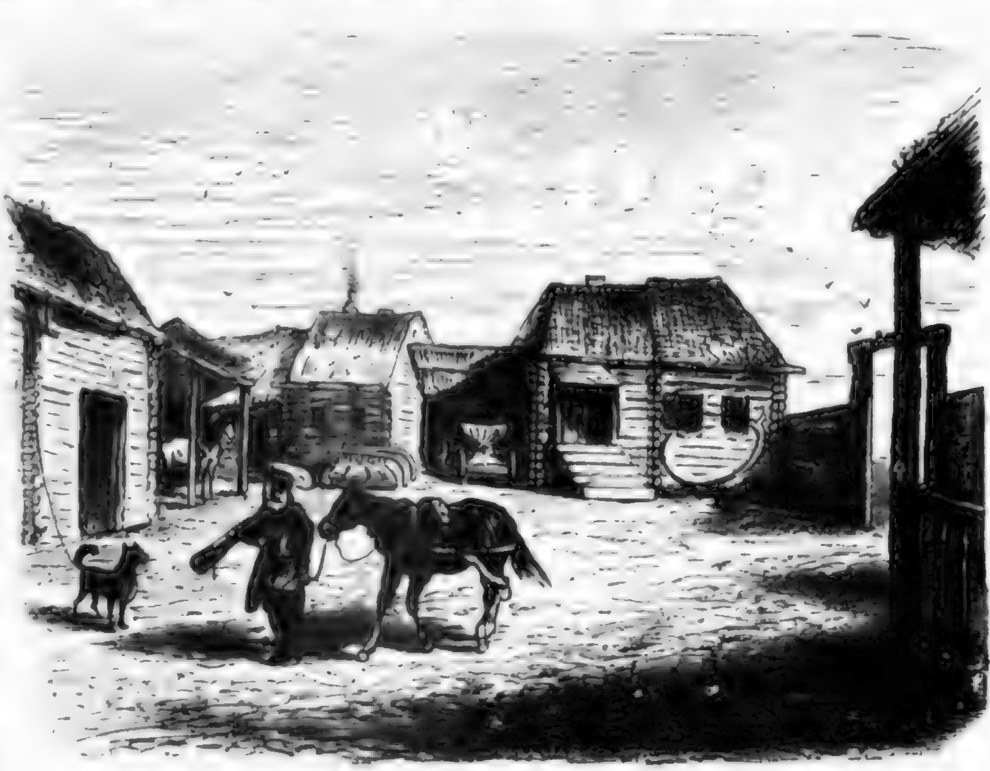
KAMTSCHATKAN DOG.

another mountain pushed into sight, and then another and another. As we sailed steadily onward, the coast slowly developed—a line of rugged hills and sharp crags on which the steadily-rolling waves broke in long pulsations and with never-ending roar, the sharply-serrated line was clearly defined against the eastern sky, and the snow-white peaks of the loftier mountains made a striking contrast to the rich green of the hills that nestled at their base, clad in leafy forest or luxuriant grass. By-and-by there appeared a passage through the rocky wall, and we entered a vast bay—the Bay of Avatcha—which has few superiors anywhere in magnificence and beauty. It is nearly circular in form, more than twenty miles in diameter, has a dozen little harbors around its edges, each of them completely land-locked, and is surrounded by mountains, two of which are more than twenty thousand feet in height! One of these mountains is volcanic; in its hours of quiet it emits a thin column of smoke, like that which ordinarily rises from Vesuvius, and at times it varies the monotony of Kamtschatkan life with an eruption preceded by earthquakes more or less violent. A friend told me that on the occasion of one eruption, the first earthquake shock threw down his chimney and overturned the table where he sat at dinner; and for nearly a week the disturbances averaged about twenty a day. They were troublesome at first, but you get used to them after a while, as the old woman's eels did to being skinned, and after a few days nobody appeared to mind them

From the point where I landed in Kamtschatka, it is more than eight thousand miles to the Russian capital. Through Kamtschatka and along the coast of northeastern Siberia one must travel with dogs and reindeer in Winter, or on horseback in Summer. After journeying in this way a trifle of three thousand miles or so, we come to the regular post-road adapted to wheeled-vehicles in Summer and to sleighs in Winter. The government has been engaged for several years in the construction of a road along the valley of the Amoor; portions of it are completed, but it is not yet available for travel. The Amoor is open for steamboats about half the year, and navigation is regularly maintained; in Winter, the frozen surface of the stream forms an excellent roadway, with the usual drawbacks of air-holes and rough ice. One of my friends, traveling in this way, suddenly awoke from a sound sleep to find that the entire equipage—horses, driver, sleigh and passengers, had entered an air-hole and were splashing around in the darkness. How they escaped is a mystery—to him as much as to me.

The novelty of my first travel with a dog team was offset by a little incident. The team ran away in the first half mile, overturned the vehicle, and deposited me in a sprawling condition, with several bruises and excoriations in clothes and skin, and a suddenly-acquired prejudice against that kind of locomotion.

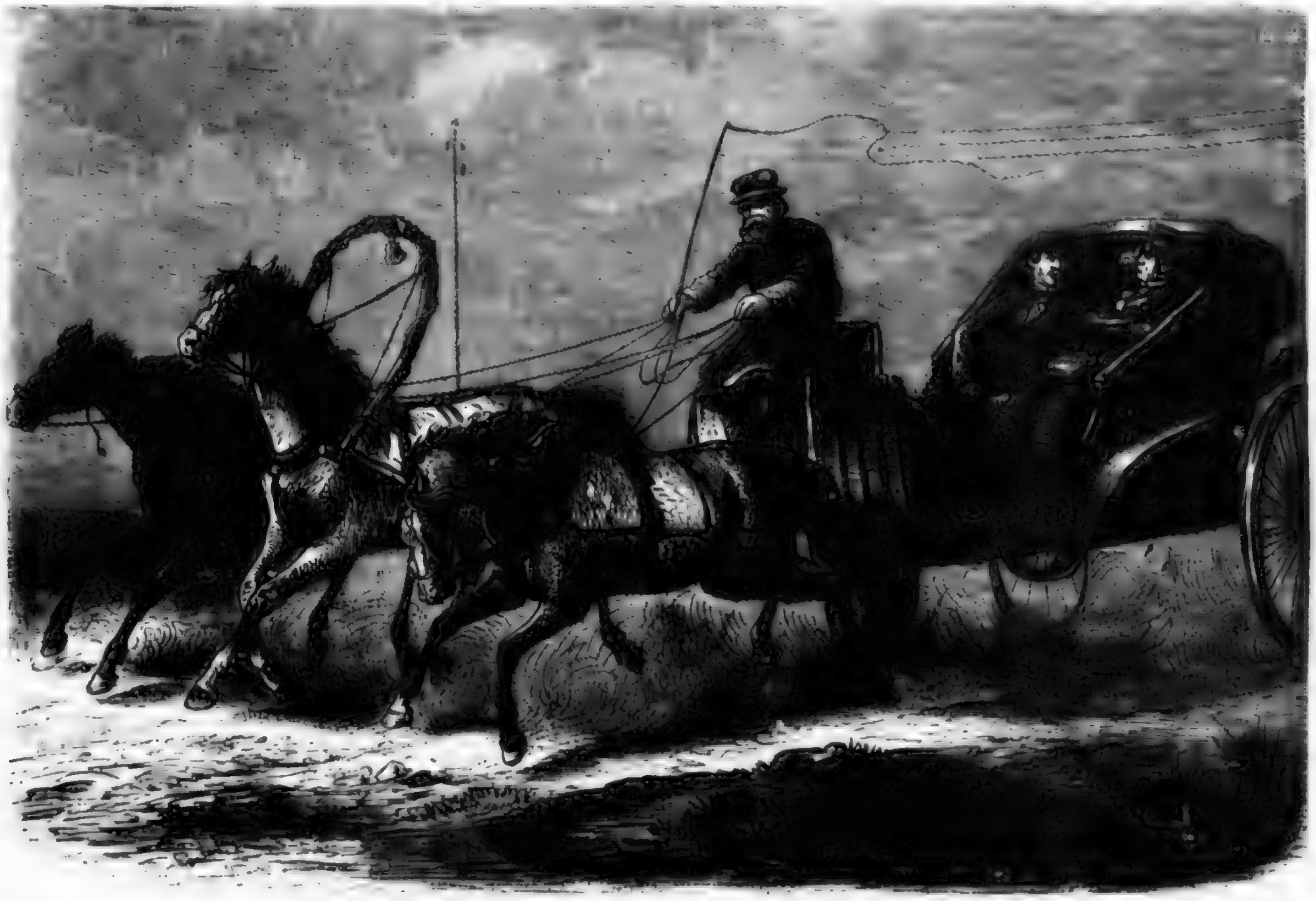
The Kamtschatkan dog is quite like the Esquimaux in appearance, character, and qualities. He is a wolfish-looking brute, generally white in color, with pointed ears, and a tail that curls sharply over his back and down one side. His disposition is not good, and the fear of punishment is considered a necessary element in his instruction. He is capable of great speed and endurance—a dog team can go fifty miles a day for a week or more, and in sudden emergencies it can make a hundred miles at a stretch, with no rest beyond a couple of stoppages of an hour each. The dogs are fed daily at sunset; the evening before they start on a journey they are not fed at all, and while the journey



A SIBERIAN POST-HOUSE.

lasts they are kept on half rations. The Kamtschatkans explain this apparent cruelty with the assertion that the dogs would be liable to colic if full fed, and that long practice has determined the present mode of treatment to be the best. Certainly the brutes do not appear to suffer from it, and the speed and endurance of a team in good condition border on the marvelous.

On the Siberian post-roads the Summer vehicle is the *telega*, a four-wheeled carriage with the axles ten or twelve feet apart. The connection between the axles is made by stout poles of oak or ash; and as the body rests directly upon them, these poles furnish the only "spring" which the vehicle possesses. Small jolts are not felt, but you get all the large ones; and sometimes they seem to be increased rather than diminished by the time they reach you.

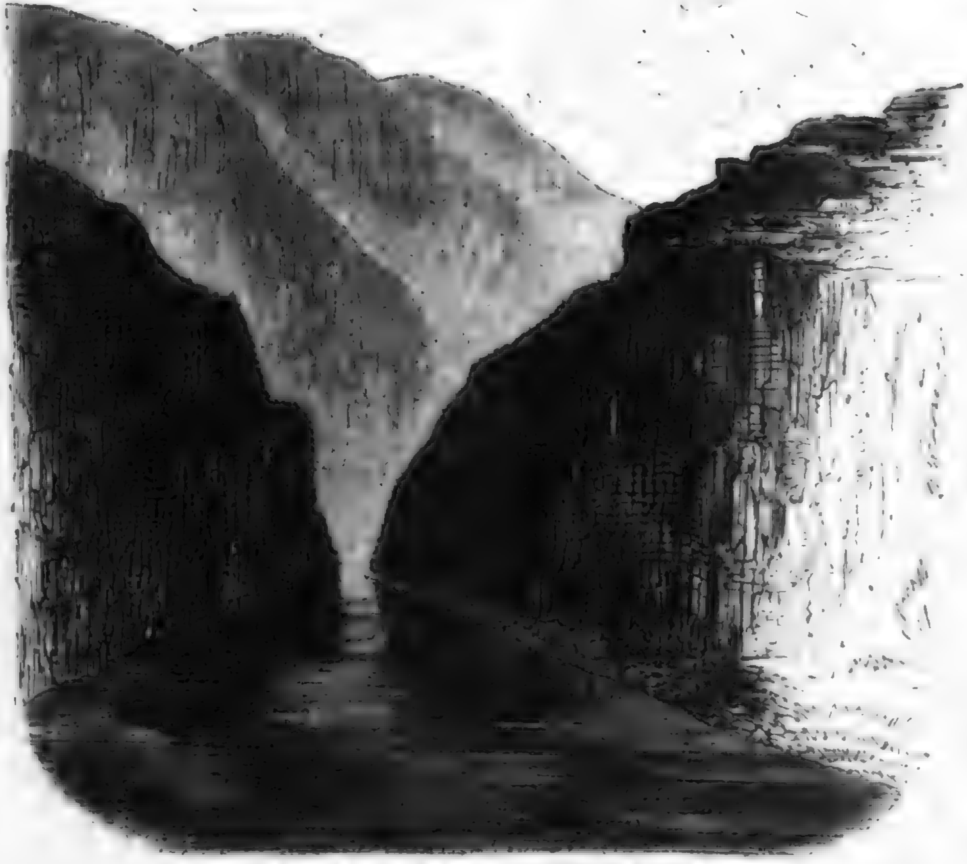


A SIBERIAN TELEGA.

The telega is ordinarily drawn by three horses, but it may have as many as five or six, all harnessed abreast. On one occasion, when the road was unusually bad, I had seven horses thus attached, and even then was unable to make more than ordinary speed. In the *troika* (team of three) the middle horse is harnessed between shafts, and has a high bow or yoke above his shoulders. The use of the bow is to hold the ends of the shafts apart, and thus afford a certain freedom of movement to the horse, and it also possesses a picturesque effect which the Russians would be unwilling to relinquish. Bells are attached to the bow, and their tinkle gives warning of the approach of the vehicle. On the post-roads the bells can and should be used, but when you enter-

The outside horses of a troika are harnessed without shafts, and, when properly trained, they gallop while the shaft horse trots. The *kibitka*, or sleigh, is preferable to the telega, as it can make better speed over a snow road than the wheeled carriage can over a dirt one. In fact, Winter is the favorite time for travel in Siberia. In Summer the roads are more or less rough and dusty, there are swarms of flies and mosquitoes, all the streams must be ferried or forded, and the fresh provisions which you are forced to carry will soon spoil with the heat. The sleigh is of easier draft and motion than the wagon, and the intense cold of a Siberian Winter seals the rivers, banishes dust, flies, and mosquitoes, and enables the traveler to keep his provisions for any period. My soup that I carried in my Winter ride was frozen into cakes like small bricks, while my roast beef resembled red granite, and was carved with a hatchet. We had a supply of *pilmania*, a Russian article admirably adapted to the road. It is a little ball of meat covered with dough; the ball and covering together being about the size of a walnut. A handful of it thrown into a kettle and boiled for ten minutes makes an excellent stew, or meat soup, and its preparation is very speedily accomplished. Well, we started with half a bushel of this stuff; it was in a bag, and the frozen balls rattled like gravel-stones, and could be tossed around and trodden upon upon without danger of injury.

The post road is very well managed, and it is only



GORGE OF THE HIN-GAN MOUNTAINS, AMOOR RIVER, SIBERIA.

needed precaution in a country of exiles. The horses are paid for at each station at the rate of about a cent and a half a mile for each animal. The driver expects a slight gratuity at the end of his course, and as there are six or seven stations to every hundred miles, a great deal of small change must be handled in a journey through Siberia. Traveling by telega from the headwaters of the Amoor River to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, I changed horses and drivers ninety-four times; and during my sleigh-ride from Irkutsk to Nijni Novgorod—the terminus of the railroad eastward from Moscow—I changed two hundred and nine times. Rather a long sleigh-ride it was, and toward the end there was danger that a traveler would find it monotonous as did the man who had been kicked all night by a mule.

The eastern part of Siberia is quite mountainous, especially in the region bordering on the Ohotsk Sea. As one travels inland, the country grows flatter, and in many places spreads out into broad plains or *steppes*. In the far north these plains are covered with a dense bed of moss and low bushes, and in Winter with a thick carpet of snow. Along the streams of this region there is generally a fringe of birch, larch, and a few other trees; they rarely reach a diameter of more than ten or twelve inches, and they require many years of growth to attain this scanty size. Arboreal vegetation is slow in the north, and the excessive cold kills all but the hardiest trees. The flora of Siberia is not very numerous, but it has a wonderful richness; vegetation begins immediately after the rivers have broken and the snow has melted from the hills and valleys. Two or three days suffice to bring out the grass from the solid earth, and in less than a fortnight the whole open country will be literally carpeted with flowers that fill the air with delicious odors. This is particularly the case in the upper part of the Amoor valley, and along the tributaries of that river. In the Spring time one cannot walk abroad there without crushing dozens of flowers at every step, and when the petals are fully opened, the green of the thick grass is almost concealed from sight.

The Amoor is an immense river, larger than the St. Lawrence, and but little inferior to the Mississippi. Its general course is to the eastward, but in one place it makes a wide detour to the south, where it washes the boundaries of the Chinese empire. Nature seems to have run wild here, and to have brought the poles and the tropics into juxtaposition. The reindeer, the sable and the Arctic fox range the country to the north, and frequently reach the bank of the river. In the forests, on the southern side, the tiger has his home and ranges all the way to the Japan Sea and the Gulf of Pechili. When the Amoor is frozen in Winter, matters are somewhat mixed, and the animals I have mentioned wander from their natural bounds; the tiger sometimes going to the northern bank and the reindeer to the southern. They frequently meet, and the encounter is usually much more satisfactory to the tiger than to the deer. Tigers and bears are very destructive to cattle and sheep; the bears are much the worse offenders, for the reason that they are more numerous.

Hunting the tiger is a favorite amusement of the Russian officers along the Ousoori, one of the tributaries of the Amoor, and many exciting stories are told of adventures in pursuit of this dangerous beast. I saw many skins of the tiger during my journey through Siberia: one, in possession of the Governor-general, measured ten feet from tip to tip, and its original owner would doubtless have been an ugly customer to contend with unarmed. A man at one of the villages on the Amoor, showed me his arm, which had been bitten by a tiger. The brute had literally chewed it from wrist to shoulder, as it was a mass of scars, which were quite tender, the wounds having only recently healed.

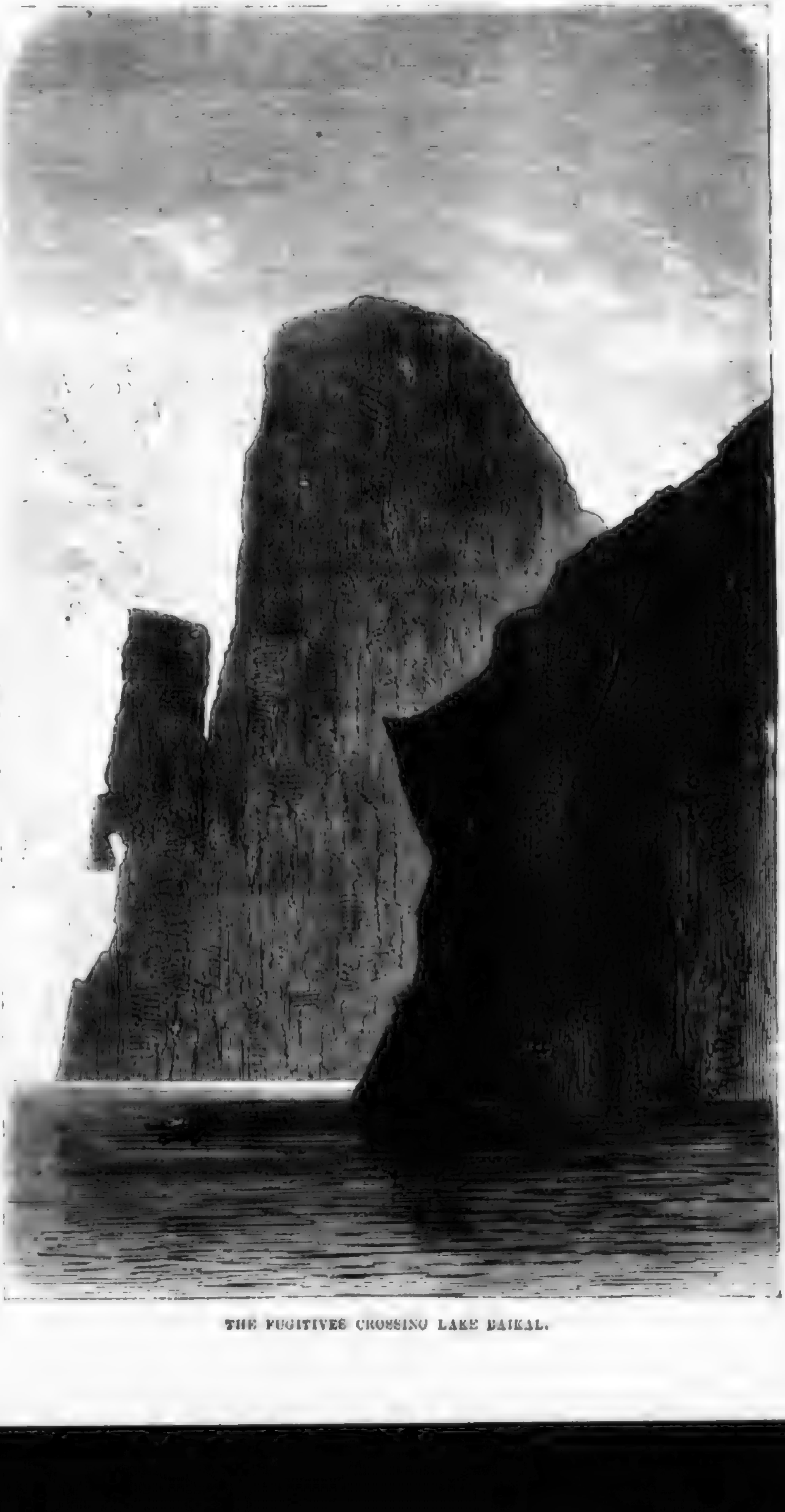
The vegetation on the southern bend of the Amoor is exceedingly luxuriant and in bewildering variety. Trees grow to a great height and are sometimes four or five feet in diameter. Vines and thick underbrush shut out the sunlight and afford shade and concealment to many birds and beasts. In the open country the grasses are frequently above a tall man's head, and there is a dense fringe of reeds and aquatic plants along the edges of the ponds and lagoons. The cork-tree and the mahogany and sycamore grow almost side by side with the birch, the pine and the spruce. Among the birds there are specimens from the Polar circle on the one hand, and from the tropics on the other. I doubt if there is another place in the world where nature presents so many varieties of animal and vegetable life.

A thousand miles from its mouth the Amoor has broken a passage through the chain of the Hin-Gan Mountains, which stretches obliquely across its valley. In some places the wooded sides of the mountains slope gently to the water's edge, while in others they rise in almost perpendicular peaks quite bare of vegetation. The stream is contracted to a narrow, but deep, channel, and occasionally the current has a speed of five or six miles an hour. As our steamer breasted the swiftly-flowing water, I found the picture changing almost every moment. At times we seemed completely inclosed in a narrow lake, from which there was no apparent escape save by climbing its walls. Frequently I could discover no opening before us, and had I been ascending an unknown and unexplored river, I should have half expected to see it issuing like an enormous spring from the base of a lofty mountain. At nearly every bend, where two mountains joined, we could see a brook coming to swell the great river, sometimes pouring noisily over the rough rocks, and sometimes sweeping silently through the forest or by the side of craggy precipices. Occasionally there was a sharp contrast of low and luxuriant forest on one bank of a brook and a steep and broken cliff on the other.

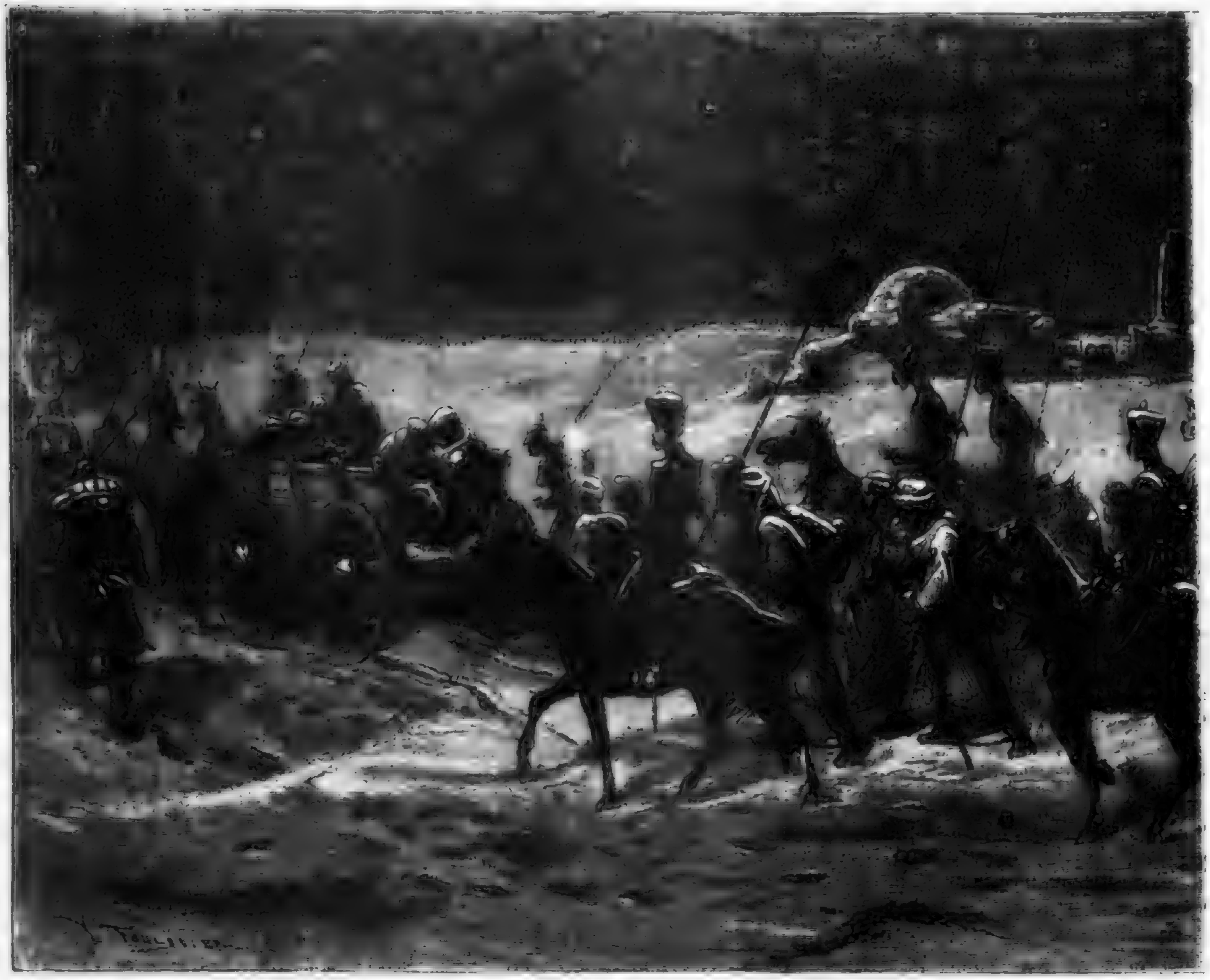
Game of many kinds abounds in these mountains. The hunter may choose between partridges, eagles, and other birds of the forest, and around the ponds and streams he may find an abundance of ducks, geese, plover, and other aquatic fowl. If he seeks four-footed game, he will find plenty of bears, chamois, mountain deer, and the like; while as to squirrels, rabbits, and smaller animals, he can find them by the million. Not unusually a hunter pursuing a deer may find himself in competition with a bear, and the latter does not scruple to appropriate to his own use the game which has been driven within his reach. One day a Russian was pursuing a stag, and drove him in the direction of a deep ravine, where he thought the animal would be brought to bay. Just at the edge of the ravine the stag paused, and the hunter crept forward in the expectation of a good shot. As he was preparing to fire, he saw two bears rushing in the direction of his prey, and they did not stop until they were on the very edge of the ravine. Menaced by this new danger, the stag collected all his powers, and then, bending his muscles and stretching them to their fullest tension, he managed to clear the abyss at a bound. Just as he leaped from the rock one of the bears sprang for him, missed his aim, and dropped to the bottom of the chasm, a sheer fall of more than 200 feet. He was killed upon the sharp rocks, and the hunter consoled himself for the loss of the stag by obtaining possession of the carcass of the more unlucky beast. The other bear stood a few moments on the edge of the ravine, in apparent wonderment, and then trotted off to the woods unmolested by the hunter, who did not wish an encounter with him.

The Siberian bears are fierce and powerful, and the hunter who attacks one of them must expect a hard battle, unless he can kill or disable the brute at the first fire.

Siberia is best known to the rest of the world as a place of exile for those who offend the social and political laws of Russia. Peter the Great was the first to make this use of the country, and he sent thither great numbers of convicts and political prisoners, as well as prisoners of war. His object was to make these people useful as colonists; the new country needed a population, and he hit upon this method of supplying it. Ever since his time the country has been the

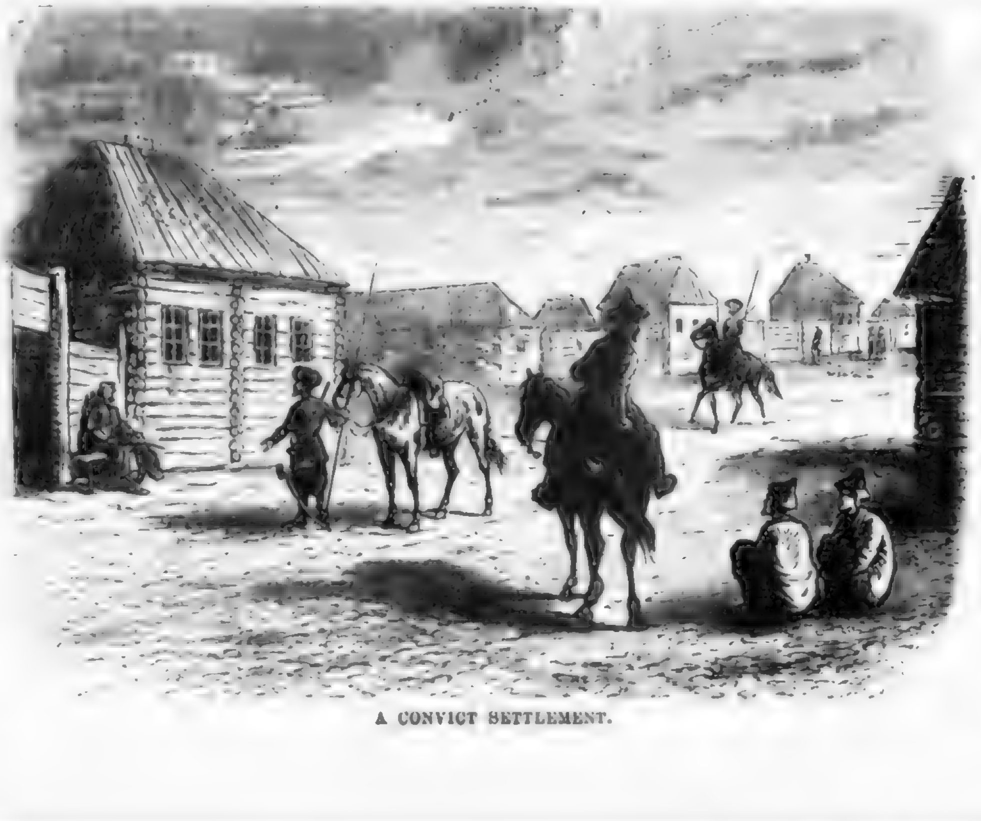


THE FUGITIVES CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL.



CONVOY OF EXILES TO SIBERIA.

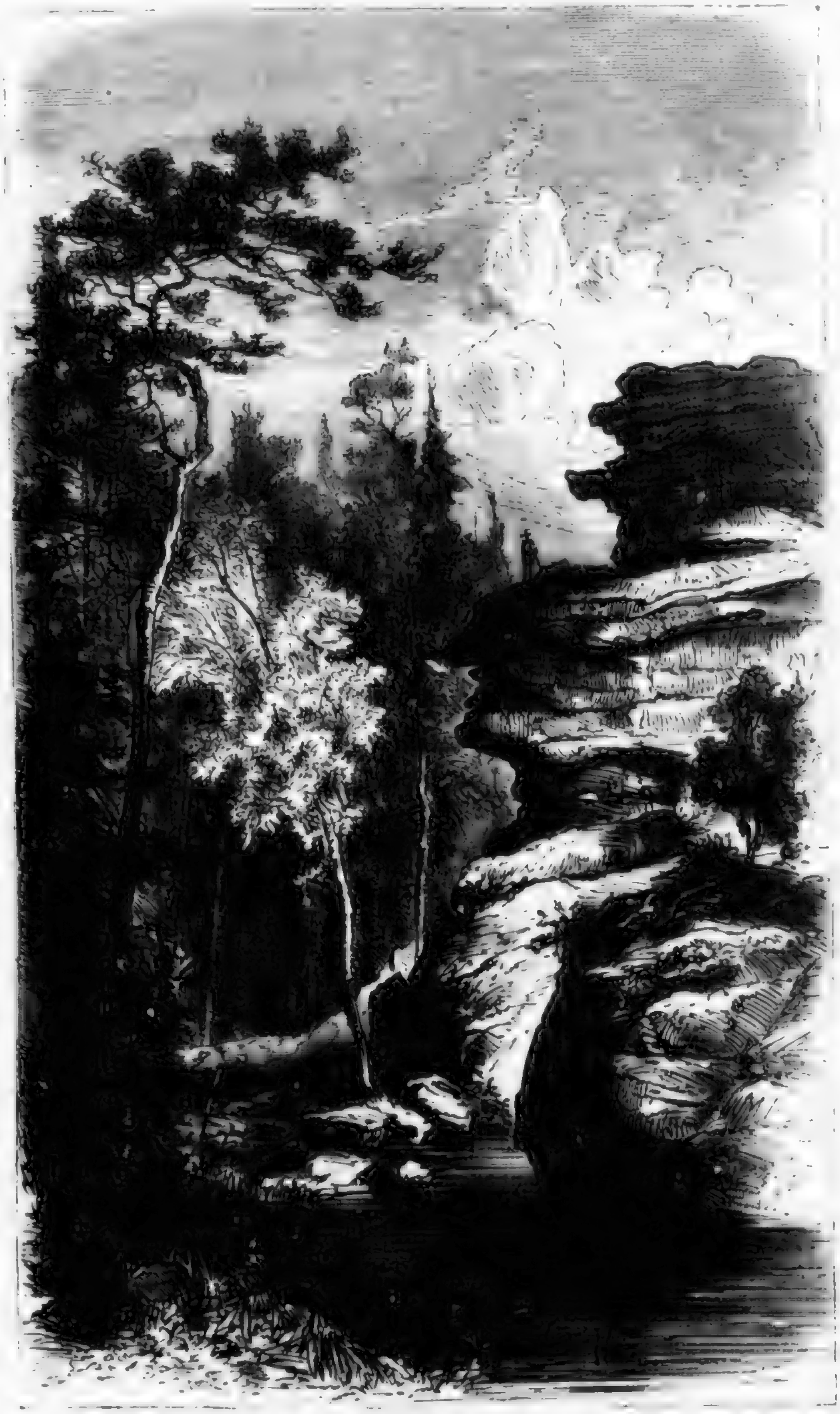
Botany Bay of Russia. The ordinary emigration is about 10,000 a year, but this number is largely increased at every fresh revolution in Poland, so that in some years as many as 40,000 exiles have crossed the Ural Mountains on their way to a residence, more or less prolonged, in Northern Asia. The sentences they undergo are proportioned to the convictions that have been passed upon them, and are graded all the way from simple banishment for one, two, or more years, up to hard labor for life. Some persons are simply "exiled to Siberia" for a given period. They may travel from one end of the country to the other, and engage in whatever occupation or business they choose; in fact, they may do anything they wish *in* Siberia, but they cannot leave it till their sentence has expired or they have been pardoned. Others are restricted in their movements, and are not allowed to go beyond the limits of certain provinces, districts, towns, or villages, and they must report to the police at stated intervals. Some are sent to hard labor for given terms of years, and are employed on government works. The most of these *travaux forcés* are engaged in the construction of roads, and for this reason, doubtless, the roads through Eastern Siberia are of a very excellent character. Formerly the prisoners were employed in mines, but the working of the mines on government



A CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

account was found so unprofitable that it has been discontinued except in a few localities.

A great many sensational stories have been told about the barbarous treatment of Siberian exiles; some of these stories are doubtless true, but I believe that the majority of them are either highly colored or wholly fabricated. I saw many exiles during my journey through Siberia, and could not discover that their condition in general was any worse or better than that of prisoners in most of the countries of Europe. I saw them working on the roads and streets, or guarded in prisons, and frequently, while on the road, I met convoys of them. They were comfortably, though roughly, clad, whether working or traveling; and I could not observe that they appeared to suffer from scantiness of food. Most of those on the road were transported in vehicles, and where the convoys were on foot, a part of their guards walked with them; and there were always vehicles to convey the feeble and footsore. Quite likely there are many instances of great cruelty on the part of guards and others, but certainly I saw none of them. On the contrary, I repeatedly saw manifestations of kindness on the part of the soldiers, and one day I looked on while two of them were assisting an exiled family under their charge to enter a sleigh. They handled the women and children as tenderly as though they were dear friends, and carefully tucked the sheepskin robes around them to shut out the cold.



SCENE ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMOOR.

The term exile or prisoner is never applied to the persons in question. Among the people they are called "unfortunates," and in official documents they are denominated "involuntary emigrants." Every effort is made to induce the exile to forget the past, and become a good citizen of the country. The wife and immature children of an exile may follow or accompany him to Siberia, but cannot depart thence until his term of service has expired. The government understands that a married man will be more likely to become industrious and contented if his family is with him rather than in Europe. In the belief that a married man is a better citizen than a single one, they offer a premium in the shape of a house, land, and farming tools to any bachelor exile who marries a Siberian peasant girl. Most of the men who are sent to Siberia for lengthened periods of banishment accept the situation, and at once settle down to making themselves as comfortable as possible. Under these circumstances, the single ones are very likely to marry, and the already married to send for their families.

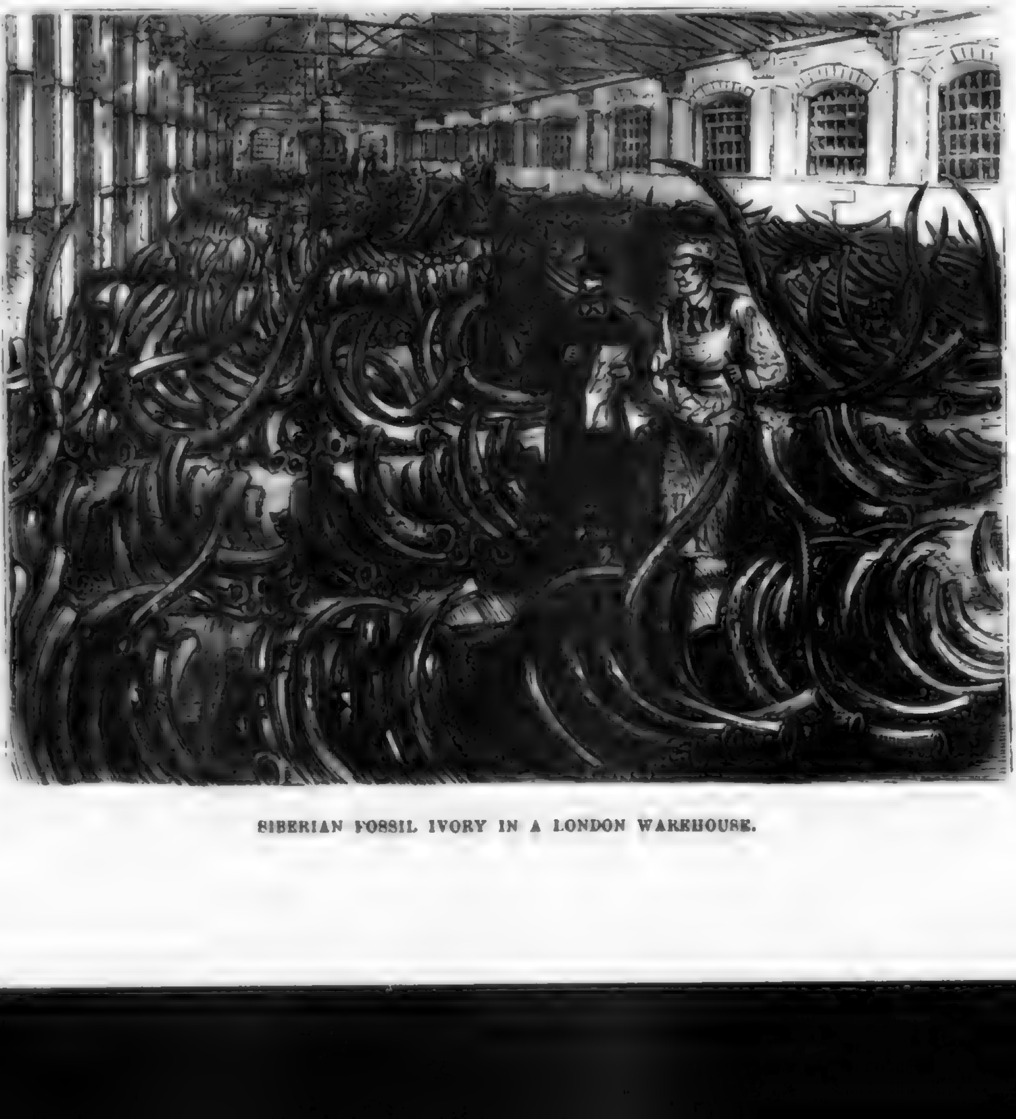
On the other hand, many never relinquish the thought of escaping, although they know that the chances of success are very small. The distances in Siberia are very great, and the runaway has thousands of miles to travel before he can reach a place of safety. The police is vigilant, and constantly on the lookout for wanderers, and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain the proper passports to enable one to travel about. The most successful attempts have generally been where the runaways abandoned the regular roads and carefully avoided them until long beyond pursuit. A very remarkable escape of this sort was that of Ivan Rigolowski, several years ago.

Rigolowski was a Polish patriot who had been expelled from his native country in consequence of his too great love of freedom. After living some time in Paris, he adopted an Austrian name and went to one of the northern provinces of Russia in the hope of stirring up a revolt. Naturally enough, he was soon discovered and arrested. His trial followed speedily, and he was sentenced to Siberia for life.

A STAG-HUNT IN SIBERIA.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced upon him he was led from the courtroom and placed in a telega, by the side of a soldier, to whom he was chained. Another soldier sat by the side of the driver, and the telega was driven rapidly away.

Night and day they rattled on, the soldiers taking turns in being chained to the prisoner. The key of the lock which fastened the chains was carried in the inner pocket of the soldier, who for the time being rode on the box of the vehicle, and as Rigolowski could not move without disturbing the man at his side, there was not the slightest chance that he could free himself and spring out of the wagon.



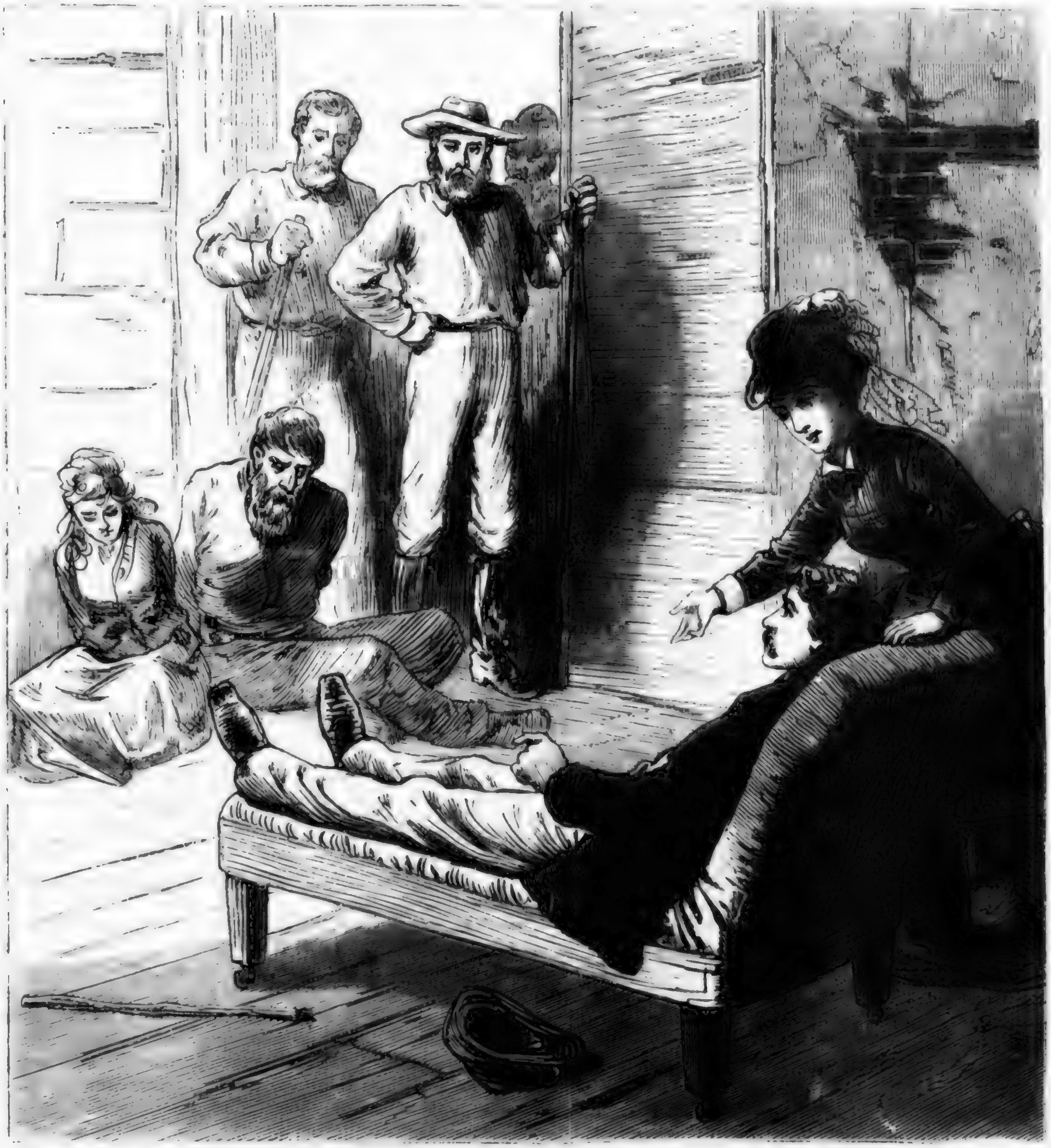
SIBERIAN FOSSIL IVORY IN A LONDON WAREHOUSE.

Sometimes they were compelled to halt a few hours at the stations to wait for a change of horses, and now and then they were delayed at the crossings of rivers. But these stoppages were not numerous, and with the exception of a half-hour, morning and evening, for breakfast and supper, they were the only delays on the road.

Their destination was Chetah, the capital of the province of the Trans-Baikal, and there the soldiers were glad enough to surrender their prisoner to the governor, and receive orders to return to their regiment. Rigolowski was kept a few days in the prison at Chetah and then sent to work on a road which the authorities were constructing across the mountain chain separating the valley of the Ingodah (where Chetah stands) from the valley of the Shilka. Immediately on arrival, he was assigned to a gang of twenty men who were engaged, under the direction of an overseer, in building an embankment around a spur of the mountain by which the road was to pass.

He worked very steadily, and was apparently contented with his situation, or, at any rate, resigned to it. In course of time the vigilance over him was relaxed, and as he manifested superior intelligence, he was made the chief of the gang, to direct their work. A guard of eight men was constantly with them to prevent any attempt at an escape.

This state of affairs continued for three or four weeks. Rigolowski planned an escape and took one of his fellow-prisoners, named Rudin, a Pole, into his secret. It was arranged that they should run away at the first opportunity, and that Rigolowski should have full control in the matter. To deceive their keepers, he was to manifest a great dislike for Rudin, and frequently beat him with severity. In this way they hoped to avert suspicion, and the sequel showed that they were successful.



THE HOUSE IN THE CORN-FIELD.—"HIS ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY A GROUP AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM, AND HE BEHELD 'JOHN GORDON' AND 'BLANCHE' SITTING ON THE FLOOR, WITH THEIR ARMS SECURED BEHIND THEM."—SEE PAGE 347.

The hut where they lodged at night was unguarded in the daytime, for the reason that it was unoccupied. A single soldier had charge of the little group of huts belonging to the prisoners and their custodians. Sometimes a prisoner was too ill to work, and was allowed to remain at home under charge of this soldier; but as a sick man is not considered very likely to run away, little attention was paid to the invalids.

The two men carefully examined the ground in the vicinity of their place of confinement, and found there was a forest only a few hundred yards away. If they could only get to this forest they would have a chance for freedom. It was necessary to devise a means of leaving the hut. Rigolowski planned the affair and gave Rudin his instructions.

Rudin, while at work one day, pretended a sudden illness, and Rigolowski, after abusing him soundly, sent him to the hut. As soon as he was out of sight, Rudin went at work upon the flooring under his bed, and in two or three hours made an excavation under the wall sufficient for a man to

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pass through and reach the open air. The outer turf was left in place, so that the work could not be discovered in case of an inspection. That night the two men slipped quietly beneath the floor, passed through the excavation, and in a few minutes gained the forest. By morning, when their absence was discovered, they were several miles away.

The Siberians have a proverb, "He who runs away has but one road; he who pursues has ten." Pursuit was begun immediately, but without success, as the fugitives kept away from the roads and settlements, and relied upon the forests and the streams for their living. Game was abundant, and by setting snares at night in the places frequented by hares and partridges, they generally managed to be well supplied. They caught fish in the streams, and as Rigolowski had provided himself with a flint and steel, they had the means of cooking their food. They never lighted a fire at night, for fear of discovery. In the morning, when the fog hung about the valley, they built a fire on the bank of some stream, cooked a day's supply of food as quickly as possible, and then threw the embers into the water and hastened away.

On one occasion when they supposed themselves far from any settlement, they came suddenly upon a cluster of farm-houses, and, to their great alarm, were seen by a man working in the field close by the wood. Their first impulse was to run away, but a second thought told them they would thereby incur suspicion of their character. So they boldly advanced and asked which house belonged to Paul Petrowsky, and whether Paul was at home.

"There is no Paul Petrowsky here," said the man; "but if he is your friend and you need him, consider that I am he."

The fugitives did not know how to reply, and while they hesitated, the man took part of a loaf of bread from the folds of his frock and gave it to Rigolowski. Evidently he knew what they were and wished to befriend them.

"*Blagodaree!*" (I thank you), said Rigolowski, and added, "may God bless you for your kindness."

He was about moving away, when the man stopped him, and in a few words, told where they were and how they could best reach the shores of Lake Baikal. Then he continued:

"You are probably the two men who ran away from Borosolda, but do not be afraid that I will betray you. You will find most of the Siberian peasants friendly to the unfortunate, but there are some who would betray you. Do not venture near the villages in the daytime, but if you go there at night you will quite likely find a loaf of bread lying outside of somebody's window. Take it, and God will bless the giver and receiver. It is the custom through Siberia to put bread where the poor fugitive may find it without our seeing him, and we say in the morning, 'God has taken it.' Near many villages you will find little gardens of turnips, which we plant so that the fugitive can get something to eat. You are not robbers when you take from these gardens, as they are planted for the unfortunate."

They bade farewell to their benefactor, and resumed their journey. After that day they occasionally ventured into the villages at night, and found what he had told them was true; but they did not venture there very often, on account of the risk of capture. At night they slept on the ground at the foot of a tree, and once in a while ventured to seek shelter in a haystack. Traveling thus, they reached the shore of Lake Baikal, and finding a boat overturned upon the sand, they waited till nightfall, and then ventured upon the water. Lake Baikal is a remarkable formation. It is about fifty miles wide by five hundred in length, has a great depth, and its shores are generally high and rocky. Some of the cliffs rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, and in some places large masses of rock overhang the water, and threaten destruction to those who pass beneath them. It was in a little cove near one of these overhanging rocks that the fugitives made a landing on the western shore.

A curious feature of Lake Baikal is that the amount of water flowing through its outlet, the Angara River, is less than a tenth of the quantity flowing into it. What becomes of the rest is a mystery.

Rigolowski and Rudin left the boat where they landed, and continued their journey westward. They now followed the valley of the Angara, living in the way they lived before crossing Lake Baikal, but taking fewer precautions, since they were far away from the scene of their imprisonment, and could not find that they were pursued in this direction. One day they found a boat tied to the bank of the river, and while they were looking at it, a man suddenly pushed his head from beneath the roof in the middle of the craft, and asked where they were going. They answered:

"To the next village."

"Up or down the river?" was the query of the boatman.

"Down," said Rigolowski, at a venture.

"Come aboard, then," said the boatman, "and help me run the cataract. I'll give you fifty copecks apiece."

With some misgivings, they went on board, and found themselves on a craft about forty feet long and turning up at the ends like an Indian canoe. She was six or seven feet broad in the widest part, and a portion of the centre was roofed over in the form of a house. Here the captain and his crew of two men lived, and there was room for several persons, provided they were closely packed. The passage of the cataract required four men at the oars, and one man to steer in addition to the pilot, who stood in the bow and directed the movements. When the runaways saw the boat the pilot was already on board, but the two extra men required as rowers had not yet arrived. The captain was anxious to proceed, and therefore made the offer of fifty copecks each to Rigolowski and his friend.

The boat was cast off and floated rapidly on the swift current of the Angara. The pilot took his place in the bow, the captain was at the stern with the steering oar, and the four rowers were in their seats and slowly pulling so as to give steerage way. Soon the roar of the cataract was heard, and as they sped onward with the quickened flow of the river, they saw the wooded banks gliding rapidly past them. Now they are in the broken waters; the pilot waves his hand and gives the order for full speed, and the men bend to the oars with all their energy. The rush and roar increase; the spray dashes over the boat; the waves break on the rocky banks; the stream seems to be sinking away and flowing with terrible rapidity. With a gesture to the right or to the left, the pilot directs the steersman, and, impelled by oars and current, the boat moves with the velocity of an express train. Now comes a plunge over a long, sloping rapid—a plunge that seems to bury the bow of the boat in the waves. But she rides safely while shooting down the watery incline, and a few moments later is floating proudly in the foaming but level expanse below the cataract. The danger is past, and the pilot gives the signal for a halt.

Rigolowski ascertained that the boat was bound for the Yenisei River. After consultation with Rudin he proposed to the captain to allow them to work their passage; the captain consented, and consequently they did not stop "at the next village" as at first intended.

Arrived on the Yenisei, they sought employment in one of the gold mines, and obtained it without serious trouble. They pretended to have lost their passports during their voyage, and as the manager of the mine was in great need of laborers, he assisted them to obtain new papers from the police authorities of the neighborhood. At the end of the season they accompanied the convoy which carried the gold to Yeniseisk, the chief town of the district, and here they looked around for employment. Fortune favored them rather unexpectedly, as I shall explain.

On the northern coast of Siberia, where it is washed by the waves of the Arctic Ocean, remains of animals of a past age are frequently discovered. In 1799, by the breaking of a bank near the mouth of the Lena River, the entire body of a mammoth was found, but it was not visited by any one interested in its preservation until six years later. By that time the bears, foxes, and other wild animals had eaten the flesh and scattered the bones so that they could not all be recovered. Portions of the skin were found and the greater part of the skeleton; all the recovered parts were taken to St. Petersburg, and may now be seen there in the Imperial Museum. Since that time many parts of mammoth skeletons have been found in northern Siberia, and so abundant are the remains, that a regular commerce is carried on in the tusks of the extinct animals. Parties of men roam through the country during the Summer, and the ivory which they collect is sent to the chief towns and thence on sledges in Winter to St. Petersburg. Eventually it finds its way to London, and the warehouses where it is piled present a curious sight.

A considerable quantity of this ivory was then in Yeniseisk waiting for the Winter roads to enable the sledges to start. Rigolowski and Rudin (who were known by names quite different from their own) contrived to obtain employment in loading this ivory, and one day the manager asked if they would like to accompany it to St. Petersburg. They told him that they did not wish to go there, but at length consented. He procured the necessary passports, and after that they had no trouble in reaching the Rusian capital. There they took passage on a German steamer for Dantzig, and in just a year from the day of their escape, they stepped ashore in a German port and were at last free.

THE HOUSE IN THE CORN-FIELD.

By Rett Winwood.

OH, dear!" uttered a sweet, distressed voice, so suddenly and so distinctly that Ray Braddon reined in his horse, with a muttered exclamation of surprise, for he had believed himself to be quite alone in the dusty highway.

What he saw, on turning his head a little to one side, was a demure little creature with big, baby-blue eyes, red, ripe, strawberry lips, rippling blonde hair, and a complexion like wax. She was half sitting, half reclining on a mossy bank in the shade of some hazel-bushes, and it needed but that first, startled glance to assure the young man that she was in trouble of some sort. In an instant he had leaped to the ground, rushed to her side, and was asking anxiously:

"What is the matter, miss? Are you hurt?"

Her big, frightened eyes scanned his face earnestly for a few fateful seconds, as he bent over her, and then she cried, with a half-repressed moan of pain:

"Oh, my ankle! I'm afraid it is broken."

Her head dropped back, her eyes closed, and she looked so white, and lay so motionless, that Ray felt sure she had fainted.

He was mistaken, however. Feeling greatly distressed and perplexed, and not at all equal to the emergency, the young man had scarcely begun to belabor his brain to determine what available resources were at hand, when the long lashes lifted again, and a second searching glance was flashed into his face.

"You must think me very silly, sir," and a flickering smile parted the tempting lips. "But I'm not used to pain, and such an arrant coward——"

"Pray, don't speak of it," Ray interrupted, more earnestly than he was aware. "But if you will tell me what I can do to serve you, I shall be much obliged."

"My friends will be dreadfully frightened."

"Shall I find them, and send them to you?"

"And leave me here alone until they can be brought!" she cried, in a dismayed voice. "Oh, no, no!"

Observing his wondering stare, she added:

"I must have lain here an hour already. I slipped on some rocks just beyond this hazel-hedge, but managed to crawl through it to the roadside. Oh, you don't know how dreadful it is—the loneliness and the—the—pain, I mean! I was getting more nervous and hysterical every minute."

Covering her face with both hands, she began to sob piteously. The sight of her distress stirred Ray's chivalrous spirit as nothing had stirred it for many a long day.

"Never mind, I won't leave you," he said, reassuringly. "But I suppose something must be done. If you could only ride my horse, now——"

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, lifting a face in which smiles were already chasing away the tears. "Yes, I'm sure I can ride, and then you need not leave me——"

The rose-red flush that crept up to the softly-flowing hair, aided the sentence more eloquently than words could have done it.

"Are you strong enough?"

"It isn't far, and I would suffer anything rather than remain here."

Ray said no more, but raised her slender figure in his arms as gently as he could, and, after several awkward attempts (for even a little woman of eighteen is not a burden to be despised—in any sense of the term!) he managed to lift her into the saddle, where she easily supported herself by clinging to the pommel.

"This is so nice," she said, quite gleefully. "I begin to feel like myself again."

"Does your ankle still pain you?"

"A little; but it is easier. I hope it is only sprained."

Ray was gazing straight into her pretty face, and had unclosed his lips to make some reply, when he paused, startled by the ashen pallor that had suddenly overspread her piquant features.

She was looking down the road with a frightened glare in her lovely blue eyes. Turning in that direction, to ascertain the cause of her alarm, Ray saw only a very pretty, stylish young lady, in a dark-green riding-habit, mounted on a gray mare, who was slowly approaching.

"Do you know that lady?" Ray asked. "Shall I appeal to her for assistance?"

"Oh, no, no! Not for the world!"

Her alarm was genuine. Ray saw that very readily, so he only bowed in reply, and stepped a little to one side for the new-comer to pass; though he *did* feel greatly surprised at his *protégée's* reluctance to have aught to do with the lovely stranger.

As the latter drew nearer, she appeared to look sharply at the little tableau in the shadow of the hazel-bushes, and a contemptuous smile curled her lip. It vanished instantly, however, when she had obtained an unobstructed view of Ray's face, and stopping short, she cried out, breathlessly:

"Ray Braddon!"

The name seemed to have escaped her lips involuntarily. As soon as it was uttered, a flush of annoyance mounted to her forehead.

"Do you know me?" exclaimed the young man, with dilating eyes.

"I—I—have seen your picture," the lady stammered, in reply.

A good deal startled, Ray was about to question her further, when a low moan from his *protégée* called him to her side. She was reclining in the saddle, and could scarcely maintain her position.

"I'm faint!" she gasped. "Support me."

Thus commanded, he could do no less than offer his shoulder for her to lean against, and slip one arm about her waist.

She seemea to recover very rapidly.

They had not occupied this position many consecutive seconds ere, relieving herself, she again assumed an upright posture.

"Thanks!" she murmured. "I'm afraid you find me very troublesome."

"Not in the least," he gallantly responded.

Being once more at liberty to devote some attention to the other young lady, he was about to address her, when he discovered that she had ridden on, and was already some yards distant.

"I'm glad she is gone," said his companion, in a tone of relief.

"How extraordinary that she should have seen my picture!" exclaimed Ray. "I was never in this part of the country before, and I'm sure her face was strange to me."

"Heaven grant you may never know more of her than at present."

"What do you mean?" he asked, startled by her earnestness.

"I know that creature by sight." Her voice fell. "They call her Wild Kate here. That is all I am willing to tell you about her."

"Ah-h!" uttered Ray, and involuntarily he sighed, for the young lady's face had greatly pleased and attracted him.

"What was that name by which she called you?"

"Ray Braddon."

"Then my ears did not deceive me. I am very glad to see you," and she held out her hand, smiling sweetly. "I am Blanche Gordon."

The young man was surprised and delighted. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. It was a mission to Blanche Gordon that had taken him into this unknown country—a very odd mission, by-the-way.

DELICIOUS!

PARTY IN BED—"*Hey! Hollo! Who's that?*"
DOMESTIC—"*If you please, sir, it's seven o'clock, sir. Your shower-bath is quite ready; I've just broken the ice, sir.*"

A mutual friend—an eccentric old man—had died only the week before, leaving ten thousand dollars in available cash to Blanche, and he, Ray, had undertaken to convey the money to her, and deliver it in person.

It seemed a little singular, to say the least, that he should meet Blanche and form her acquaintance in this romantic manner. But he felt greatly pleased that it had so come about.

"This *is* a surprise!" he ejaculated, raising her hand to his lips.

"I hope we will be all the better friends for the circumstances under which our meeting took place."

"It will not be my fault if we are not," he said, warmly; adding, after a slight pause, "I suppose you received my letter announcing Mr. Graham's death and the bequest he had made in your favor?"

"Oh, yes. Ten thousand dollars was the amount, I believe?"

"Yes. I have the money, and shall be happy to resign it to you at the earliest practicable moment."

She turned away her face—perhaps to conceal the strange glitter that came into her velvety eyes.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have the whole amount with you?" she asked, very low.

"Yes."

"It seems a large sum to carry about."

"True. But I took care that no one should learn the fact save the cashier who paid me the money. I had written to you beforehand to announce my intention, and, as you will remember, cautioned you to say nothing about it."

"Yes."

"It was Mr. Graham's dying request that I should bring you the money."

"You were very good to undertake such a responsibility for a stranger," she murmured, her lips strangely white.

"I'm glad I did undertake it."

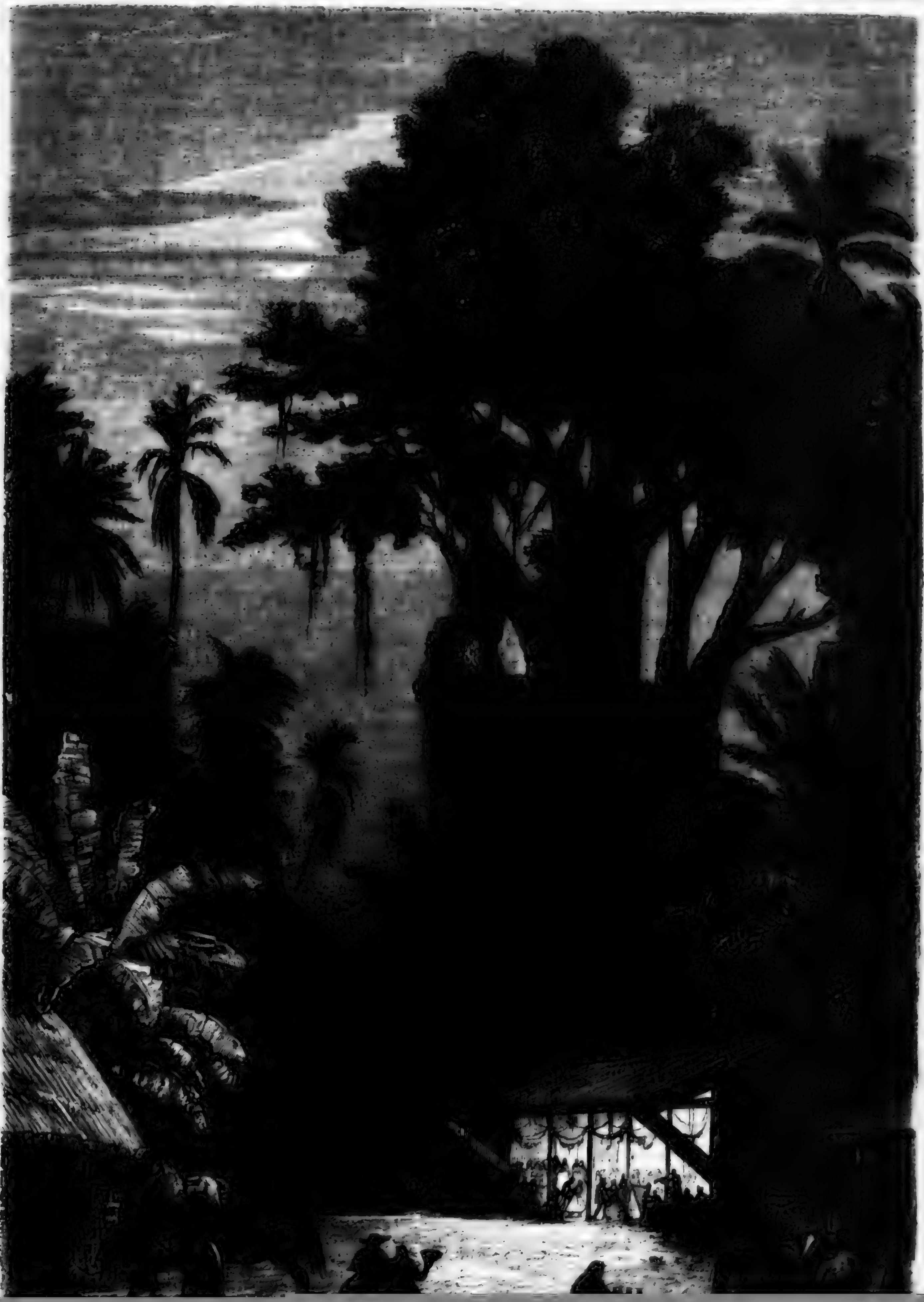
The glance that accompanied these words was expressive enough to recall the crimson to Blanche Gordon's lovely cheeks.

"I can see the hand of Providence in all this," she faltered.

"So can I," Ray responded, driven beside himself by her beauty and winning ways. "Mr. Graham was my friend as well as yours, and I know he cherished an ardent hope that we might be mutually attracted when we made each other's acquaintance; and Providence seems to be furthering his wishes."

It was a foolish speech, and Blanche's cheeks flushed redder than ever at all it implied.

"Come," she said, rather nervously; "why are we



lingering here? You promised that you would take me home, you know."

"Certainly."

He grasped the bridle-rein, which was hanging loose, and they set out at once, traversing the highway a few hundred yards, and then turning abruptly into a rough cart-track, nearly overgrown with grass and weeds.

"My home is poor and forlorn," she said, with a smile that seemed constrained. "But I shall soon change it for a better one, now that my ship has come in."

Ray made no reply. Just at that instant he caught a glimpse of the stylish-looking young lady in the green habit halting at a bend in the road and looking back at them very earnestly. There was something in her behavior that struck the young man as being very peculiar.

Blanche had not seen her, however, and as the overhanging shrubbery shut her from view almost immediately, he did not speak of her.

The way seemed lonelier and wilder as they proceeded. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, they emerged from a thin grove of maples, and came suddenly upon a corn-field of about two acres in extent, in the middle of which stood a two-story, unpainted house, whose broken windows, dismantled shutters, and ruinous chimneys presented anything but an inviting aspect.

"Yonder is my home," said Blanche. "A God-forsaken place, isn't it?"

Ray was too polite to utter his real sentiments; so he answered:

"It has not the appearance of being inhabited at all."

"Oh, the best rooms are in the rear of the house, and we occupy those."

At another time our hero might have experienced some misgivings. But with this fairy-like vision at his side, and claiming his protection, he could think of little else.

To be sure, it did strike him as singular, that Blanche should remain in so secluded a spot; but Mr. Graham had told him nothing about her save only that she was poor, and an orphan; so he speedily dismissed the perplexing subject with the mental decision that necessity, and not choice, compelled her to abide here.

As he led the horse up to the house along a very narrow path through the corn, he could not help remarking the deathlike stillness that reigned everywhere.

"The house *is* deserted!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no. I will soon prove to you the fallacy of such a conclusion."

Very shyly she put out two beautifully rounded arms, and Ray, yielding again to the subtle spell with which she seemed to have inthralled him, lifted her from the saddle and bore her to the stout oaken door.

Producing a key from the pocket of her dress, she let him into a dark, dismal-looking passage, along which he carried her, kicking open a door at the other end with his boots.

He found himself in a large, square apartment, very rudely furnished with a lounge, a table, and a few dilapidated chairs. A grizzled, unprepossessing man of about fifty sat near one of the high windows, smoking a dirty black pipe. Ray scarcely looked at him until he had carried his burden to the lounge and left her there. Then he turned to him with a muttered apology for his abrupt entrance.

"I hope you will pardon the seeming rudeness——"

"Never mind, youngster," interrupted the man, in a guttural voice. "No harm done. We don't stand on ceremony in these parts."

His manner was meant to be conciliatory, but in spite of this fact, Ray took a sudden and strong dislike to him.

"This is my uncle, John Gordon," said Blanche, in her most dulcet accents. "He has been like a father to me all my life. I love him dearly."

This last was uttered half in deprecation, as if she was aware of Ray's distrust and found it necessary to give a reason for having a protector so manifestly uncongenial.

"Ah, yes, to be sure."

"Uncle John," she added, in the next breath, "I was unlucky enough to sprain my ankle while rambling in the woods. But I ought not to term it an unlucky accident after all, for it was the means of making me acquainted with this kind gentleman, who brought me home. I'm sure you will be as much surprised as I was to learn that he is Mr. Braddon."

"Mr. Braddon!" ejaculated John Gordon. "Well, I declare, if this ain't a curious circumstance! I am delighted, to see you, sir, *de*-lighted!"

Out went his horny hand, which Ray was compelled to take; and the grip of those muscular fingers could only be compared to that of a vise.

"Mr. Braddon has brought the money that eccentric Mr. Graham left me," said Blanche, after a pause.

"All of it?" questioned her uncle, an evil glitter in his wicked black eyes.

"Every penny," answered Ray.

"Hum! $10,000 is a snug little fortune. Won't you shine, Blanche, when you have so much money to spend? You'll buy no end of silks and laces and ribbons, I suppose?"

"As if you needed any such furbelows to enhance your beauty!" murmured Ray, close to her sea-shell ear.

She lifted a coquettish glance to his face.

"*Am* I beautiful, Mr. Braddon?"

"Incomparable!"

"I'm afraid you are a sad flatterer. That is wrong, to feed a simple girl's vanity." And she shook her head reprovingly. "You should not do it."

"How can I help telling you what must be palpable to every observer?"

"But I am not accustomed to compliments."

"That is strange."

But we will not transcribe the whispered dialogue that went on. This is a specimen of its tenor, and I spare Ray the mortification of seeing it in black and white.

Nothing was done to relieve the pain one would naturally suppose Blanche must suffer with her sprained ankle. Indeed, she said not another word concerning it, and Ray's head was so completely turned that he forgot all about it before he had been in the room fifteen minutes.

Nearly one hour wore on, and presently John Gordon seemed to wax uneasy, for some reason or other. He rose from his chair, and began to walk the floor with hurried, impatient strides. At last he paused right before Ray, and said, more roughly than he had yet spoken:

"Where's the plunder, young man?"

Ray's eyes dilated a little, seeing which Blanche hastened to explain.

"He means the money so generously bequeathed by Mr. Graham. I think he finds some difficulty in believing in its reality before he has seen it."

"Humph!"

She flashed a warning glance into the frowning face bending over her. It was unnecessary; Ray remained as unsuspicious as a child.

"I beg your pardon. I was in danger of forgetting my errand entirely."

Rising as he spoke, from the seat he occupied at Blanche's side, he stepped to the table, and produced a large roll of bank-bills from an inner pocket, which he spread out on the rough deal-board.

"Here is the money. It is in $100 notes. If you will be good enough to count it ——"

At this moment, hearing a rustling movement just behind him, he turned his head a little, and saw Blanche not more than three feet distant, standing as firmly upon her feet as he stood on his.

The human mind is such a mystery! Somehow the recollection of the pretended sprain came back to Ray's just then like a flash, and with a torrent of the wildest suspicions.

"You!" he gasped. "Why, how——"

He got no further in what he was about to say. There came a whizzing sound in the air, and a heavy blow, dealt from behind with a bludgeon wielded by John Gordon's muscular arms, felled him, stunned and bleeding, to the floor, but not before he had heard voices, and a skurrying of footsteps in the passage that led to the outer room.

When Ray's senses returned, he was lying on the couch, and the young woman in the green riding-habit sat beside him, deluging his face and temples with water.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly, realizing nothing at first.

"Hush! I will tell you all you wish to know when you are more fully recovered."

Glancing past her, his attention was arrested by a group at the other end of the room, and he beheld "John Gordon" and "Blanche" sitting on the floor, with their arms secured behind them, looking very fierce and crestfallen, while several men stood near, as if to guard them.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, with a man's eager impatience.

He was soon put in the possession of a few startling facts. It was the real Blanche Gordon who sat beside him, and the other was Wild Kate, who, with an unprincipled associate, had laid a deliberate plot to rob and murder him; making the house in the corn-field the scene of the meditated exploit.

It came out afterward that the mails had been robbed, and Ray's letter to Blanche had never reached her, but had fallen into the hands of Wild Kate, who, of course, at once gathered all the particulars concerning Mr. Graham's bequest that she was able, with the view of retaining the $10,000 for her own benefit.

When the real Blanche met Ray in the highway, she was not aware of her benefactor's death, but she recognized the young man from a photograph of him which Mr. Graham had sent to her a few months previously.

Wild Kate she knew by sight, and, suspecting foul play when she saw the two take the path leading to the house in the corn-field, she had instantly summoned help and followed them.

Need I add that Ray married Blanche? Scarcely. My story would be incomplete without this ending. They are happy, and Ray wonders how he could ever have thought any other woman half so charming.

A NEW MEXICAN FETE.

Gambling and the *fandango* are the national amusements in New Mexico. Further south they indulge in cock and bull fighting, and in combats on horseback; but when in Taos and Sante Fé, the only amusements that I saw were the first two mentioned.

The favorite game is *monte*, which, having been introduced North, needs no description at our hands.

The inhabitants, as a rule, are poverty-stricken, but this does not prevent their enjoying themselves in every way that their fertile imaginations can suggest.

The fandango is frequently gotten up for charitable purposes, at which time the money received for refreshments is distributed among the most needy families; but more often they are organized by a few individuals for the purpose of making money, and giving all a grand occasion for amusement.

It was in the Autumn of 1848 that I reached Taos, New Mexico, with a party of merchants who had started on a trading expedition from the States. We had two experienced mountaineers as guides, but for all that, we had several desperate scrimmages with the Apaches; and, when within very sight of this charming little town, we were set upon by a horde of screeching fiends, known as Jiccarilla Apaches, that fought us as desperately as demons, killing one of our guides and a merchant, and so disabling our horses that we should have been massacred entirely had not the famous scout, Kit Carson, who was Indian Agent at the time, dashed out with a band to our assistance, and pursued the marauders with such vigor, that six of them were shot dead before they could get beyond the power of this extraordinary man or his comrades.

We reached Taos in rather a sorry condition. We had an abundance of funds, but, to use a common expression, we were "used up," and decided to spend a month in recruiting before engaging fairly in business.

It requires but a short time for a stranger to make an acquaintance in a New Mexican town; and at the hotels where we remained we were as much at home on the second day of our arrival as though we had spent all our lives there.

My companions were sedate, middle-aged men, who preferred the quiet walks and the cigaritos to the exciting amusements around them, while I, being young and on my first real journey from home, was disposed to enter into and enjoy life wherever I chanced to be located.

One afternoon I received a politely worded invitation in Spanish to attend a fandango, to be held that evening at the residence of Señor Alvarigo, who was one of the wealthiest citizens in Taos. He resided on the outskirts, where, I understood, he had what was considered a magnificent residence in that part of the world.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I accepted the invitation. Every one of my companions received the same note as myself, but all that they did was to light their cigaritos with them.

During my residence in Taos and Santa Fé, I met a number of excellent musicans, and quite a number of fine performers on the flute and violin, and yet I did not meet one who could play the simplest tune by note. They have a wonderfully quick ear, and I heard scores of American tunes whistled and sung with a taste and exactness which were marvelous.

A New Mexican beauty, in preparing for these fandangos, takes great pains, by the aid of cosmetics, to render her complexion as white as possible. She first employs a red berry, which stains her face of the color of a brick, and makes her look frightful. This is allowed to remain several hours, when it is washed off, and chalk is rubbed over until it is as perceptible as are the eyes themselves. She is also very particular about her toilet, so far as the exterior is concerned, and some of the beauties are arrayed, apparently, with all the gorgeousness of an East Indian princess.

The floor of the dancing-room is frequently the bare ground, which is packed hard, and generally sprinkled with water, to prevent the suffocating dust arising too fast. The men usually attend in their everyday habiliments, and, except when dancing, cling to their blankets; and, at the slightest pause, draw forth their cigaritos, in which both men and women indulge.

It was quite early in the evening that I reached the

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residence of Señor Alvarigo, and found, early as it was, that the fandango was just making ready to begin.

The women were seated on benches along the walls of the building, by themselves, while the men congregated in knots together.

On the commencement of a figure, the Mexican selects his partner, and notifies her that she is his choice, by making a signal to her with his hand, when she takes her position in the dance.

There was no introduction needed for me; and, taking my place among the men, I signaled to a handsome, dark-eyed senorita, who, with a sparkle of her beautiful orbs, understood me, and the fun began.

The dances were similar to those in vogue in our own country; and I found myself at my ease among them.

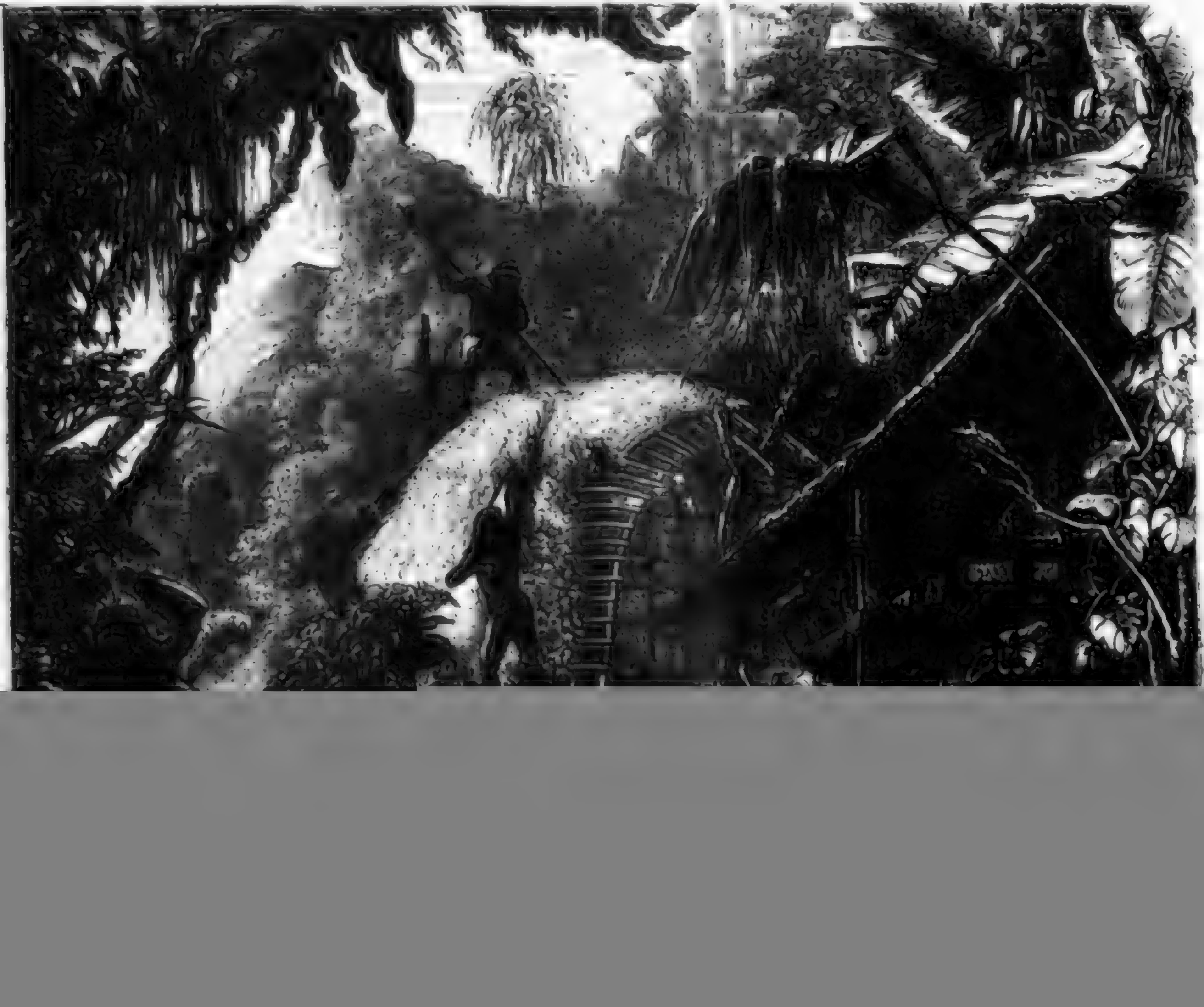
My partner was a charming dancer, and spun about the

By this time, I was considerably excited, and when the insult was repeated a third time, I instantly wheeled about, and struck him with my fist; sending him headlong among the dancers on the other side of the room, where he fell flat on his face.

For a few seconds the most intense excitement reigned. The Mexican scrambled hastily to his feet, and drew his knife, while I produced my revolver.

As it was impossible for us to fight with any advantage, and without endangering the lives of those around us, the way was cleared, and we went outside.

Some followed, but the majority remained behind, and the fandango went on, while we made ready to take each other's lives. As I could not expect the Mexican to fight with a knife while I used a pistol, I waited till a weapon similar to my own was given him, and we then took our stations.



inclination to remain, and, somewhat fearful that my wound might trouble me, I sauntered out into the open air.

The fandango was held in a sort of shed, as it would be termed in this part of the world, the interior being all open, and brilliantly lighted; while wreaths and bands of flowers were strung overhead and looped to the supporting columns. There were a harp, violin, and several other instruments, in full blast.

In front of the house was a broad, open court, stretching across to the stables, where the servants could be seen busily engaged in attending to the horses that were constantly coming and going. Overhead, the immense tropical trees, with the beautiful pendent moss, towered far into the sky, while the full moon was dimmed by a faint cloud that crossed the centre.

As I leaned against one of the outer columns, I looked across the open space, and saw a couple approaching. They had been enjoying a moonlight promenade, and were returning. I noticed that the man wore the broad sombrero, and had a large sash dangling from his waist, while the lady sported a fan that had a familiar look.

As they came nearer, I recognized the beautiful senorita and my late antagonist, chatting in the most loving manner.

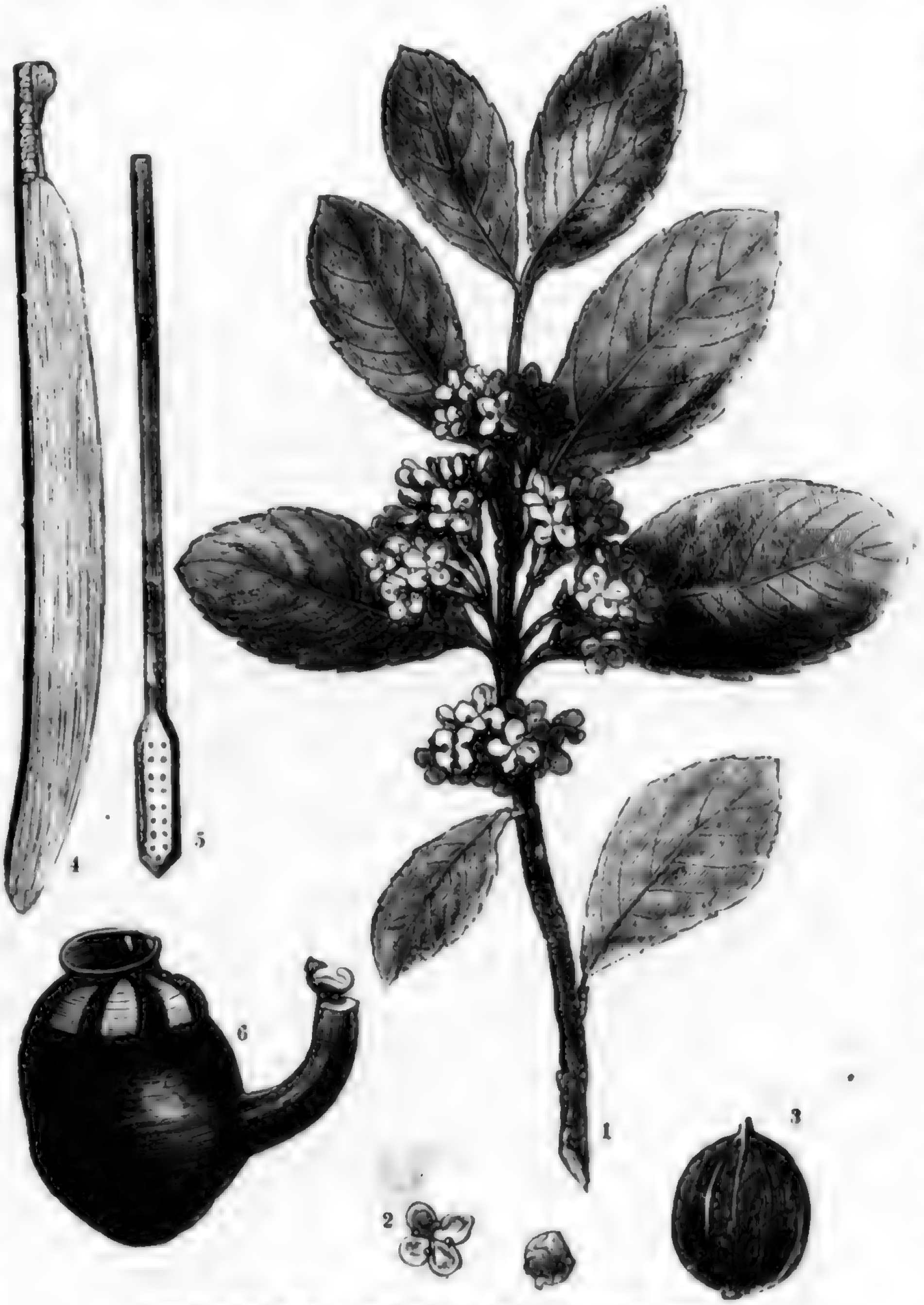
The cunning fellow had conquered me, after all; for, as they passed into the ballroom, he condescendingly saluted me, but the coquette, with a look of scorn, hurried on without looking in my direction.

I concluded not to disturb the innocent doves, and, lighting my cigarito, sauntered homeward.

PARAGUAY TEA: HOW IT IS GATHERED AND HOW IT IS USED.

Tea and tobacco are the two plants whose leaves enter most largely into the commerce of the world. Amid the myriads of plants there seem to be none to supply the place of either, and they stand as two plants meeting special wants of the two sexes as stimulants; although men do drink tea, and women at times use tobacco.

The only substitute for tea which has attained any degree of popularity is the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, commonly called Maté, or Paraguay Tea. This plant is a species of holly, resembling that so well known. It is found wild around Rio Janeiro, in the Bolivian Andes, and in the country from which it derives its name.



THE PARAGUAY TEA, AND UTENSILS FOR MAKING AND DRINKING IT.

The mode of preparation, which is the same in all these localities, is as follows: About the month of November, detachments of men, well-armed and provided with food, proceed to the forests where the precious tree is to be found. It resembles a laurel of the size and height of an oak. They immediately set to work to cut off branches, which others cut up into smaller branches. These, passed through a bright fire and crisped, are placed on bamboo arbor frames, four or five yards high. Under the arbor a dull fire is kept up for twenty-four hours. When the leaves no longer exhale any humidity, the branches are taken down and spread on skins. The leaves are then separated from the boughs by beating them with a wooden sabre, then they are pounded in rude wooden mortars till they are reduced to a powder, which is then put in ox-hide, pillow-shaped bags, weighing 120 to 250 pounds. This powder is bright green, slightly aromatic, and rather disagreeable when fresh. The *maté* is not used like Chinese tea. To prepare it they take a gourd or silver bowl, called *maté* in Paraguay, and *culha* in Brazil. Into this a live coal is put, and sugar thrown on it, then the powdered tea is added, and very hot, but not boiling water, poured on; and into this a tube, called *bombilla*, with holes in the closed end, is introduced, and the tea is imbibed through it. The lower classes and men generally take it *cimmarou*, that is, without sugar, but women and foreigners add liquor or orange-juice, etc.

Travelers can seldom at first tolerate this *maté*, causing nausea, and even acting as an emetic. In some it produces insomnolency.

Hinchcliffe, in his South American sketches, says:

"This is an almost universal beverage among both sexes, and all classes of the community, and seems to be equally acceptable at any time of day or night, either in town or country. For my own part, I certainly could not endure it, though I was constantly obliged to try.

"Up the country, in every shepherd's hut, where a traveler stops to rest himself or his horse, the good woman of the house instantly retires to make *maté* for the new visitor, who would be considered something of a barbarian if he declined the delicacy; so I used to make up my mind quietly to burn my lips with the *bombilla*, or, by awkwardness of suction fill my mouth with boiling chips, and then return the vessel to the senora with as much grace and apparent freedom from painful inconvenience as I could simulate for the occasion."

Demersay, a French writer, gives another reason why it should excite repugnance:

"Wash a *bombilla* is something that no *maté*-drinker ever did."

Our illustration shows the gathering of the plant, the cutting-up of the branches, the drying and pounding to powder. In the smaller engravings are (1) a branch of the plant, with the flower (2) and berry (3); also, the wooden sabre (4) used in pounding it, and the utensils for making the tea, the *bombilla* (5) and *maté* (6).

THINGS OF SPAIN.

Cosas de España—things of Spain—is a proverbial expression which to those who know it conveys much in little. Is there a splendid and fertile district waiting to pour its riches into the hands of man, and you ask why man—the Spanish man—does not take the trouble to hold out his hand, you are answered that it is a thing of Spain.

Why is a certain magnificent cathedral dirty and uncared for, a crumbling ruin? It is a thing of Spain.

Why do trains not start in time? Why are certain Spanish vineyards worked by an English company, and why is a certain cigar-factory in the hands of a Frenchman? These are things of Spain.

Why is Spain, once the proud owner and possessor of half the earth, the Minister of whose king made that great boast which we now use for England—that on His Majesty's dominions the sun never set—why is Spain, which once held South America and Mexico in the Western Hemisphere, Sicily and part of Italy and Flanders in Europe, part of India and the Eastern Isles in Asia, and whose coffers ran over with the spices of the East and West and with barbaric pearl and gold, whose arms and armor and whose warriors were the finest in Europe, now but abject amongst nations, and held to be of little weight in the councils of the earth?

All this will be answered with just the same few words in which the wondering traveler will be answered who asks why, if a Spaniard keeps a shop, he will not trouble himself to serve his customers—all these are *cosas de España*.

Some time ago we had very painfully before us for a long time the things of Spain. A pretender some six feet three inches high, a noble Spanish gentleman of royal lineage, took it into his head that he would declare himself Charles, King of Spain; and, although there were a settled government and another monarch, with whom the people were indifferently satisfied, Don Carlos penetrated to the mountain passes of the Basques, set up his court amongst the simple peasantry, and made a small and lingering war; breaking up railways, shelling towns, slaying thousands, and progressing no further.

Why he did so without a chance of reaching the goal he had set up, why the priests persuaded the peasantry to fight against King Alfonso, why the languid war dragged its slow length from Spring to Autumn, from Autumn to Winter and to Summer again, can be resolved only by the assertion that all this too—this senseless slaying of people, this feeble war worthy of the Middle Ages—was of itself a thing of Spain.

That after years of ill-ordered misrule and life, Queen Isabella the Second was driven away, and that now after eight years she is brought back to Santander by her son—that the people acquiesce with a dull indifference, and that, in fact, things drift and glide away, while the country produces less and becomes less fertile each year, and the population dwindles so that a great and noble people seem to be passing away as in a dream—that now and then Spain will have a spasmodic return of some desire to sit at the councils of that Europe which it once controlled, and that again it will "pronounce" for education and civil and religious liberty, and that again it will have another *pronunciamiento* and drive liberty away to England, Germany, or France.

But, again, it is probable that ere long, things of Spain will be in the ascendant. The Queen has come back, the balance of Europe may be disturbed, and the great struggle of the three peoples of Europe, always going on silently and in secret, and certainly not perceived by all, may become more patent. For Europe, say the acutest far-seers, will soon be divided into three camps.

In the north and northeast, and east as far down as Constantinople, Panslavism will be in the ascendant; Germany, England, part of Austria, Sweden, and Norway, will combine to form the Pan-Teuton element; while France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland will form the Pan-Latin race.

The Greek faith, Protestantism, and Romanism will be the appropriate forms of Christianity which the three peoples will take, among them; and, driven into some sort of cohesion, the war of races will still go on. At some distant period one race will be dominant; and the position of Italy, as the head of the Latin race, under a constitutional king, and a free parliament, is the most hopeful thing for that race.

In other matters it is not to be concealed that the Teutons are quite ready to believe that the Latin races are very nearly "played out," or that they do not now advance. As for the Teutonic race itself, it has—at least one branch of it—the English—spread all over the world, and placed its foot very firmly upon every unoccupied piece of land, jutting crag or coign of vantage, though some of the pessimists amongst its own people are ready to declare that the roundheaded, patient, and persistent Mongolian, or, at any rate, the Slavonic races, will supersede them.

It is not only Bret Harte who, writing of the Heathen Chinee, sees a probable successor, but learned ethnologists, who say that the Caucasian is "played out."

Curiously, in America, in the south of Northern and the better part of Southern America, the Spaniard, if transplanted, flourishes as well as in his native land. There is no essential difference of climate for him, and in Mexico he is at much at home as in Castile or Catalonia; but still he dwindles. He is no match for the sturdy Saxon; his towns, his convents, his chapels, his fields, and his plantations are passing into the hands of *Los Gringos*.

There are several reasons for this secondary cause, beyond the primary one, which, put it as we may, when a once great people decays, must come from God. No one knows why at one period a succession of prophets, kings, statesmen, poets, and warriors is given to a people, and at another they are taken away; but it is so.

The history of Spanish decay is written in two or three chapters. The first is the banishment of the Moors and Jews; the second, the establishment of the Inquisition, which completed the isolation of a proud and lazy people, and the elimination of a subsidiary source of wealth and industry; the third is the great and ill-gained wealth which flowed in from the discovery of America. That—and it is a caution to all who struggle for gold—completed the moral ruin of Spain.

The suggestion made by many, that it is the climate which ruins the people, can scarcely be true, as the climate was the same in the days of the greatest prosperity of the country. The fact is that a series of causes, of which the three mentioned are landmarks, seem to have inflated a whole people with pride and arrogance, and that thereon they ceased to be industrious.

Spanish pride has become a byword among nations; and certainly the past history of Spain and its art and literature may give it some reason to be proud. Absolutely what Spain has to be proud of, if anything human can rightly be proud at all—is the discoverer—Christofero Columbus—who, by-the-way, was a Genoese—Miguel Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and a few Spanish painters and authors. All the rest—kings, bishops, knights, and Grand Inquisitors—one might have emptied out of the world as mere eaters and drinkers. They have added no pleasure to humanity, and conferred no benefit on mankind.

Columbus discovered a new world, Cervantes created a noble book which is the source of inexhaustible pleasure. For what other reason this fine race should be proud, when it has occupied, without cultivating, a splendid peninsula, and has, like a negro, squatted on a fine estate that it will not improve, we are at a loss to say. Still, Spanish pride is an undisputed fact; and there are some amusing instances of it told. Here is one from an old French writer, Madame d'Aulnoy.

A tailor, after work, puts on boots and spurs and girds on his sword, throws around his shoulders a fine, ample cloak, which covereth a multitude of sins, dons his sombrero, and walks through the market. A fishwoman, who knows him intimately, marks him eying a salmon.

"If your grace," she cries, addressing him as if he were "my lord duke," "thinks that this fish is cheap, and intends to bid for it, you are indeed mistaken. It is five shillings a pound."

"Woman!" cries the tailor, indignantly, "had it been cheap I would have bought one pound; as it is dear, I will take three;" and he throws down the money, which represents all he has; and for the rest of the week he and his family live upon bread and water!

That, of course, would be no evil in a country which boasts of so fine a climate, and where an onion and a piece of bread form a meal for a gentleman; but such folly cannot be entertained without a troop of other vices.

It is this same lady who tells us as a fact, that a Spaniard, hungry and in rags, would carry the legs and claws of a fowl just protruding from beneath his cloak, to make his neighbors believe that he was about to have a fowl for dinner. This pride accompanies every kind of lazy extravagance; readers of "Don Quixote" will recollect more than one instance, but "Gil Blas" and "Guzman d'Alfarache" are full of them. Does not every reader of "Gil Blas" recollect the excellent Don Raffaelle, or some such other Don, who employed Gil as a servant, and who, having a fine patrimony, sold it, put the money into a chest, and divided it into so many years and days as he was likely to live, and then merely slept, and dressed, and walked out in the streets, contented to do so till he died?

Such characters, if abundant, would destroy any nation, and Don Raffaelle seems to be one of the most innocent of the Spaniards of the day—the others are industrious only in vice, full of most open flattery and subservience, and ready to sell their souls for a place; always quick at begging and lazy at work, loud of tongue and poor of hand, readier with the knife to strike a friend than to fashion a staff, and full of proverbial wisdom which goes no further than the tongue.

Free inquiry, philosophic disquisition, the religion of the heart and mind—of the heart which is subdued, and the mind which is convinced—the Spaniard does not seem to have. Yet Spain could give birth to Ignatius Loyola and his system, the most tremendous and effective brotherhood of faith known. It is they who boast that they are to be found in the hearts of the people and in the courts of princes; it is they who have ruled the Pope and the world, and will yet astonish the Western world.

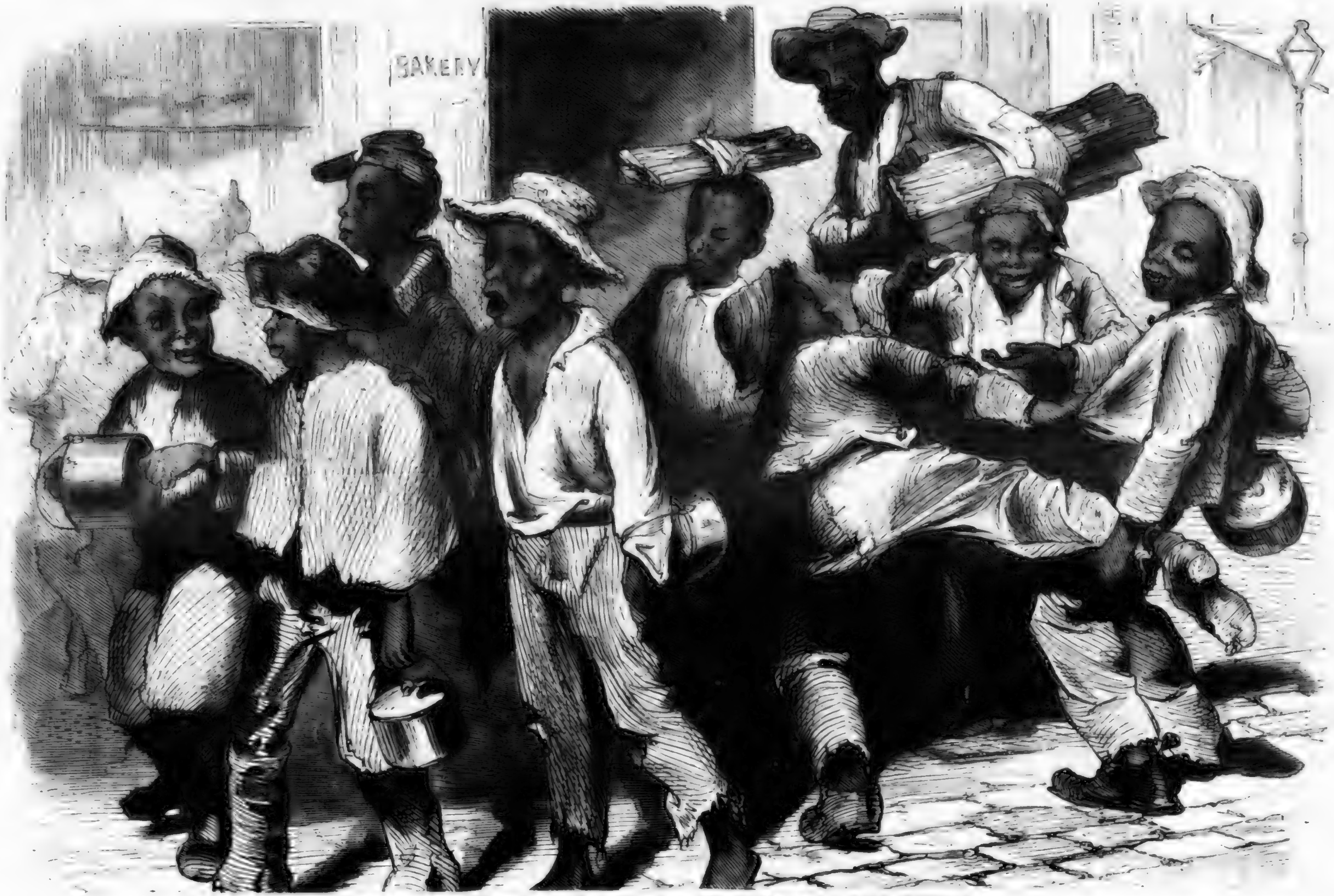
"There is a little town in the province of Santander—Potés by name—which, until eighteen years ago, was quite shut off from all the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from ever-recurring intermarriages, had become quite a race of dwarfs. On market-days might be seen the priests, with long black coats and high black hats, riding in to purchase the simple provision for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks."

Such, on April 15th, 1876, was the description by the *Times* correspondent of a little town he met with during the Carlist war just closed, which was a typical town of the smaller provincial towns in Spain.

DRIVING HORSES BY ELECTRICITY.

The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to "witch the world with noble coachmanship." The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by means of a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit, and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway, or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is "at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the very opposite result may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable, and even the *Rosinante* of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby winner. What is the effect upon the condition of the horse is not stated; but the *Siècle* finds itself able to congratulate M. F. Fancher upon "an invention equally original and salutary," and one which places in the hands, even of an infant, a power over the horse which is as sovereign as it is invisible.

Home is the place of the highest joys; religion should sanctify it. Home is the sphere of the deepest sorrows; the highest consolation of religion should assuage its griefs. Home is the place of the greatest intimacy of heart with heart; religion should sweeten it with the joy of confidence. Home discovers all faults; religion should bless it with abundance of charity. Home is the place for impressions, for instruction and culture; there should religion open her treasures of wisdom and pronounce her heavenly benediction.

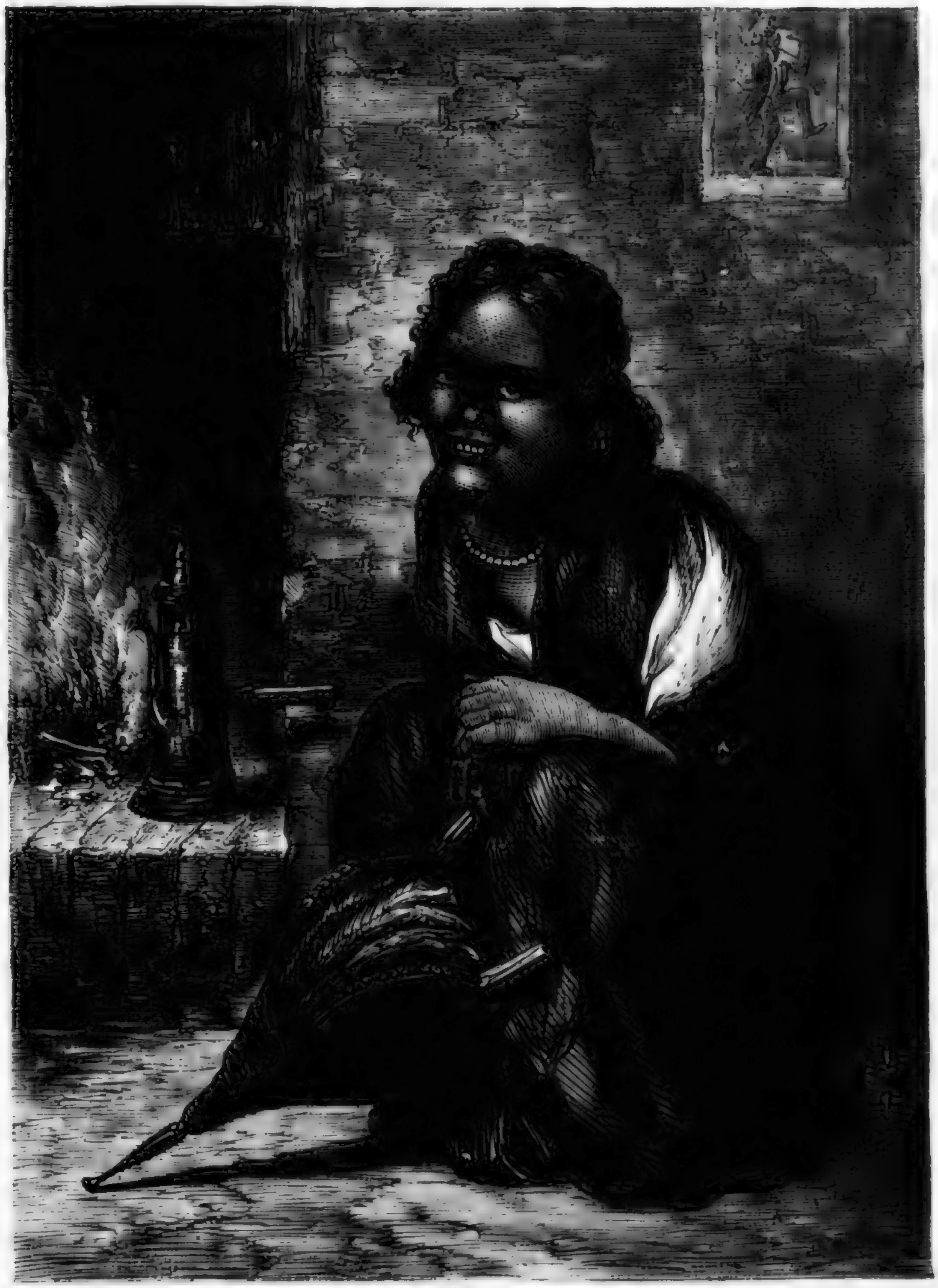


SOUTHERN SCENES.—YOUNG NEGROES RETURNING FROM WORK—A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VA.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

YOUNG NEGROES RETURNING FROM WORK.

WORK is over, and the juvenile colored inhabitants of Richmond, Va., are "homeward bound," after their day's labors. The expressions on the faces of these young negroes are varied. The careworn look on the one in the centre, who trudges along beneath his burden of kindling-wood, heedless of all around, contrasts strikingly with the merry look of one of his co-laborers, who is in the height of glee, and is performing one of Beethoven's symphonies on the surface of a tin kettle. Another cheerful sight is presented by that mischievous youth, who, in dancing a jig, brings his leg too closely in contact with the hip of his friend. The latter, who fails to see the joke, "goes for" the leg, but is unable to fell his adversary, from the fact that the latter, to save himself, has caught hold of the aggressor's shirt, and is holding on to it with all his might; thus meriting the applause and approbation of an interested bystander. Going from one extremity to the other, let us leave their faces, and look at their heels and toes. Let us sympathize with their ill-shod pedal extremities, and hope that new shoes may ere long adorn the feet of these rollicking, yet hard-working, youngsters.



TAKING IT EASY.

BOYS FOREVER.

THE best thing to be (if you want to enjoy
A real good time) is a stout, healthy boy.
Just ask one what life is? He'll tell you: "It's fun!
It's to wade in the brooks and to bask in the sun
To race upon stilts, or to hop on one leg;
It's searching the barn for the speckled hen's egg;
Yoking the calves, or killing a snake;
Tossing up hay with a long-handled rake."

To him there's no question of pleasure or sorrow;
Like the birds of the air, he's no thought for to-morrow,
Unless it should be has hare-traps to set,
Or fish to entrap in his new-fashioned net;
Skates that are waiting for "Jack Frost" to come,
And give them a chance to whiz and to hum.
Then he'll press his nose flat on the window-pane,
And long for the snowflakes instead of the rain.

The creakiest boots are those he likes best,
And the "brass toes" and heels give a musical zest
To the pleasure of stamping about like a man.
(Oh, the first pair of boots! Forget them who can!)
As a feather descends on the crest of a wave,
On his ear falls the cry of—"*Why can't you behave?*"
Ah, sisters! In vain your wise heads you may shake
At one who knows nothing of "nerves" and "headaches."

The thing he most dreads is a damp, rainy day,
Unless he has leave in the garret to play,
Pop corn in the kitchen, draw ships on the wall,
Roast apples, potatoes, eat peanuts, play ball.
Then, books are not bad, if the tales are well told.
Alas! that a boy should ever grow old!
Lambs frisk in the sunshine, and Spring-time enjoy,
But what time is dull to a light-hearted boy?

A BITTER BLOW.

NINON CARNOT stood by an open window, looking out upon the quiet scene. A scene capable of being lighted into warmth and brightness and beauty; but just now a gray mist obscured its fairness; a gray, lowering sky arched overhead; the earth all dreary and sodden after recent rains.

A broad expanse spread out before her, a reach of marsh and plain, whose monotony tired the eye before the misty horizon-line, where gray earth melted into gray sky, could be traced. All that the bright sun would gild into beauty—the river, the lake, dotting orchards, and rolling hill-sides, and white, distant town, were indistinct now. It seemed like her life—flat, dull, eventless.

"One might as well be dead," she said to herself, with the spirit of infinite discontent looking out of her sombre eyes.

The dreariness of utter desolation was oppressing her. The big, empty schoolroom at her back; the great, still house; the wearisome stairways with no rush of steps upon them; the dormitories with their rows of white beds, like so many ghosts in the moonshine as the Summer nights closed in; all breathed to her most forcibly of dreariness and desertion.

It was mid-afternoon now, and a faint, yellowish glimmer in the West marked the course of the declining sun.

"Quite as much of brightness as I need ever expect," thought Miss Carnot, discontentedly. "A long life of French verbs and first elements—not one other earthly thing promising to fill it. And I do so long—so long for something more. This is like a treadmill, where one walks on for ever and comes no nearer any goal."

"Miss Carnot!"

Miss Carnot turned and responded with the promptitude of thorough discipline: "Yes, madame!"

Madame Rodolf, the preceptress, swept up through one of the long, empty aisles.

"I am very much perplexed, Miss Carnot. Mrs. Germain has sent, as she frequently does, for some one to furnish her music, but our first teacher, Miss Peterson, as you know, is gone. She has always responded to these calls. There is only the Fräulein, excepting yourself, and I should be so sorry to disappoint Mrs. Germain. I think you might fill the commission; will you undertake it?"

Would she? Would she not have done anything to break the dull monotony of the life against which she was fretting to the innermost depths of her soul just then? She fairly lost her breath at that overwhelming proposition.

She could only look at Madame Rodolf with wide, astonished eyes, doubting her own good fortune.

"There will be nothing very difficult required," explained madame, graciously. "Waltz-music each evening, and perhaps some slight services or companionship during the day. You read and sing, both acquirements which Mrs. Germain will consider desirable. It will be a great favor to me personally, Miss Carnot, and you will receive twenty dollars for your services of a fortnight, which may be an object during vacation."

That Madame Rodolf would receive fifty for graciously permitting one of her underlings the privilege of acceptance, was of no account to Miss Carnot.

The thought of the Germain mansion, big, cool, and surrounded by its century-oaks and elms, filled with bright Summer guests, its elegance, refinement, and beauty like a bewildering vision before her, was all the recompense which of her own accord she would have asked.

"I will go gladly, madame, if I am permitted, and I will try to please."

"Mrs. Germain has been a good patron of the school, you must know, Miss Carnot. Both her daughters received their education here. The elder made quite a brilliant marriage, and it is expected Eloise will soon follow her example even more notably. You are wanted to-morrow; I suppose you will have no difficulty in making your preparations by morning?"

"No difficulty whatever."

And then Madame Rodolf swept away in a self-congratulatory frame of mind, and Ninon, in her narrow, prison-like window, went into such a dream of glorious anticipation as is only possible to repressed and imaginative youth.

There was no change without, no lessening of the dull gray overhead, no brightening of that yellow blur just marking itself in the West, but a rift of sunshine seemed suddenly to have broken through into her life. She would have a glimpse of the enchanted land, a taste, perhaps all the sweeter for being slight, of its enjoyments—the gold and purple of high life, its flowers, its music, its delights, for which all her life she had longed with an unutterable, sick longing, were about to unroll themselves at last before her enraptured gaze.

"You are going?" asked the Fräulein, as she met her in the corridor, later. "*Ach, mein Gott!* you will find it worse here than before."

"I can hardly think it, Fräulein. And even if I should"—the bright lips set themselves in a straight, obstinate line, the dusky eyes flashed a rebellious fire—"even if I should, I would go all the same. Better one glimpse of heaven than all the earth; better to be the Peri weeping as she left Paradise than the humble grubber content upon the earth."

She went on singing softly to herself in the dusk. The German teacher looked after her, something pathetic and apprehensive in the glance.

"Poetry and romance, and a girl's head and heart; ah, me! they may all bring her a bitter lesson yet, poor child!"

The Fräulein, who had her own romance, buried in her far past, sighed for her.

As if in happy omen, next morning broke in the full glory which only a June morning can present. Ninon rivaled the birds in her early rising; she threw her casement wide and looked out upon the scene. Banks of violet and rose were piled in the east, luminous streaks stained the sky to the zenith; the opal-gray of the earlier dawn was rolling visibly away, while the first yellow gleams of the yet unseen sun glinted over the eastern horizon and gilded the distant mountain-tops.

The big, bright orb uprose, the long, level spears of light pierced the waving ferns, and were swiftly lowered to the flat reaches. Long forest phalanxes stood revealed, high granite peaks were sharply cut in outline against the unclouded azure, the rippling surface of the river glinted goldenly.

"No dream was ever quite so perfect," thought Ninon, joyously. "I wonder if the world seems brighter because my fairyland opens to-day?"

It looked like fairyland opening for her when, a few hours later, she alighted from the humble vehicle which conveyed her there, in front of the Germain mansion. The green lawn, with its glitter of ornamental foliage dotting it, sloped to the roadside; the fish-pond lay like a great, burnished mirror; beds of verbenas and myrtle and mignonette, and miniature forests of roses, and fountains with rainbow-spray, combined to make it appear like some modern Eden. The house was of white stone, tall and stately, and shining like silver in the sunlight.

Over Ninon crept a little shrinking sense at sight of all this unaccustomed splendor; her heartbeats came thick and fast at thought of all the unknown presences within as she went forward. A girl with a cloud of shining hair floating over her shoulders came out through the doorway into the porch to meet her.

"You are Miss Carnot?" she questioned. "Then you are my charge for the morning. I am Eloise Germain. All the people here have gone driving, but I begged permission to stay and receive you in mamma's place. I hope you will be properly grateful; it was hard coaxing, I do assure you."

"I am grateful," said Ninon, half laughing and wholly earnest.

"You will wish to go directly to your room, of course. This way. The house is full to overflowing just now; all very tolerable people. This is it, and—why, what a pretty child you are! I thought it was one of the teachers from Madame Rodolf's that was to come?"

A rosy wave of pleasure overspread Ninon's small, dusk face.

"I am one of madame's teachers," she explained.

"And do you like it?"

"No," with decided energy. "I might, if I had a thing in the world to look forward to except all my life dragged through that one humdrum round."

"I should like - not that, perhaps, but anything jolly and Bohemian and free, where I could work for myself and not answer for my misdeeds to any one. That far I envy you, Miss Carnot."

"Eloise Germain, the petted daughter of this stately house, envy her! An amused smile touched the young teacher's lips.

"Have you many misdeeds to answer for? I should hardly suppose it."

"A great many. Laugh if you like, but it is the truth. What is worse, I expect to have more dire ones still. If we only had mutual accommodation societies now, and you and I could relieve each other of our miseries—if I could take a little of your burden and gain a little of your independence—what a relief we might both find it?"

Her own laugh broke so merrily there, that Ninon never suspected the sigh it covered.

"Apropos of your duty, Miss Carnot, it will not begin until evening. Possibly you have heard something of our informal dances, and, to-night, we expect an extra company to swell our numbers. There is our driving party home again. Come here, and I will tell you who is who, as they alight."

Ninon went very willingly, looking down from her point of observation upon that well-favored company.

"The tall lady is mamma, the one in brown is my sister, Mrs. Berrard. Those two are the Miss Lesters; the gentlemen attending, my brother-in-law and Dr. Vincent; the lady in blue is Miss Chantry; the gentlemen in the rear, Mr. Eustace and Mr. Drexel."

"And either Mr. Eustace or Mr. Drexel is accountable for that," thought Ninon, observing the touch of heightened carmine in the other's cheek. "Which, I wonder?"

"Which?" was the question that had agitated all the company for a season past, which the newest comer under the Germain roof was not to discover all at once.

Quite a large company assembled that evening. The drawing-rooms, opening one into another, were well filled. Clustered waxlights shed their mellow glow over "fair women and brave men"; flowers were wreathed everywhere; bright eyes shone; jewels flashed; rich robes glimmered, and the ripple of laughter and murmur of well-bred voices filled all the space. Ninon looked over the bright vista through the bank of greenery and roses which screened her own particular niche where the piano stood from those open rooms.

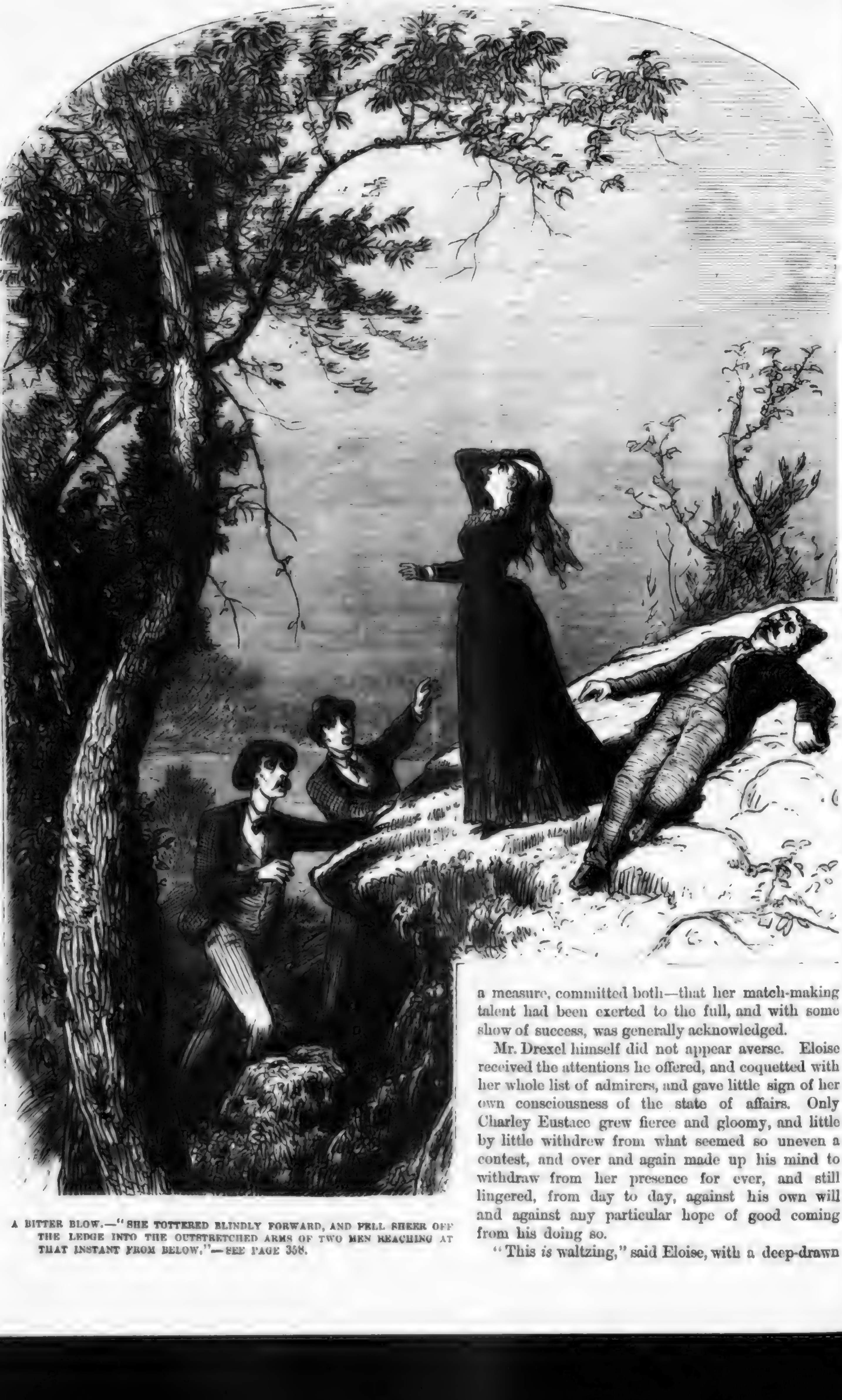
Dreamy German waltzes, the magic from her own flying fingers, pulsed upon the air. Away at the end of the vista, light forms floated to those entrancing measures; amid them Miss Germain, in robes of filmy white, her shoulders rising exquisitely from a foam of misty lace, with a tangle of moss-roses half-concealed by it, clasped in her corsage, and a long, green spray, all sparkling with diamond dew-drops, binding back the trail of bright, half-curling hair. More than one pair of admiring masculine eyes were turned upon her, more than one masculine heart thumped unevenly because of that fair vision. She was circling in the arms of Mr. Drexel at the moment, her eyes downcast, and the faintest of rose flushes on her cheeks.

"What do you say now?" whispered Mrs. Berrard, in her mother's ear. "There is a chance that our hopes may be fulfilled. You know I told you so all along. Eloise never fails when she sets herself to win."

"If she has done so," said Mrs. Germain, doubtfully. "I could wish her nothing better myself, but I have been fearful, Lucille—more fearful than I care to say—of her liking for Eustace."

"Nonsense, mamma; she is well over that, if it ever existed at all. Eloise likes her own way too well not to make a conquest when she can; but she understands what is expected of her. Trust me, she will not throw Drexel over for our Southern *bête noir*. She has her own ambitions, and the fact of the English baronetcy falling to the American cousin, the chance of being my Lady Drexel, will have weight with her."

That it had weight with the married sister was a fact well known to all there. That her diplomatic tact had thrown the two much together, and, by linking their names, had, in



A BITTER BLOW.—"SHE TOTTERED BLINDLY FORWARD, AND FELL SHEER OFF THE LEDGE INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF TWO MEN REACHING AT THAT INSTANT FROM BELOW."—SEE PAGE 358.

a measure, committed both—that her match-making talent had been exerted to the full, and with some show of success, was generally acknowledged.

Mr. Drexel himself did not appear averse. Eloise received the attentions he offered, and coquetted with her whole list of admirers, and gave little sign of her own consciousness of the state of affairs. Only Charley Eustace grew fierce and gloomy, and little by little withdrew from what seemed so uneven a contest, and over and again made up his mind to withdraw from her presence for ever, and still lingered, from day to day, against his own will and against any particular hope of good coming from his doing so.

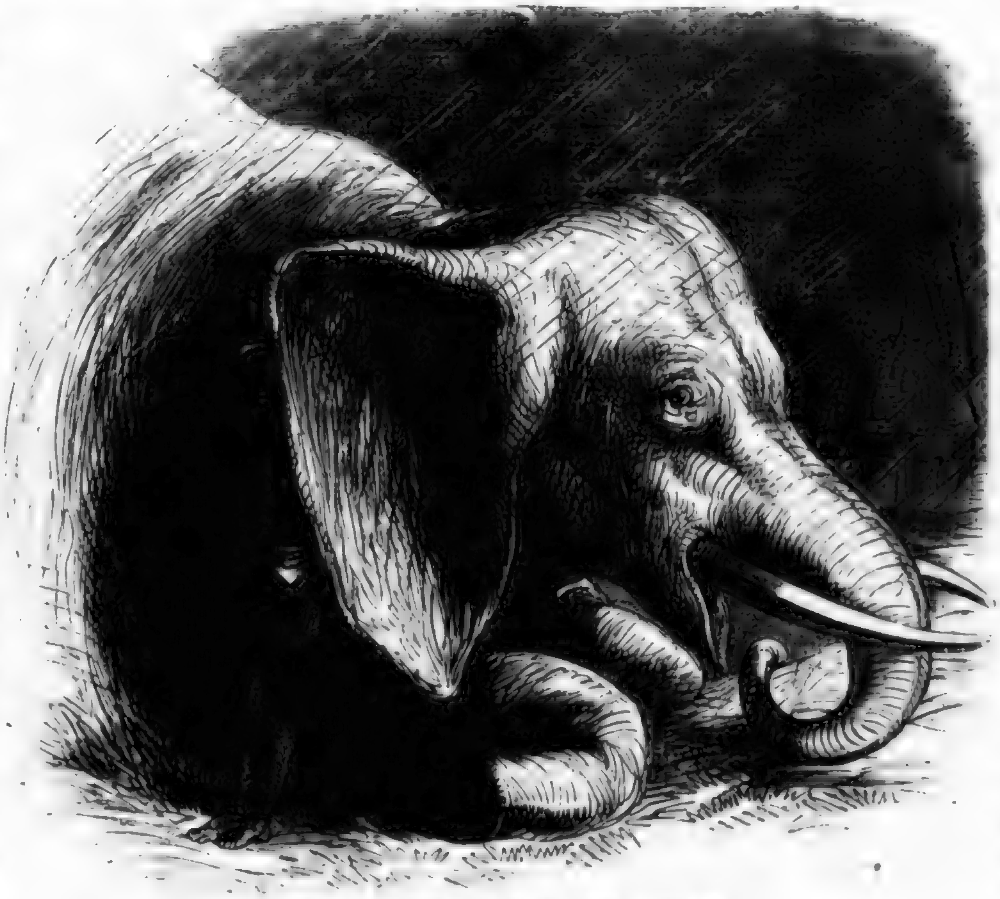
"This *is* waltzing," said Eloise, with a deep-drawn breath. “You have my step to perfection, Mr. Drexel. Could anything be more heavenly than this? But all earthly bliss is fleeting, and our waltz is over. No, not another, indeed! We should have all the eyes in the room upon us, and gain a reputation for exclusiveness I do not care to enjoy. If you really wish to dance again, let me find you a fresher partner, one who will appreciate your kindness. I will promise you the fairest novelty of the season in that line,” she added, laughingly.

“Whatever else, not the fairest,” and Mr. Drexel's admiring glance pointed his remark.

The rosy wave surging over her face deepened perceptibly as her own eyes lifted and met a pair of dark ones glowing upon her from the opposite side of the apartment—a pair looking out unmistakably from Charlie Eustace's southern face. With a smile and a little wave of her fan she beckoned him.

“She is very lovely,” thought Mr. Drexel, as he watched her. “Not strange, men lose their hearts to her. I wonder if it's worth while being an exception to the rule? One might be content to search no further after meeting her, and, by Jove! I'm almost inclined to declare myself so.”

With that thought yet in his mind, he found himself beyond the screen of green foliage and blooming roses, looking into a small, dusk face with starry eyes uplifted to his—soft, waving, blackish-brown hair framing it in.



SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.—SEE PAGE 363.

“I have brought Mr. Drexel to give you at least one dance, Miss Carnot,” the clear voice of Eloise was saying. “Mr. Eustace is going to relieve you—you *will?*”—with an appealing glance at him. “No one ever does dispute my sovereign pleasure, you must know, and you certainly will not?”

“On condition I may name, as my reward, a promenade afterward. Is it granted?”

It was granted, and from a depth of gloom Mr. Eustace was wafted at once into a region of hope and brightness.

“You will favor me?” meantime Mr. Drexel was asking. “My intuition tells me you delight in waltzing, as I admit to doing. I fancy I am in subtle sympathy with every disciple of Terpsichore.”

“I did delight in it once, but it is very long since I have danced at all—two whole years.”

“What an age!” he laughed.

“It seems so to me.” The dewy, childish mouth quivered slightly, as Ninon remembered with half a sigh, from that time her servitude had begun. “That was in my last holiday before I came to teach at Madame Rodolf's, and this is the first I have had since.”

“She a teacher, poor little thing!” thought Mr. Drexel, with sudden, infinite compassion. “She is no more than a child herself.”

Among the lookers-on was one eminently dissatisfied.

“For pity's sake, Eloise, what does that mean?” asked Mrs. Berrard, catching at her sister's arm, as she was passing. A streaming, defiant brightness was in the eyes of the latter.

“I think what it means is very evident, Lucille. I found Miss Carnot a substitute, and Mr. Drexel seems vastly entertained by her, that is all.”

“All?” cried Mrs. Berrard, in hot anger. “Good heavens, Eloise! Don't you see he is making love to her as he has never done even to you? If that girl knew her own power, she could take him from you even yet. You never will be foolish enough to let her!”

“Will I not? There may be two sides to that asseveration.”

“Eloise!”

“Don't go into a passion, Lucille, and do leave poor Mr. Drexel to enjoy himself as he likes best. He has had me foisted upon him so much of late, no wonder he finds any change a relief.”

Too wise to make further protest in words, Mrs. Berrard took occasion to cut short Mr. Drexel's enjoyment at the first available moment. The waltz was over, however, and he had taken up his position behind that blooming screen before the opportunity came, and though she could lead him unwillingly away, she could not shut from his remembrance the pretty, dusk face, the starry eyes, the sweet childishness which had taken him completely captive, as the pearly fairness and golden locks and prouder beauty of Eloise had never done. Hours later, when the big, thronged house was still, lounging by his open window, with no light but the quivering brilliance of the stars shining down, that face was before him still.

Those two weeks went by, destined for ever to stand out in Ninon Carnot's mind separate and distinct from anything which had gone before, or might come again while life should last. The two weeks went by, and the last day came. An excursion up the mountain-side was planned for this.

The sun was only well up as they started, the mists clinging yet to the skirts of the Blue Ridge range, where it stretched away in the distance, sinking in the lower valleys until they seemed like great lakes, and then, with a puff, the breeze rose to dissipate the illusion—the fair morning landscape lay revealed.

Two-thirds of the entire party were mounted; three of the ladies and Dr. Vincent followed in an open carriage. From her place in it, Mrs. Berrard looked with heartily disapproving eyes upon the pairing-off of the equestrian group.

Mr. Eustace was by the side of Eloise, and led the party. Mr. Drexel and Miss Carnot were in the rear. A green ledge, high up and marked by knots of dark pines, was their destination.

As they wound up the mountain, the party, compact at first, became scattered. Some of the more adventurous dashed through rugged by-paths, which shortened the distance.

One pair of laggards quite lost sight of all the rest. The low, dense growths of the steep incline, opening in glades, or going down into dim ravines, or breaking away in a succession of precipitous ledges, opened before them a charming diversity of views. One of the wider of the numerous by-paths had lured them from the winding, beaten road. They had ridden on and on, not thinking much of time or distance, until all at once Ninon turned an anxious face to her companion.

"Are you sure we are following the right course?" she asked. "The way grows wilder and gloomier every step, and I can see no traces of any one having been here before us."

He drew rein beside her—looked around searchingly. They were following a mere bridle-path. On all sides frowning rocks stood out bleak and dark; a dense growth which shut out the sunshine was above and below them; there was a faint sound of gurgling water, a spicy odor from the pines, and utter, wild loneliness far as the eye could penetrate. He met her questioning glance with one laughing, though concerned.

"I fear we are guilty of the unpardonable offense of having lost ourselves, Miss Carnot, and I am the one responsible."

"We must go back, then?

"I wish I was sure we could. We have come such a serpentine course, I doubt if we could retrace our steps. Yonder is a point—perhaps I can see something in the way of landmarks from it. Wait here until I return."

He rode forward—a moment after, was lost to sight in the scraggy wood. She could hear the loose stones his horse's hoofs displaced, rolling and gathering echoes as they plunged down the mountain-side.

Then he came into view again upon the point which stretched above, rugged and bare, the motionless shape of man and horse cut there like a silhouette against the clear azure sky and golden light of day.

He turned his face toward her and shouted:

"All right; the road lies below us. I think I see a way to reach it. I am going to explore. Wait where you are until I come."

He waved his hand to her and disappeared again, this time on the opposite side of the declivity.

Ninon glanced down the shelving steep, her heart beating faster with a sort of vague dread rather than any actual affright. The tread of hoofs was no longer audible, the stillness of the place was oppressive as a nightmare. Then came sounds of life again in the crackling branches, which told her of Drexel's advance through the thicket, and his voice reached her.

"Are you there? Do you hear me, Ninon?"

Her name from his lips for the first time in that moment thrilled her through. She leaned forward; the response she was about to call was turned to a sharp cry instead. But first had come another cry, the sound as of a struggle from below, the crash of a fall, and a scream from the horse more blood-curdling than anything human. With a heart-sickness beyond expression, she put her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some terrible sight.

She dropped them suddenly. All was not still yet; a scrambling, shuffling sound, and up over the ledges came the horse, quivering and with distended eyes—a bleeding abrasion visible upon one side, where he had fallen—riderless. And below, now, a deathly silence reigned.

She slipped down from her saddle at that. She neither made an outcry nor seemed to feel anything very acutely then. She went forward, how, she never could have told, down the precipitous way where no pathway led, clinging to shrubs and drooping branches, losing her foothold, falling more than once, working her way cautiously and painfully around some sheer descent, and finding what she sought at last at the foot of an overhanging cliff—a crushed and motionless form. Not lifeless, as she had feared, for a continuous moaning issued from his lips.

The silver thread of a mountain-stream leaped down in a miniature cascade, so close that its breaking spray wet the rock on which he had fallen. She did the one thing she could do—dashed the cold water over him in abundance, and presently consciousness returned. She had lifted his head to her lap, and her face was bent over him.

"Ninon," he said, a little glad light for one instant displacing the pain; "my own love, I wanted you for that, and now it never can be."

And then his pallid brow contracted; he shut both eyes and lips close over the wrenching agony which would not be repressed.

"Oh, Howard, Howard! are you very badly hurt? What can I do? How can I help you?"

He opened his eyes upon her face again, lovely to his sight as an angel's, such tenderness for him, such grief for his pain, upon it.

"There is no help for me, dearest—none but to know that you might have cared for me. Tell me that, if you can; the end will be easier for knowing it."

It was no time for concealments then. She laid her face down upon his, her tears, flowing now, wetting it.

"Howard, my love!—my poor, poor love!—you must not leave me—live for me!"

"It may be best this way—who can tell? Don't grieve so, darling. It is better to die so, in the fullness of my love for you, than to live to lose it. You must go back to our friends. I saw the road far down, and if you reach that you will find them. Will you—Ninon, will you kiss me once, first, dear love?"

His words were slow and faint; she could see how he was struggling to repress his own agony; she felt it was to spare her the sight of it he would have sent her from him. She was preternaturally quiet, now that she realized what was to come.

"I will not leave you, Howard. I will not go unless help comes to us together. I could not, if I wished. This is only a ledge, and there is no descent from it. I might go back as I came, and I would make the attempt if it could serve to save you; but it could not, and I will not leave you."

She could never think of those hours during which she sat by him, witnessing throes of anguish which almost surpassed human endurance, and fainting fits resulting from them—each of which seemed death to her unaccustomed glance—without a shudder. But at the time the moments between, when they talked together in subdued tones, seemed fraught with something akin to heavenly peace

Afterward, the memory of those moments pierced her with the bitterest pangs her life ever knew.

Down from the zenith the glowing June sun was slowly dropping. Almost twilight dimness obscured that spot where they waited together. The thread of ice-cold water, leaping gayly down from ledge to ledge, made the only sound there, until a near "Hallo!" rang out upon the still air.

She called in answer, and, glancing down, saw that a change had stolen into Drexel's face, a quiver passed over his limbs, and then all was still.

She laid down his head gently, and staggered to her feet. A great cry of utter desolation broke from her; she tottered blindly forward, and fell—fell sheer off the ledge into the outstretched arms of two men reaching it at that instant from below.

* * * * * * *

She opened her eyes upon Madame Rodolf's face, looking more kindly than ever madame had seemed to her before.

"Here, so soon!" she said, in a kind of weary surprise, and in a voice so weak, she wondered at it. Then her eyes fell upon her own thin, pale hands, lying upon the coverlet. "What is it, madame?" she cried, imploringly. "Tell me all."

"You have been very ill, dear child. Thank heaven, you are quite safe now."

"If you had only let me die! It would have been a kindness to have let me die with him!"

"But Mr. Drexel did not die!" cried madame, vivaciously. "We all know how heroically you staid by him—how you stimulated his strength to endure until help came. He has gone North now, along with the Germains. He was here with Eloise the evening before they left, and she wept with joy at knowing you were safely past the crisis. They are to have the wedding very soon—ah! I have tired you. You are too weak even for good news yet, my dear."

Ninon's big, hollow eyes had given her one woful glance. Then the white lids dropped, the thin, pale face was turned to the pillow, and she lay quite still.

Death does not come at will, or it surely would have come to her. Instead, the boon she no longer prized—life; and she took up her old duties in a kind of weary apathy, which, it seemed, nothing could ever break. She had repined at her simple, quiet life before, and now had come her punishment when she knew herself deserted.

Time passed; but she took very little heed of time now. Whether it was days or weeks or months since her bitter blow had fallen was of small matter; she had suffered whole ages of agony then, and the quiet which had come was peace in comparison.

But the time came when it was broken, when the bonds of that unnatural calm were burst suddenly asunder. She was called below one bright, early Autumn day, just as evening was closing in, and shrunk away as if a blow had been struck her at finding herself alone, face to face, with Howard Drexel.

"Ninon! dear love!" The arms which would not be resisted drew her to him. "My own—to be mine—at last!"

Safe within those sheltering arms, the mistake which had cost her such mortal agony was explained.

"I could not go until you were safe, dearest; then I did on such a pressing summons, I could not well delay. And Eloise's wedding—this is the eve of it. I could not wait even to serve as best man on the occasion, while the expectation of being very first on a similar one was not resolved to a certainty. With all due deference to the future Mrs. Eustace, when may I claim *my* bride, Ninon?"

It was soon; for a later day of that same Autumn, my Lady Drexel sailed in company with her husband—Sir Howard now, by proper legal measures—for England and the baronetcy which Mrs. Berrard had coveted for Eloise.

SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN.

Dr. Livingstone, in his African travels, gives us some wondrous stories of elephants—stories which seem almost incredible. One of these of which he speaks was shot by him on the Zambesi. Its earflaps measured four feet across and four feet five inches in depth. He speaks also of the tame elephants that formed part of his train, and says that during the drenching showers of rain that occurred almost daily, and very suddenly, the natives would take shelter behind the gigantic ear of the elephant, and by doing so come out dry. To us such shelter would seem very much like the partridge who runs its head into the grass, leaving its body exposed; but to the African, whose only veritable clothing is a strip of cotton cloth and his wool, the idea is a good one.

THE RAIN-BELLE.

A FAIRY TALE.

Adapted from the German of Storm.

IT was a hot, sweltering day in July. The weather had been sultry for weeks. There had not been a drop of rain during all that time.

Farmer F—— was growing wealthy; the harvest was plentiful, and his profit was great. But poor Widow Stine, who owned a few acres of barren land, was daily growing poorer and poorer.

Farmer F—— had a beautiful daughter, Maria by name. Widow Stine had a son named Andreas. These two loved each other dearly; but the dearth of rain having reduced Widow Stine to utter poverty, Farmer F—— would not give his daughter in marriage to her son. One day Widow Stine called on Farmer F——, and complained to him of her misery.

"The Rain-Belle is asleep," she said. "If she only could be awakened we would have plenty of rain."

"What stuff you are talking! There's no such person as Rain-Belle," answered the farmer.

"I believe in her power," said the widow, "and I hope I may succeed in waking her."

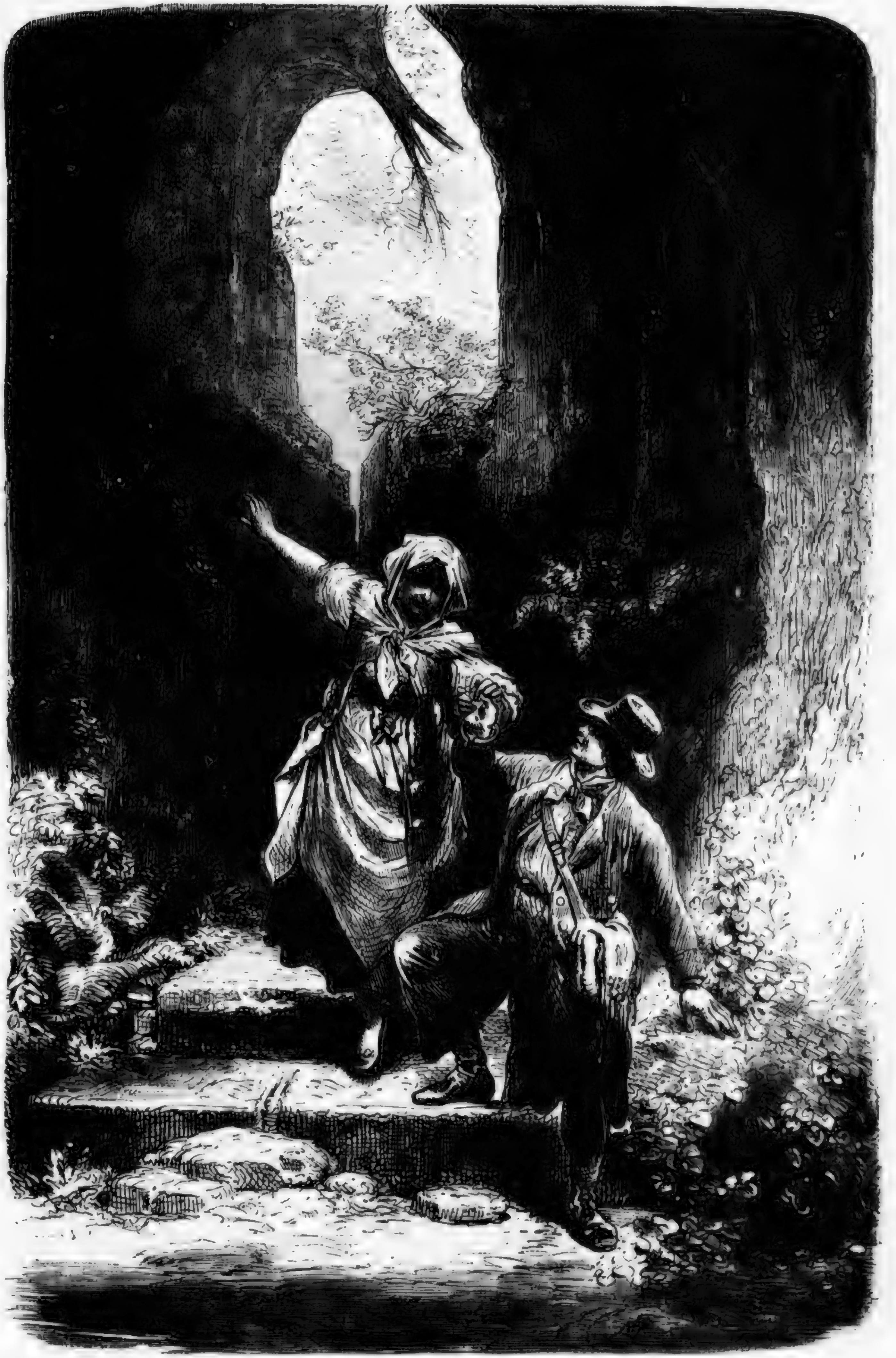
"If you succeed," rejoined the farmer, "I'll give you my daughter in marriage to your son, and thus make you wealthy."

* * * * * * *

Rain-Belle could only be awakened by a song, the words of which were unknown to Widow Stine.

She had paid a visit to Maria one day, and was talking to her about the hot weather and the Rain-Belle. She wished she knew the verses that had to be sung, and she was sure she would succeed in awakening her. But Maria was also ignorant of the rhyme. While they were thus in consultation, Andreas appeared. He looked very mournful.

"Mother," he said, "what do you think? While I was looking about me in the fields, I noticed that our bucket, containing all the water we had, was spilt, and all the sheep dying from thirst. I was wondering who had been the cause of all this mischief, when, looking around, I beheld a red dwarf, who, whenever he stroked his beard, caused sparks to fly around."



THE RAIN-BELLE.—MARIA AND ANDREAS ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAIN-BELLE'S HOME.—SEE PAGE 363.

XUM

"That was Fire-Bob, Rain-Belle's enemy," said his mother.

"Well," continued Andreas, "while I was closely watching him (without, however, being seen myself), I noticed his lips moving, and, listening closely, I heard him sing:

"'The woods are hot,
The springs are dry,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry.
Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come
And take you away.'"

"That is the Rain-Belle's song!" joyfully exclaimed his mother. "Now we are saved."

"But, mother," Maria remarked, sorrowfully, "we do not know where to find the Rain-Belle."

"Don't we, though?" said Andreas. "I've found that out, too. While I was standing there looking at the dwarf, I saw him approach me. I stood still, and he came up."

"'You would like to find the Rain-Belle very much, wouldn't you?' he asked.

"'How do you know that?' I said.

"'My little finger told me so,' he answered.

"'But nothing can tell you where she lives; although your little finger seems to be very smart.'

"'You are so stupid, Andreas,' he continued, 'that even though I did tell you that she lived in the large forest, you wouldn't know that there was a large pasture behind that forest.'

"Pretending to be very ignorant, I rejoined: 'You are right; I wouldn't know that.'

"'And if I told you that behind the forest there was a pasture, you wouldn't know that there were steps leading to the Rain-Belle's home.'

"'You are rignt again; for I thought one could walk straight into the place without any trouble.'

"'And even though you were in there, you wouldn't know that she could be awakened only by a virgin.'

"'So, though I wished to awaken her, I would find it impossible,' I muttered; and, seeming very sorry, I withdrew.

"I had scarcely left him before he laughed most hideously, exclaiming:

"'Wouldn't he like to know the Rain-Belle's song?' and danced around for a long time."

When Andreas had finished his story, Maria exclaimed, in glee:

"We will go to the Rain-Belle to-morrow. Oh, I am so happy now! It will surely rain when she is awakened, and there will be a wedding, too." And she commenced singing:

"The woods are hot,
The springs are day,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry.
Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come,
And take you away."

* * *

Early the next morning Maria and her lover set out on their journey to the Rain-Belle's home.

They wandered through the forest to the pasture. The sun was shining very hot, but they kept on bravely until they reached the stony descent.

Andreas descended slowly, leading Maria behind him. Deeper and deeper they went down, until Maria, getting alarmed, exclaimed, "We shall never get out of this dismal place!"

But she was mistaken; the steps led out into an open waste. The hot sand scorched their feet. At a distance they beheld a dried-up brook.

"You must travel alone now, Maria," said Andreas, "until you come to the Belle's home."

And, standing still, he bade her go forward. Maria proceeded on her way. After a while she came to a spot where, in a large aperture which had once been filled with water, she saw a huge bird drooping its wings and blinking with its eyes. Not stopping to take notice of anything around her, she walked on. At every step she took, the atmosphere seemed to grow hotter and hotter.

Finally, looking straight before her, her eyes met a large stone wall, on the surface of which the sun's perpendicular rays were reflected.

Standing for a moment undecided what to do, she turned around, and lo! there lay a beautiful woman reclining on the ground, seemingly dead.

For a moment, Maria hesitated; but at length, mustering up courage, she went up to the figure, and kneeling down beside it, put her lips close to its ear, and spoke distinctly:

"The woods are hot,
The springs are dry,
And Fire-Bob
Is merry and spry."

Maria had just sung one verse when she saw the lips of the woman move. She continued:

"Darling, beware,
Or, without delay,
Mother will come
And take you away."

A loud noise, resembling thunder, was heard above, and suddenly the Rain-Belle stood upright before her.

"What do you want?" asked the lovely woman, in a pleasant voice.

"You have been asleep so long," said Maria, "and have left us without rain. I have come to wake you. You are not angry?"

"No, my child," she answered. "You are right. I have slept very long, and Fire-Bob had almost been victorious. Take this pitcher and go to the spring. There you will find the key with which the spring must be unlocked; then rain will descend from the clouds."

"But where is the spring?" asked Maria.

"Behold yonder castle; enter by that open gate. There, lying on the ground, you will find the key to unlock the spring. But before you reach the castle you will pass a brook. Fill your pitcher with water from that brook."

Maria took the pitcher, and proceeded in the direction pointed out to her. She reached the brook. The water was very low, and the sand near by was very hot. Maria felt her feet burning, but she kept on without fear. Presently she saw a hideous red hand emerge from the sand, and she started back involuntarily.

"Shut your eyes, and keep on," she heard the Rain-Belle whisper.

Maria obeyed. At last she felt the refreshing water cool her heated feet, and she was wading in the brook. She stopped and filled her pitcher with water.

The castle-gate was soon reached, and she entered. On the stone floor she saw a key lying; it was bright and glistening. She bent down to pick it up; but, with a shriek, she let it drop again. The yellow color of the key was not, as Maria had supposed, the color of gold, but had been caused by the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

Maria took her pitcher, and poured some of the water upon the key. After the hissing sound had ceased, she seized it, and unlocked the spring. The water gushed forth freely. Maria looked around this stony castle, and, to her great surprise, saw the same womanly form, lying upon the stone floor of the castle.

"Are you the Rain-Belle?" she asked, amazed.

"Who else should I be?" was the reply.

"What makes you look so merry now? You seemed very sad before."

"I am happy that some kind virgin has come to awaken me," she replied. "My dear child, clap your hands, and the rain will descend."

Maria obeyed, and the clouds above, which she had considered to be spider-webs, separated, and the rain descended gently.

Maria, thanking the Belle over and over again, said she had to depart now to meet her lover, who was waiting for her. The Belle accompanied her back. Wherever they trod, plants and flowers sprang up from under their feet. Everything seemed refreshed. Suddenly, Maria heard loud groans, and inquired after the cause.

"That is Fire-Bob's voice," the Belle replied; "he is swearing at the rain."

When Maria reached the spot where the dried brook had been, but where cooling water was now flowing, the Belle spoke to her.

"Call your lover, and get into this boat with him. It will carry you home, and will save you the trouble of mounting those winding stairs." With these words she vanished.

* * * * * * *

When Maria and Andreas reached home, they found the village completely changed. Widow Stine was merry now, for her barren fields had become fertile. She was wealthy, too; and all through the rain.

Farmer F—— lost all his hay, which was washed away by the rain; but he did not grumble, for he was to have a rich son-in-law.

A month after, there was a wedding; and while the bride was standing before the hymeneal altar on a lovely Summer's day, raindrops fell gently from the clouds, and she whispered to Andreas, in a sweet and lovely voice:

"This is the Rain-Belle's blessing."

JAPANESE THEATRES.

Old Japan, as far as costume and social observances are concerned, may be compared, according to a correspondent, with revolutionary Japan at the theatres, where are played interminable historic dramas, wholly based on the old state of things. Nothing has been changed in the Japanese theatre, except here and there the hours; most of the theatres at the capital, and all those in the interior, play from 9 A.M. until dark. The theatres of the treaty ports now play from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M., so that at Tokio one is able to attend the theatre at most hours of the day and night. There the two-sworded Samurai still walk the stage, the Tycoon's soldiers still wear their hideous masks, and Daimios, in magnificent trowsers, preceded and followed by their banners and processions of retainers, still force the people to prostrate themselves in the dust.

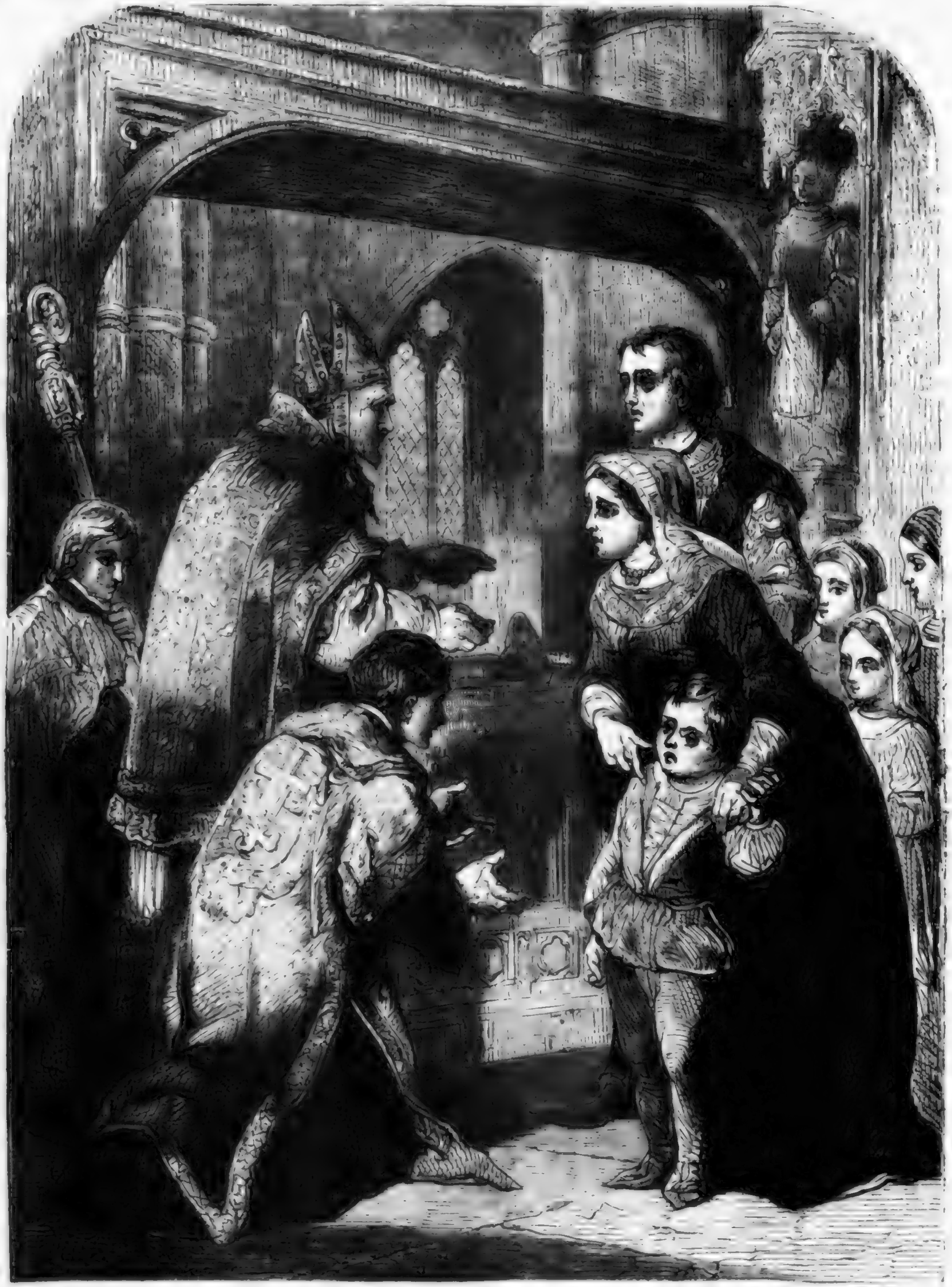
In contrast to the conservatism of the theatres, the critical modern spirit is shown in the tea-houses which stand near them. There, a common caricature sheet upon the walls, which dates from just before the revolution, represents a Daimio's procession of insects. The praying mantis, the locust, the grasshopper and the wasp are brought into requisition, given two swords apiece, and made to bear heraldic banners of cornflower, poppy, and convolvulus. They imitate the swaggering walk and arms akimbo of the Samurai, and escort a feeble cricket carried in a cage. This is the Daimio, before whom an humble cockroach, who figures the people of Japan reverently hammers his head upon the ground as he beholds him pass.

Those Japanese who best knew their countrymen before the revolution will tell you that there has always been a want of respect, other than enforced respect, among the people. Their attitude toward the Mikado seems to be the only exception to their general want of veneration, which is accompanied by a total absence of religious fanaticism, and, I think must be added, of religious reverence.

The only temple in Japan inside which I ever saw a crowd, unless there was a wrestling performance going on within the walls, was that of Asaksa, in the capital. This temple is the centre of a sort of fair, or, as the whole of Tokio resembles the fair of St. Cloud more than it does anything else in Europe, the centre of a fair within a fair—the wax-work show and big drum portion of the fair. The temple of Asaska is entirely surrounded by peep-shows and shooting-galleries, and is always crowded, but more, I think, by sight-seeing country people out of curiosity, than by the people of the capital from religious motives. The Loo Choo Envoys were there at the time of my visit—tall, bearded, solemn men, who seemed much struck by finding the place of honor in the temple occupied by a gigantic looking-glass. The mirror may properly find a place in either Buddhist or Shintoo temples. The doctrine of pure Shintoo informs us that the Sun Goddess was enticed out of her dark cave by a looking-glass; but in Buddhism the looking-glass symbolizes the mirror of the soul, and the worshipers are supposed to repair to it as to a confessional. The young ladies, with painted lips, and light-blue or crimson satin obis, who eye themselves approvingly in the great mirror at Asaksa, perhaps think that it has other objects—at all events, there is nothing in the temple that "draws" so well. In a ghastly representation of the Buddhist hell, which is moved by clock-work, and forms one of the most popular peep-shows outside the temple, the mirror also figures, and on it their crimes are shown to the dead as they enter hell. As I have named this show, I may add that, if it was regarded seriously by the people, it would be evidence of the existence of a degrading superstition. It represents green devils, with red tongues, pounding people in mortars, boiling them in oil and frying them upon gridirons. In one corner an assistant devil is engaged in tying the legs and arms of men together, and another, who stands by with plumb-line and crayon, marks a black line down the middle of their backs for the guidance of a third, who saws them deliberately in half. As is seen, however, by the attitude of the spectators, the representation is regarded by the Japanese as a mere joke.

A great poet does not trust to impulse alone. Like Milton, he looks upon hard labor as his lot in life; he knows that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; he will not, therefore, lie down to sleep like the hare in the fable, but will zealously gather materials, all he can, both consciously and unconsciously; lay trains of thought, and trustfully wait for the hour of this power, when the flash from heaven will descend, the train will be lighted, the mine sprung, the breach made, and the citadel taken.

Employment of Time.—Life may be eked out with pleasure, but it must be mainly filled up by business; and he who should persevere in the vain attempt to fill up his time with amusements, would then find it too late to take up any serious pursuit, and be compelled to drag on a miserable existence, haunted by the ghosts of defunct pleasures, in the shape of *ennui*, restlessness, and melancholy.



ELIZABETH WOODVILLE AT WESTMINSTER.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE AT WESTMINSTER.

When Gloucester, afterward Richard III., was appointed Protector of the young King, Edward V., his mother, the queen, apprehensive of Gloucester's intentions, was seized with dread. Besides the young king, she had a son, Richard, about ten years of age, who had been born at Shrewsbury, created Duke of York, and contracted in infancy to the only daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl-marshal of England. With this boy and her five daughters, Elizabeth Woodville repaired to the Sanctuary at Westminster, where formerly, at a period not less dark and gloomy, she had found refuge and safety. Indeed, the superstitious believed that the place had been specially hallowed and sanctified by St. Peter in person; and hitherto no king, however wanting in devotion, had dared to infringe upon the privilege of its inmates.

The young King, on learning that his mother was in alarm, with tears in his eyes expressed his grief; but Gloucester, who had been declared Protector by the Privy Council, only protested his fidelity, and marveled that his royal nephew should be so melancholy. Gloucester, however, was not contented with the protectorate of the realm and the custody of the King's person. To realize the aspirations which the too ambitious duke cherished, it was necessary also to withdraw the Duke of York from the Queen's keeping; and as the paternal uncle of the princes—as a man, moreover, of valor, and wisdom, and learning—Richard argued that he was the natural guardian of the childhood of the princes. He resolved forthwith to turn the King's melancholy to account in promoting his projects, and with this view sent the Archbishop of York to Elizabeth Woodville, to say the company of his brother was essential to her eldest son's happiness.

The prelate, going to the Sanctuary, found the Queen, who had the character of being easily wrought on, and delivered the Protector's message. He found her mildly but earnestly opposed to delivering up the little Duke of York. He then told her plainly that if she did not consent he feared some sharper course would speedily be taken. At this warning the Queen's heart was saddened, and, after a pause, she took the boy by the hand.

"My Lord Archbishop," she said, "here he is. For my own part, I never will deliver him freely; but if you must needs have him, take him; and at your hands I will require him."

Elizabeth then shed many tears, and, clasping the little duke in her arms, said:

"Dear child, let me kiss you once more before we part; for God only knows whether we shall ever see each other more."

The poor boy wept bitterly, and the mother and the son parted, never to meet again.

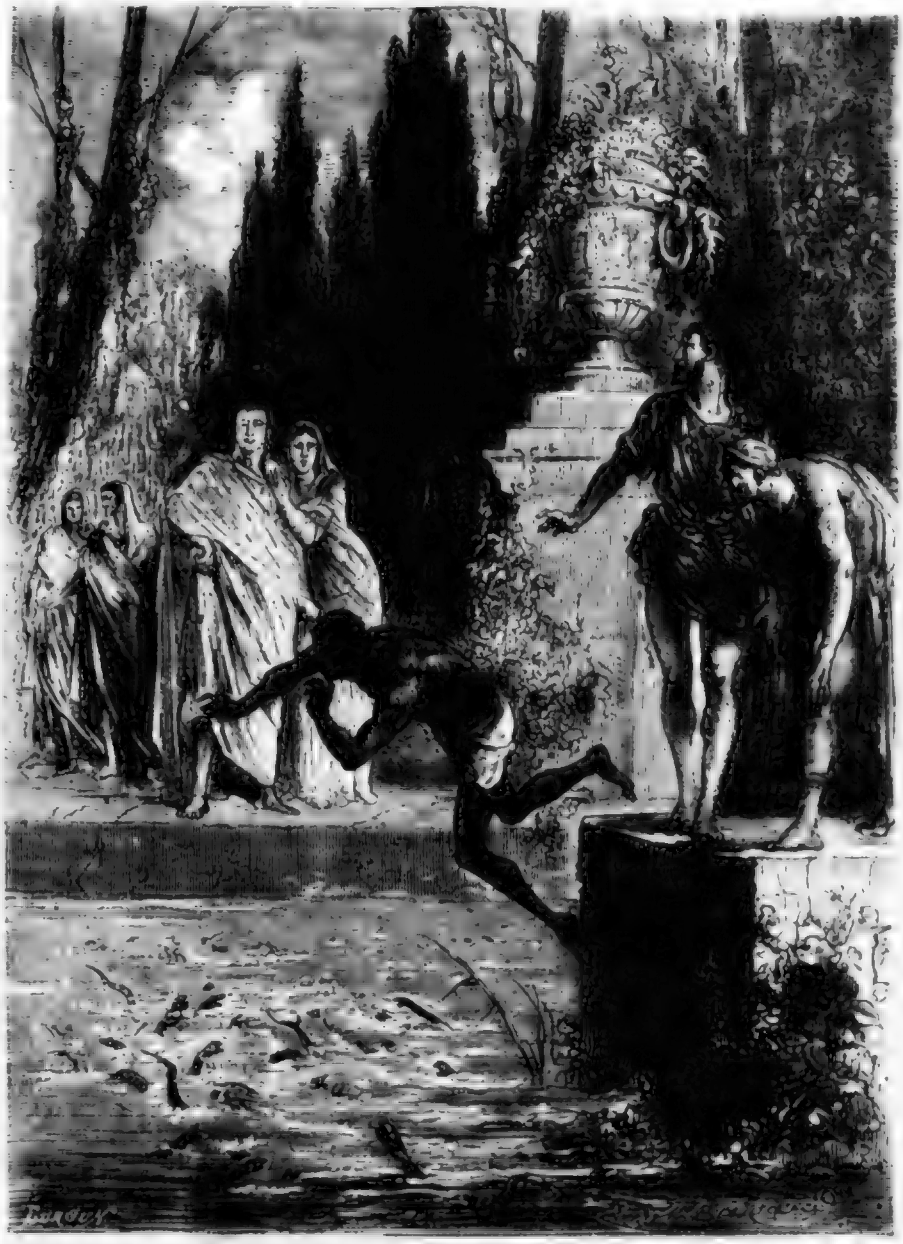


FIG. 1. POLLIO CASTING A SLAVE INTO HIS FISH-POND IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Meanwhile, in the Star Chamber hard by, the Protector and other lords were assembled, and thither the royal boy was led by the Archbishop. The Protector, rising as they entered, embraced his nephew with every demonstration of affection, and with that artful dissimulation for which he was distinguished, exclaimed:

"Welcome, with all my heart! Next to my sovereign lord, your brother, nothing gives me so much contentment as your presence."

A few days after this scene had been enacted, the Protector said it was proper that the King and the Duke of York should be in a place of security till the distempers of the commonwealth were healed; and a great council, summoned to discuss the matter, resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Buckingham, to send the princes to the Tower. Accordingly they were escorted with much pomp through London to the great fortress of the metropolis, and it was intimated that they were to remain within its walls till arrangements had been made for the King's coronation.

But this event never came to pass, and finally the two young brothers were probably murdered by Richard's order; at least such a belief is current in the tradition of the murder of the young princes in the Tower.

IVY.—There is a popular belief that ivy growing upon a building renders it damp and unhealthy, which is quite unreasonable. In fact, if a wall, particularly a north wall, be damp, the best treatment is to plant English ivies at its base; for not only does the dense foliage of the plant keep out rain, but its aerial roots absorb the moisture already in the wall. The real mischief done by ivy is to old buildings of stone or brick, from whose joints the mortar has been dislodged. An ivy shoot once lodged in one of these crevices will grow in bulk until, in the course of years, it has so pressed the joints apart that the masonry can be dislodged by any strong vibration of the building.

WE every day sacrifice principles which we esteem, through fear of being blamed by people whom we despise.

FISH CULTURE.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.

WHEN, in 1848, the celebrated naturalist, M. de Quatrefages, addressed a note to the Academy of Sciences at Paris stating his conviction that the artificial culture of fish was possible, his assertion was received with incredulity, and no steps were taken to verify the important discovery. It was not long, however, before a careful study of the subject, attended by numerous experiments, proved conclusively that the illustrious *savant* was correct; and, after the lapse of thirty years, we now recognize fish-culture as one of the most important industries of modern times. The naturalist is able to sow the seed in lakes and rivers, and reap his harvest not less unerringly than the husbandman who confides the grain to the soil. The moment an act is successful, it is customary for some learned pedant to search in musty tomes and ancient records for proof that there is nothing new about it, but that the Chinese have pursued it for thousands of years, and the Greeks and Romans have taught it in their public schools. Fish culture has not escaped the attention of these wiseacres, and we are informed by them that it is a very old story. It appears to be true that the artificial multiplication of fish has been pursued with success for centuries in the lagoon of Commachio, near Venice, and that the culture of oysters has been carried on for a long time at Fusaro, in the environs of Naples. Fish-culture was put in practice in the fifteenth century by a monk named Pinchon, and his methods were minutely described in the eighteenth century by the German naturalist Jacobi; but, notwithstanding all these facts, the artificial fecundation of fish has practically remained unknown down to a comparatively recent period. Great was the surprise in France when the report was circulated that two uneducated fishermen in the remote valley of the Vosges, after years of experiment and patient effort, had discovered a certain and easy process for the multiplication at will of any kind of river-fish. The announcement produced a profound sensation in France, and immediately scientific men took the matter in hand, and by their researches soon brought it to perfection. We propose to trace the history of this art a little more in detail, and gradually bring it down to our present era.

The Romans regarded fish as a great delicacy, and expended large sums in providing their table with rare varieties brought from distant countries, and raised with infinite trouble in basins and aquaria built for the purpose. They came very near acquiring a knowledge of artificial culture, but did not quite succeed. One of the wealthy citizens, Pollio by name, a great favorite of the Emperor Augustus, is said to have cast some of his slaves into the deep fish-ponds under the impression that such human nutriment would produce a food fit for the gods. On one occasion, when the emperor was to dine with him, a servant accidentally broke a valuable vase; this incensed Pollio so much that he ordered the servant to be thrown into the pond in the presence of his imperial guest (fig. 1); but the inhumanity of the act greatly displeased Augustus, who, to punish his host, directed some of his retinue to smash all of the remaining costly vases to be found in the house. Such stories as these are related by Pliny and other Latin authors, and serve to show the attention bestowed upon fish in early times. Not far from Naples can be seen the remains of a lake called by the poets Avernus, which at one time was surrounded by country-seats of wealthy Romans, and was the site of famous oyster-beds which were the source of a large income to a citizen who had learned how to plant the beds much as is pursued in modern times. For centuries this lake was celebrated for its oysters, and epicures sought them for their feasts, and owners of country seats in the romantic neighborhood greatly prized the luxury they were able to obtain so conveniently; but the famous spot exists no longer. On the 29th of September, 1538, a loud rumbling was heard in the earth, and a mountain of ashes, scoria, lava and pumice broke through the crust and lifted its head high into the air, leaving scarcely any trace of the beauty that once surrounded the spot. The culture of the oyster was not, however, lost, but was transferred to Lake Fusaro (fig. 2), not far distant, where it is possible to obtain some of the bivalves descended in direct line from the families so much prized by the Romans. The scenery about the lake is very fine, and much interest attaches to the methods there pursued in the planting of oyster-beds and the preservation of the species from extermination.

With the downfall of the Roman Empire disappeared, to a great extent, the raising of fish in ponds; but the progress of the Roman Church gave, in a measure, a new impetus to the business; as there are from seventy-five to ninety days of the year in which meat is interdicted, while fish is permitted, and its relative value was thus greatly increased. The increased demand for fish naturally restored the lost interest in the pursuit of fish-culture, and in the Middle Ages the industry assumed great proportions at Commachio, a lagoon near the Adriatic, between the mouth of the River Po and the Province of Ravenna. This lagoon is 140 miles in circumference, and is divided into forty basins, surrounded by dikes and canals which communicate with the sea.

Between the months of February and April, immense numbers of eels and other fish ascend the lagoon and enter the basins. In order to facilitate their transit, the inhabitants open all the locks and sluiceways, leaving free passage to the lagoon by the two branches of the Po, the Reno, and the Volano, until April, or until, by observation, they observe that the number has greatly diminished. All the gates are now closed, and the whole lagoon becomes an inclosed basin. Here live and grow the fish thus imprisoned, and no one is permitted to interfere with them until the proper season. The opening of the fishing is a great event for the inhabitants of Commachio. Prayers are offered up to the patron saint of the colony, and priests bless the faithful as they are about to proceed to their work. The locks of the dikes are opened, so as to admit the waters of the Adriatic. As the long, hot Summer has lowered the height of the water in the basins and rendered it more salt, the incoming tide brings fresh and aerated water, and soon the whole finny tribe is in motion, to swim out into the life-giving ocean. All the outlets are guarded by simple and ingenious reed hurdles, held in place by pickets, thus forming an intricate labyrinth. The fish gather, without being able to turn back, in a series of compartments, where they sometimes accumulate in such numbers as to be crowded above the surface of the water.

The canal represented on the figure (fig. 3) by *a*, communicates with the Adriatic. The fish which are at liberty in the lagoon, *e*, are enticed by the scent of fresh water into the canal, *a*, and soon arrive opposite the trench, *b*, which also communicates with the lagoon by the same canal. At the point *b* is a sharp angle, formed by the union of the flexible hurdles planted in the form of a palisade in the bottom of the lake. These are put in contact with each other, but do not adhere together. The fish are able, with a slight effort, to push them apart, and to pass through the gap; but as soon as they are through, the hurdles reclose and prevent the return of the victims to the canal or to the lagoon. Once within the labyrinth, the fish cannot get out; they have before them four or five chambers, shaped like a heart (*g*, *l*, *l*), which are composed of flexible palisades. A slight effort suffices to obtain entrance to the chambers, but once within, they are prisoners, and fall an easy prey to the fishermen.

As the fish differ in size, strength, and species, they assort themselves in the different chambers according to the obstacles to be overcome on the way. The eel is able to slip through every hurdle, and does not find itself stopped until it reaches the last compartment.

In prosperous years, as many as 2,000,000 pounds of eels are prepared for the market, and the trade is an important one for this community.

In the year 1763 a Hanover journal published a letter from the German naturalist Jacobi, giving the description of a method of raising fish from eggs, which does not differ materially from the one now pursued in this country. His arrangements for procuring the eggs and fecundating them with the milt—the hatching-box, with its flow of water and screen—and his description of the manner of procedure and the precautions to be observed, would serve for the present time, if supplemented by certain improvements acquired by experience. The information made known by Jacobi, and which he communicated to Buffon as early as 1758, was utterly lost to view, and it was not until the lapse of nearly one hundred years that a re-discovery of the facts published by him made sufficient lodgment to become fixed, and the art of fish-culture was fairly launched upon the world. M. de Quatrefages having been led by purely scientific researches to occupy himself with the propagation of fish, he, in 1848, presented to the Academy of Sciences a memorial on that subject. The publication of this document at once called forth a communication from Dr. Haxo, a country physician, who reported to the Academy that what M. de Quatrefages, on scientific grounds, claimed to be possible, had for several years been successfully accomplished by two humble fishermen of the Vosges. The Academy at once appointed a committee, consisting of Dumeril, Milne-Edwards, and Valenciennes, to investigate the truth of this report, and Milne-Edwards proceeded forthwith to search for the fishermen and receive their story. He found at Bresse, in the Vosges, two men, Remy and Géhin, whose observations of the habits of the brook-trout had led them to discover a method by which these fish could be propagated at pleasure, and the culture of other varieties could no doubt be carried on in an analogous way. The story of the suffering, privation, perseverance, shrewd observation, and final success of these two uneducated fishermen sounds more like a romance than a veritable history, and has often been told as illustrating traits in human character which afford a nobler view of mankind, and offer encouragement to the humblest to persevere until success crowns their efforts. Joseph Remy was a poor fisherman on the River Bresse, in the Canton of de Saussure. Finding that year by year the trout of the mountain streams were fast disappearing, and naturally fearing that his occupation would soon be gone, he set to work to study the habits of the fish to see if he could discover the secret of their rapid disappearance, and whether there was no remedy. He observed that toward the middle of November the trout ascended the river to find some tranquil water which to lay their eggs. He watched the trout with the most remarkable patience, endurance, and accuracy of observation. He concealed himself in the tall grass of the border, or sometimes lodged in the overhanging branches of trees, and night and day, during the season of full moon, undeterred by the cold, regardless of fatigue, oblivious of hunger, he retained his post of observation until he learned the important secret which was destined to confer such lasting benefit upon mankind. From his concealed cover, Remy saw the female trout rub her ventrical gently against the gravel-bed of the stream, and displace little pebbles with her tail to form

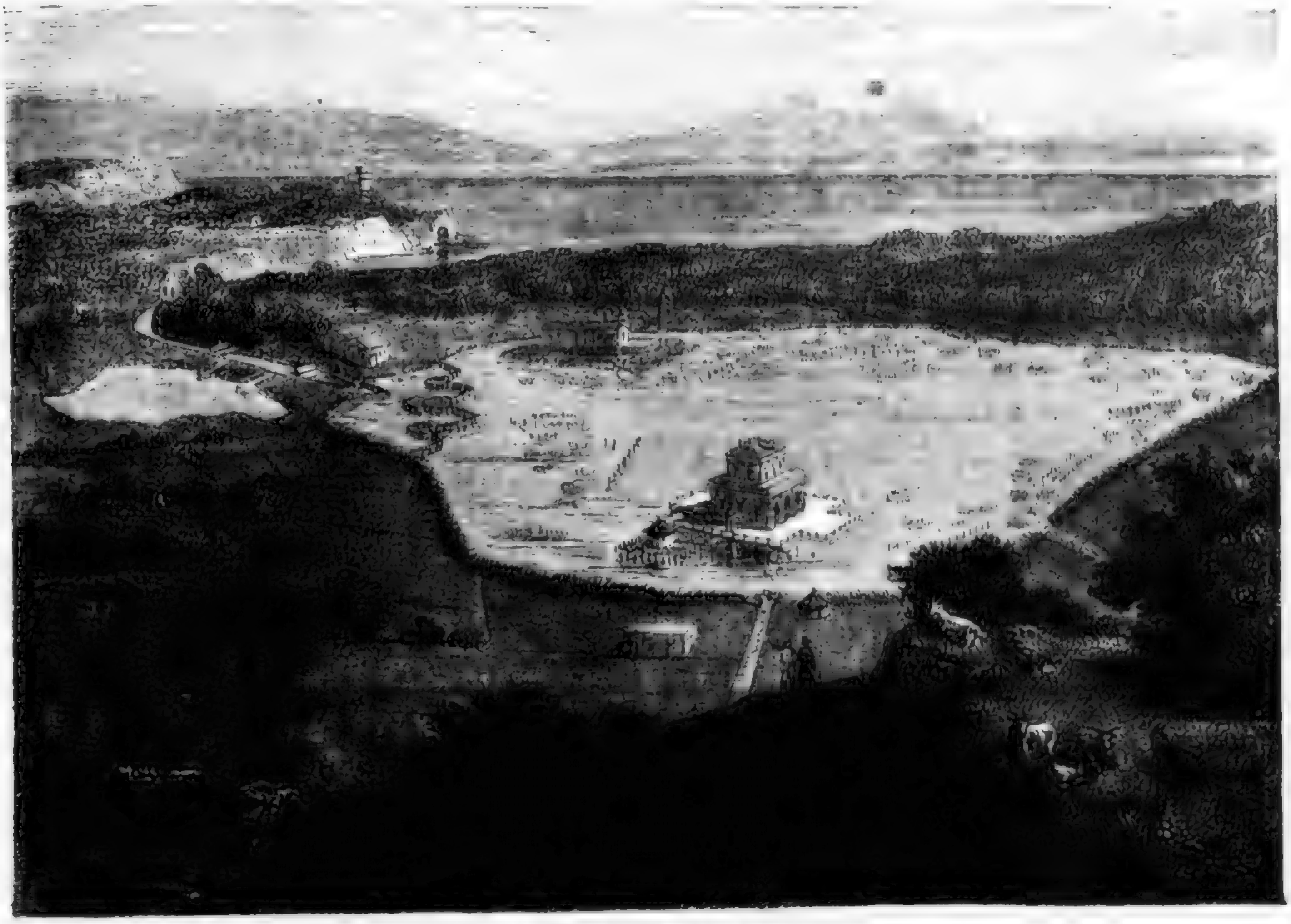


FIG. 2.—OYSTER-BEDS OF LAKE FUSARO.

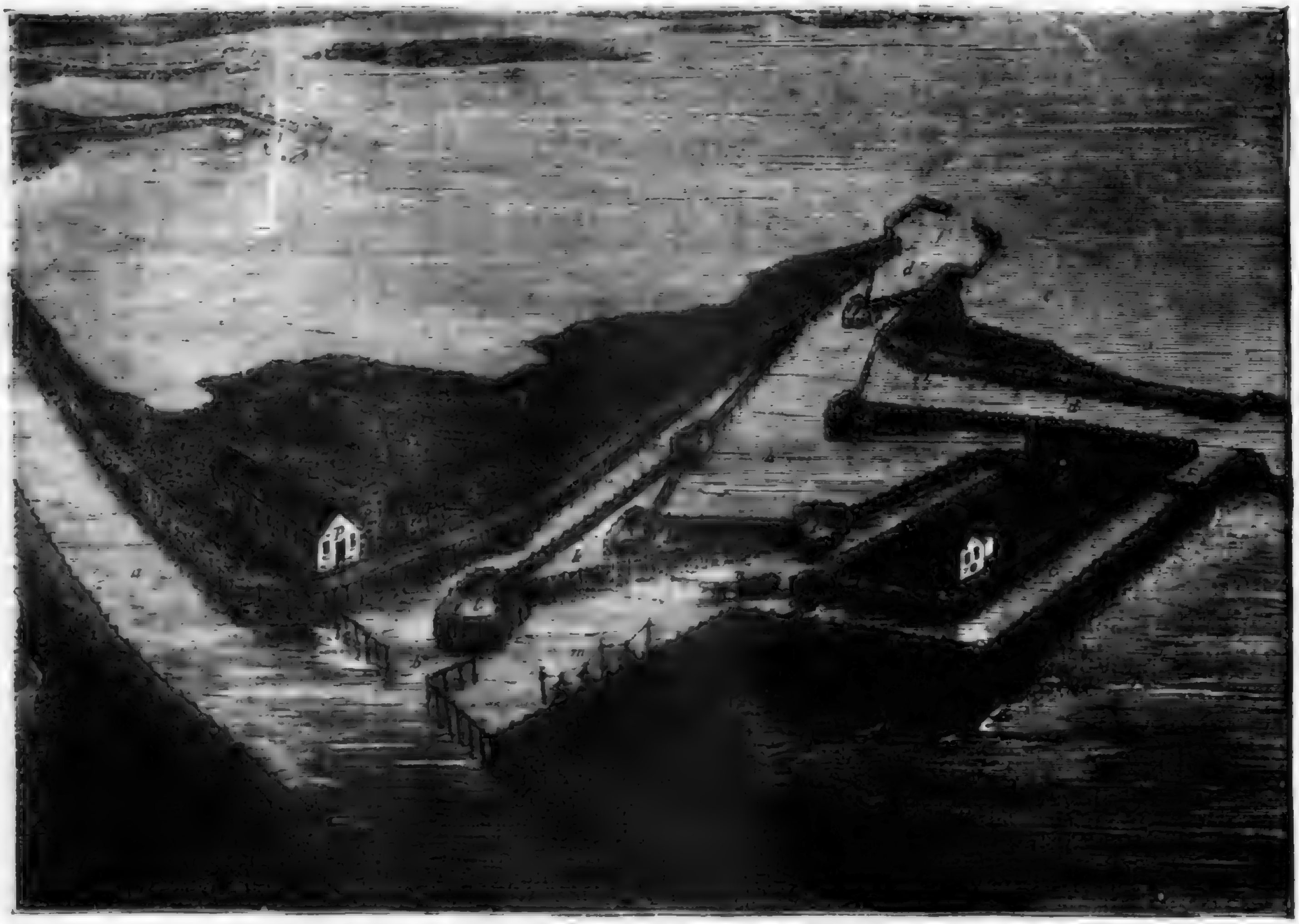


FIG. 3.—VIEW OF THE LAGOON OF COMMACHIO AND THE LABYRINTH FOR FISH.

a dam against the rapidity of the current, and in the interstices deposit its eggs. Presently the male fish was seen to impregnate the eggs with milt, and, after the fecundation, the female endeavored to cover the eggs with sand to protect them from marauders or to prevent their being washed away by the current. Remy observed that, notwithstanding all of these precautions on the part of the parents, the setting was frequently broken up; the currents carried the eggs away or washed them upon the beach, where they dried up or were often frozen. His first thought was to preserve the eggs from every species of danger. He cautiously removed them and placed them in a wooden box, provided with narrow openings, which he submerged in a secure spot in a running stream. But ill-luck attended his first experiments, as he was unable to bestow the necessary attention upon the hatching-box, and it so happened that he sometimes took the eggs before they had been covered by the milt of the male. Not discouraged by all of these repulses, he returned to his post of observation, renewed his watching, and by degrees a light of intelligence began to break in upon him. He began to think that the continual friction of the female against the bottom of the stream must have some other object besides the preparation of the nest; that it was to facilitate the passage of the eggs. A direct experiment soon proved the accuracy of his conclusions. He secured a female fish, and by gentle movements in the region of the vent succeeded in forcing out the ova. Having remarked that the male imitated the movements of the female, he practiced the same manipulation upon a male trout, and allowed the milt to fall upon the eggs previously secured. He noticed that the eggs immediately lost their transparency, and he regarded this opacity as a proof of successful fecundation. In order that the hatching might be complete, it was only necessary to place the eggs in their natural condition and leave them to themselves. It was thus, after frequent failures, after untiring zeal, without any teaching, with only his own shrewd and acute observation, that Remy arrived at his great discovery. He confided his secret to his friend Géhin, and the two together introduced many important improvements in the process of artificial fecundation. The first attempts of Remy date from the year 1840, and in 1842 he

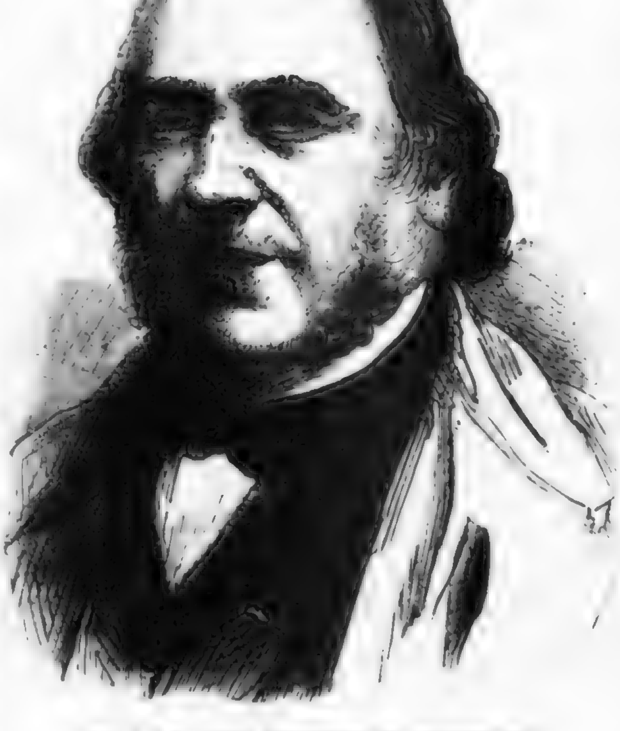


FIG. 1.—M. COSTE, PROFESSOR OF EMBRYOLOGY.

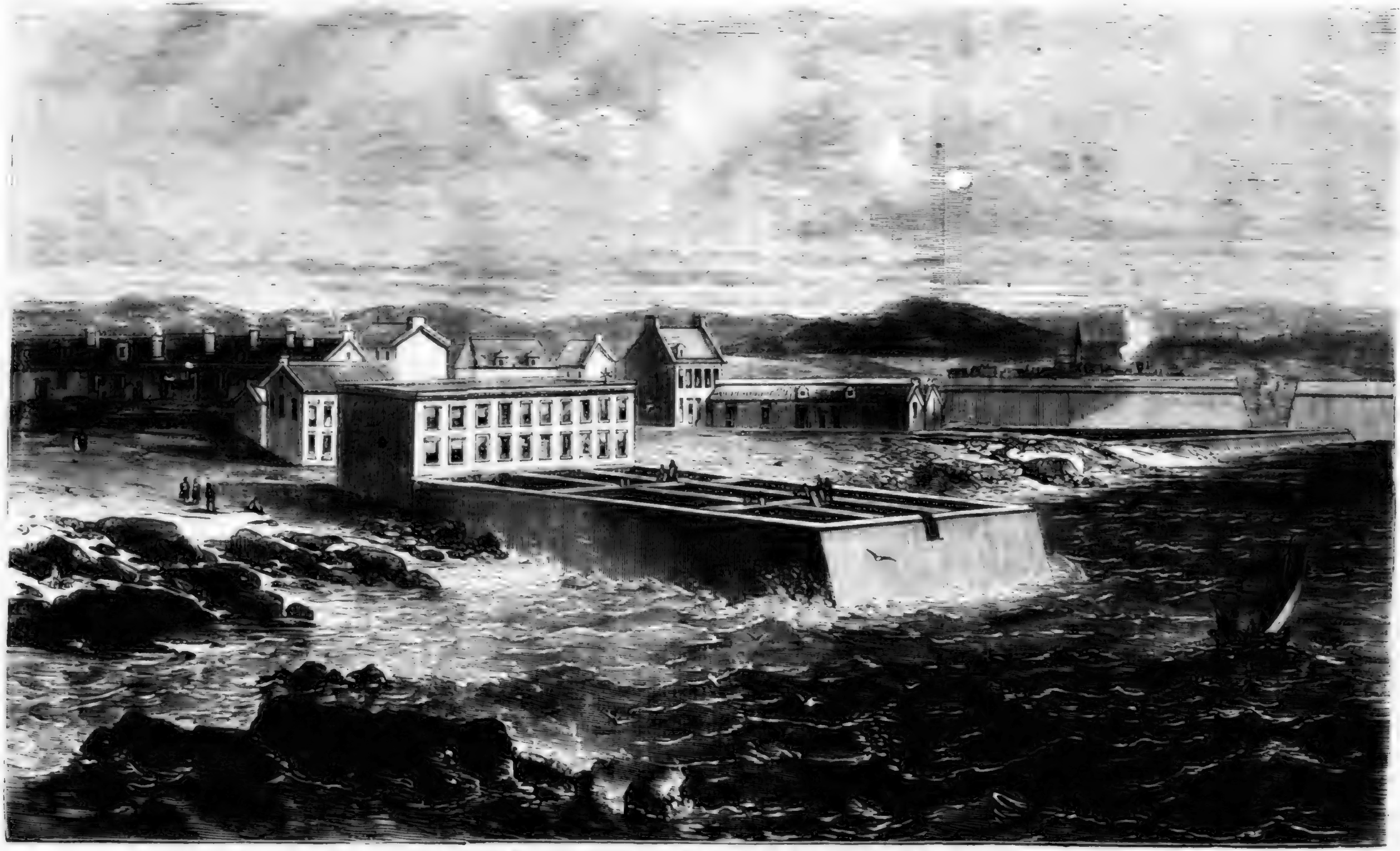


FIG. 5.—FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT CONCARNEU, FRANCE.

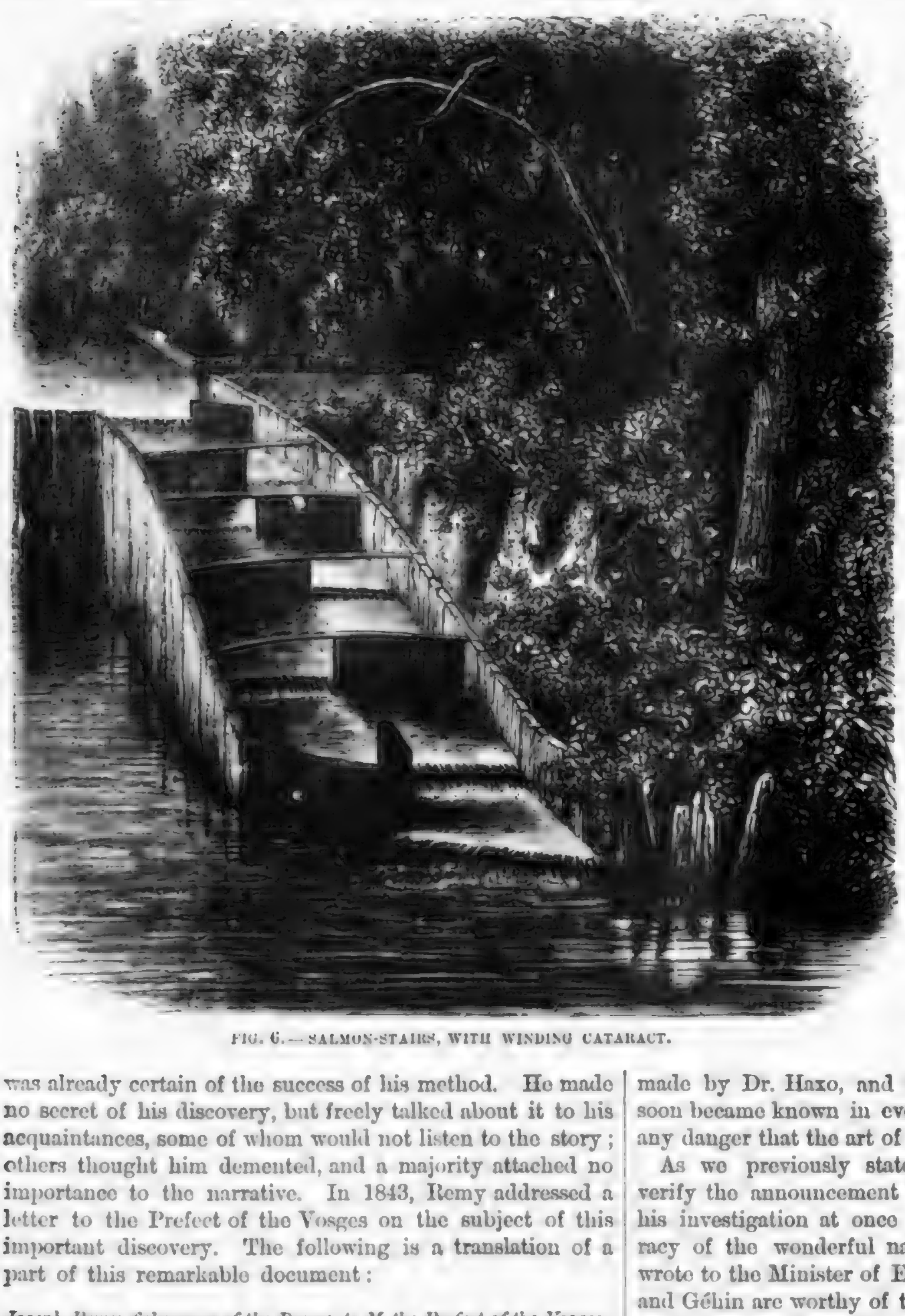


FIG. 6.—SALMON-STAIRS, WITH WINDING CATARACT.

was already certain of the success of his method. He made no secret of his discovery, but freely talked about it to his acquaintances, some of whom would not listen to the story; others thought him demented, and a majority attached no importance to the narrative. In 1843, Remy addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Vosges on the subject of this important discovery. The following is a translation of a part of this remarkable document:

Joseph Remy, fisherman of the Bresse, to M. the Prefect of the Vosges:

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, in consequence of the numerous experiments which I have made, I have succeeded, after much care and trouble, in hatching an immense quantity of trout-eggs, the young of which, healthy and well-formed, will be suitable for restocking the rivers. I deem it to be my duty to make known to you the means by which I have arrived at this fortunate result. . . . At the season of spawning, in November, when the eggs appear at the vent of the trout, by passing the thumb and pressing gently against the vent of the female, and without doing her any injury, I cause the eggs to fall into a basin of water; after this, I seize the male, and by operating in the same manner, cause the milt to flow upon the eggs until they have become opaque. As soon as this operation is completed, and the eggs have become clear, I dispose them between coarse grains of sand on the bottom of an iron box, pierced with a thousand holes. I placed one of these boxes in a fountain of fresh water—the other in the River Bresse, in a spot where the current was only slight. Toward the middle of February, the eggs in the fountain commenced to hatch, while those in the river did not change until the 20th of March. . . . In hatching, the young, the tails of which first appear, are white, elongated, lean, with large heads. . . They move immediately, and appear, by their action, to swim with pleasure; every day they change color, and assume the tints of the large fish; the body becomes round and fills out. I have retained a quantity of these little creatures, in order to be able to reproduce them at pleasure. It appears to me that a discovery of this nature, especially at a time when the rivers are nearly deprived of fish, in consequence of the drought of last season is worthy of the attention of the Government. . .

(Signed) REMY.

Strange to say, this letter remained unanswered, but the prefect sent it to a local scientific society, and this body voted a bronze medal and a reward of 100 francs for the important discovery; and having performed this act, they seem to have considered that their duty in the premises was absolved. The account of the important investigations conducted by Remy and Géhin was carefully filed among the archives of the society, where it would have remained until brought to light by some diligent antiquary, as was the case with the letter of Jacobi, published a hundred years previously, had it not been for the memoir of Quatrefages read to the Academy in Paris in 1848, and the subsequent reclamation of Dr. Haxo, asking recognition of the previous labors of the Vosges fisherman. Great was the surprise of the Academy, and astonishment of the public, at the announcement made by Dr. Haxo, and the names of Remy and Géhin soon became known in every land, and there was no longer any danger that the art of fish-culture would be forgotten.

As we previously stated, Milne-Edwards hastened to verify the announcement of Dr. Haxo, and the report of his investigation at once removed all doubts of the accuracy of the wonderful narrative. The learned naturalist wrote to the Minister of Education: "The labors of Remy and Géhin are worthy of the highest encouragement. For the purpose of restocking our rivers with salmon, trout, and many other varieties of fish, the process of multiplication invented by them is the simplest and best, and these two fishermen appear to have been the first to introduce the process into France."

The reward to these distinguished benefactors was not very brilliant—they each received a pension of $200 per annum—and Remy was granted the privilege of selling tobacco in a village of 1,200 inhabitants, which disabled him from visiting his fisheries oftener than two or three times a year; and old age coming on, and infirmities from exposure while engaged in making his important researches, soon deprived him of the power of reaping any part of the harvest he had so richly earned. Since his death, a monument has been erected to his memory, near the scene of his labors, by the citizens of France, who are proud of the honor he brought their country, now that he is dead; but who were too tardy in expressing their admiration and gratitude at a time when it could have been of service to the great benefactor of his race.

The immense publicity given by the scientific and political

cal press to the discovery of Remy soon enticed many laborers into the field, and the new art of pisciculture began to be practiced everywhere. M. Coste, Professor of Embryology at the *Collége de France* (fig. 4), was one of the most untiring and zealous advocates of the new line of research. It is chiefly to his labors that the world owes the extension of the artificial fecundation to salt-water fish, mollusks and crustaceans. He established a laboratory at Concarneau (fig. 5), a small fishing-town on the coast of Brittany, where he conducted his scientific researches and practical studies. In the building adjacent to the fish-ponds are tanks and aquaria, supplied with fresh and salt water by pumps driven by a windmill, and in the lower part of the building are lodging-rooms and workshops for those who wish to observe and study the habits of the fish. The fish-ponds are divided into six basins, where all of the conditions of nature are imitated so far as possible—sandy bottoms, grassy banks, stones, rocks, and all sorts of variations likely to be appreciated by the aquatic inhabitants. Experiments of the most interesting character have here been conducted for a series of years upon a great variety of fish and crustaceans, and much practical information has been disseminated from this laboratory.

It must be said, to the credit of Professor Coste, that he did not confine himself to purely scientific investigations, but that, observing the hardships endured by the fishermen of the coast, with whom he was daily brought in contact, he instructed them how to improve their methods of capture, and, at his instigation, the Government passed salutary laws, protecting both the fish and the men, and introducing proper rules and regulations into the business.

It is impossible, in the compass of a short article, to mention by name every one who has distinguished himself by his researches in pisciculture, nor would such a task be a very easy one, since the number is very great, and includes citizens of nearly every country.

As soon as the announcement of the discovery was made, intelligent and practical persons in the United States took the matter up, and it was not long before the new art was fully established in our lakes and rivers. It was a subject that greatly interested such naturalists as Agassiz and Spencer F. Baird, and such practical men as Seth Green and Robert Roosevelt, and they took it up with characteristic zeal, and pursued it until the whole country now reaps the benefits of their wise forethought.

The practical details of fish-culture have been frequently published in our scientific and secular press, and numerous hand-books exist to guide the inexperienced in the intricacies of the business. In several States of the Union the Legislatures have provided for the appointment of fish commissioners, to whom is assigned the duty of protecting fisheries, and of seeing that the laws in relation to times and seasons are properly enforced. These commissioners have brought much intelligence to the work, and a manifest increase in the supply of fish can be traced to their efforts.

The tenth annual report of the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts, written by Mr. Thomas Lyman, the chairman, is full of interesting matter. Mr. Lyman says that the fish-ways throughout the State have generally proved successful, especially those over high dams. The great difficulty has been to find the kind of way best suited to shad—a question rendered more than usually difficult by the fact that shad do not return above their own spawning-ground; and as all shad above the high dams were destroyed long since, as the female shad does not return to spawn until about three years old, and as all the shadlets put in above the dam are scarcely old enough to return, no fair test has yet been obtained of the efficacy of shad-ways. Especially is this true on the Connecticut River, and at the Holyoke fish-way. But as several shad passed freely through this way last year, its efficacy is established, and all further efforts at that place will be directed toward making improvements about the

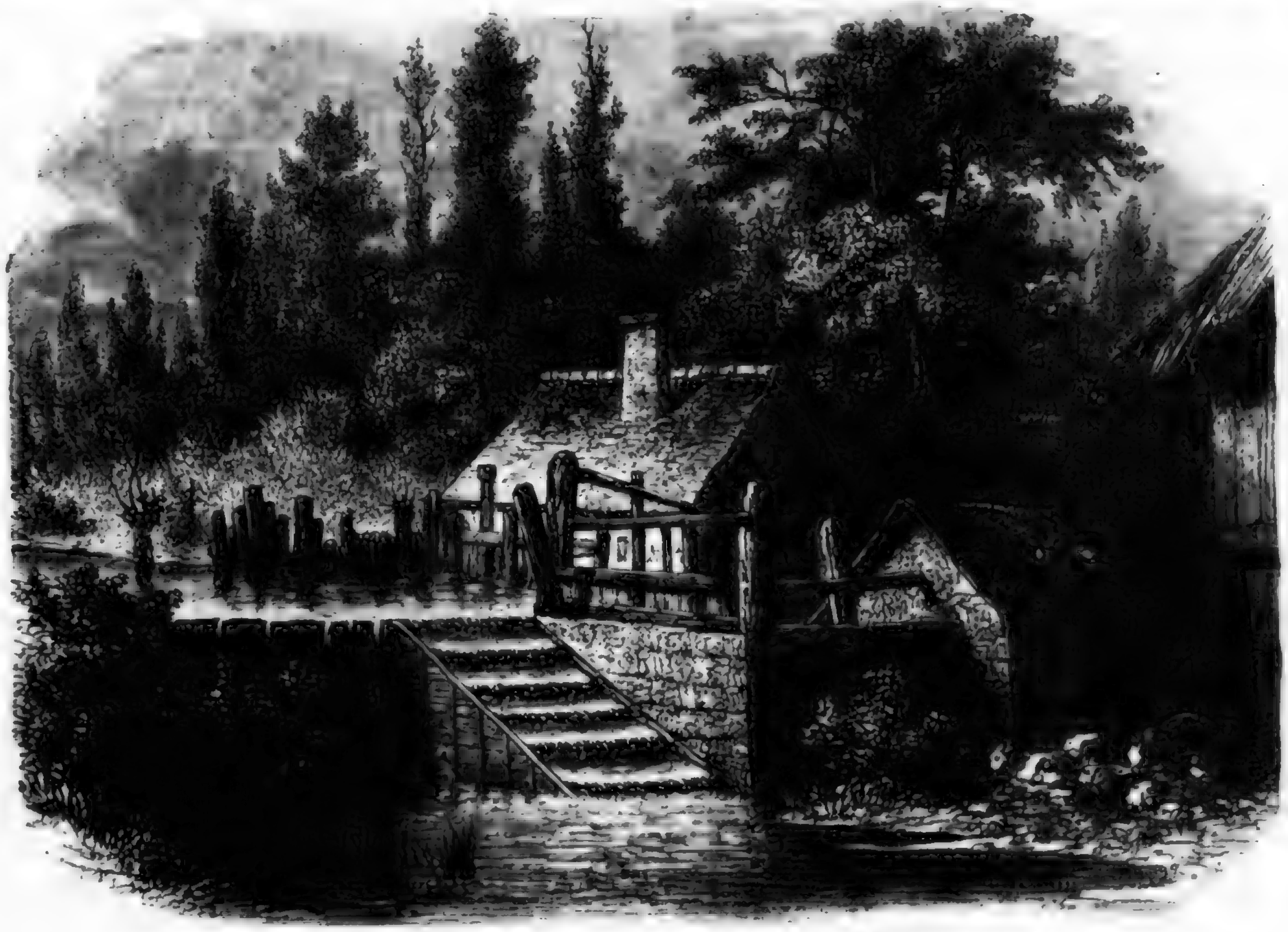


FIG. 7.—SALMON-STAIRS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE DAM.

XUM

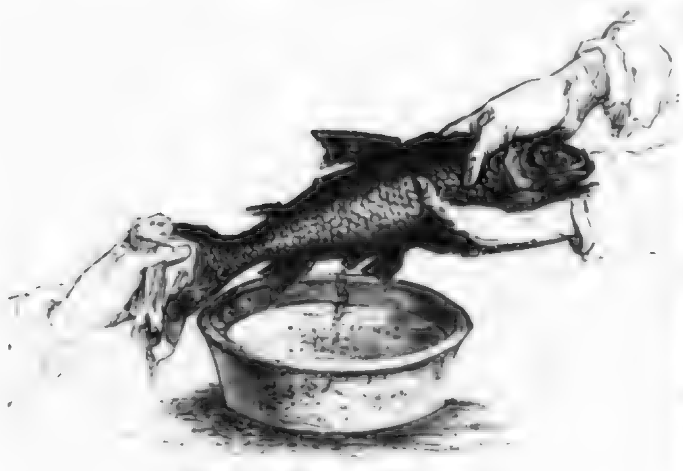


FIG. 8.—ARTIFICIAL SPAWNING.

entrance of the way, and of putting young fish in the river above the dam, so that their natural instinct will lead them to seek the upper waters of the river for spawning. In the remarks upon trout-culture, great stress is laid on the fact

FIG. 9.—EGG OF PIKE SALMON, NATURAL SIZE—GROWTH OF SAME—PIKE SALMON AT BIRTH—TWO MONTHS OLD.

that large and stagnant ponds are not favorable for this fish, as the water becomes too warm.

Mr. Lyman says that a great increase of shad by artificial propagation has been observed in the Connecticut River.

FIG. 10.—TROUT AT BIRTH—ONE MONTH OLD—AFTER ABSORBING UMBILICAL VESSEL.

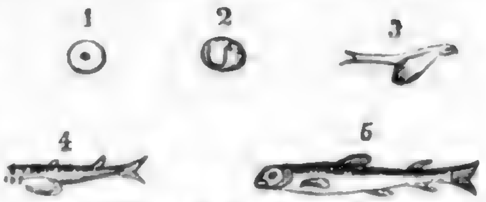


FIG. 11.—TROUT SPAWN AND YOUNG IN FIVE STAGES.

The average of the fisheries of 1864 to 1869, was only two-fifths of that from 1827 to 1836, and each year showed a rapid decrease. Suddenly, in 1870, the river was filled with shad, and there had been no such take for a generation. The season of 1875 was the best one in twenty years.

There are 55 leased ponds in Massachusetts, all of which have been fully stocked with the best varieties of fish.

It will be seen from the report of Mr. Lyman that the collection and hatching of eggs is not the only difficult question in pisciculture. How to build dams in such a way as not to prevent fish from ascending rivers at the spawning season is a matter of equal importance. In the pools of such rivers as stop the fish they crowd together, and as the fish cannot hold their spawn when fully ripe, they fight and hustle each other for an appropriate place, and in this way not only are the ova scattered about, and in most instances entirely wasted, but the fish themselves are much injured by fighting, and seldom or never recover from the slightest bodily flesh wounds. Hence the great importance of ladders to admit of their reaching the upper waters, where they can finish their parturition unmolested.

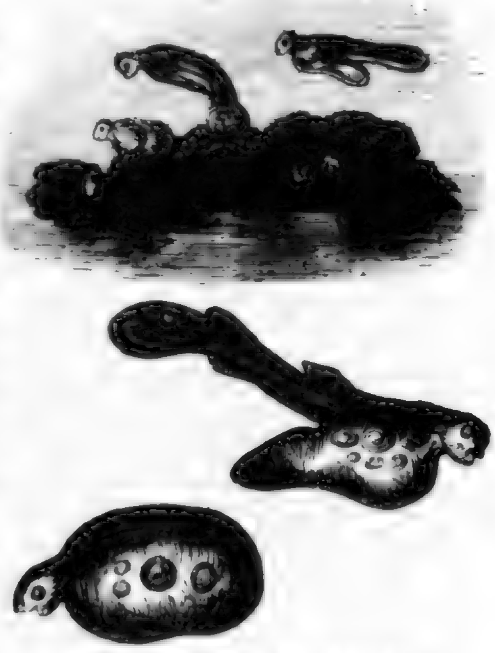


FIG. 12.—GROWTH OF THE SALMON.

Mr. Smith, a Scotch manufacturer, first invented salmon

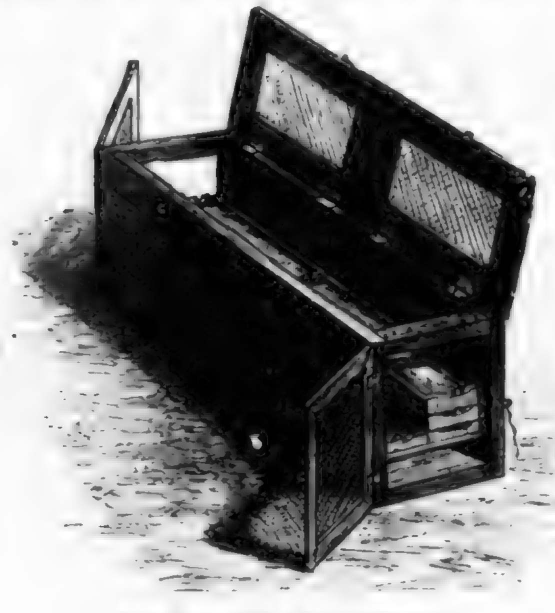


FIG. 13.—COSTE'S HATCHING-BOX.

ladders in 1834, and since that time they have been very generally introduced in Scotland and Ireland, and have been copied in this untry so far as they were adapted the condition of our rivers. There two systems, called "stairs" and "ladders." The stairs (fig. 6) consist of a series of square wooden reservoirs placed upon each other to the height of two feet. The reservoirs or basins, the upper one of which is on a level with the top of the cataract, while the lower is even with the bed of the stream, are so constructed that the water rushing into the upper compartment encounters a wall at right angles, and is forced to flow out at a lateral opening. The water thus falls from one basin to another, producing a series of cascades. Such an arrangement permits the salmon and trout to pass up and down the river without too great effort or fatigue. The other system, called the ladder (fig. 7), is more simple, and presents several varieties. It is usually constructed at an inclination of one foot in twenty by means of terraces and partitions, and the fall of the water is so regulated as not to interfere with the movement of the fish. Much money has been expended in this country in building stairs and

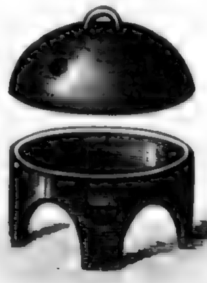


FIG. 14.—COVERT FOR YOUNG FISH.

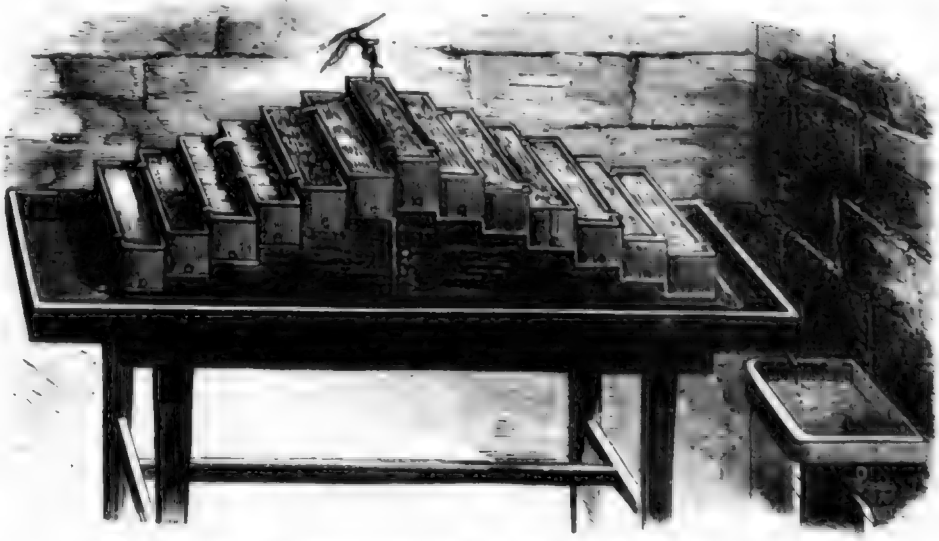


FIG. 15.—HATCHING-BOX AT THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

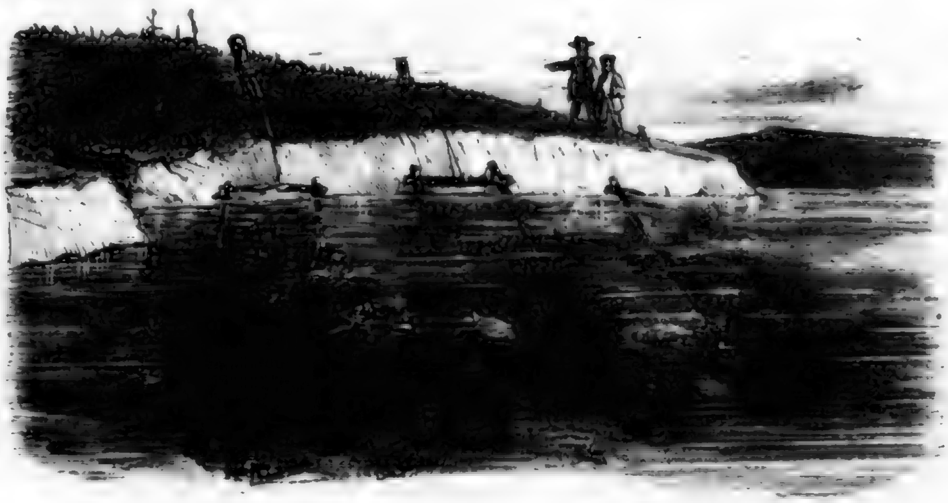


FIG. 16.—ARTIFICIAL NESTS FOR FISH.

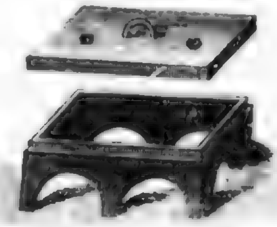


FIG. 17.—COVERT FOR YOUNG FISH.

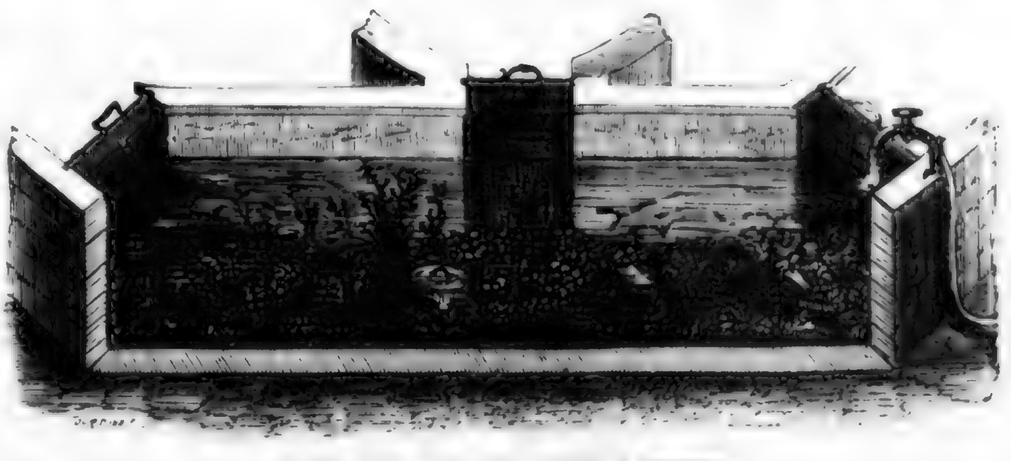


FIG. 18.—FISH-POND FOR ARTIFICIAL BREEDING.

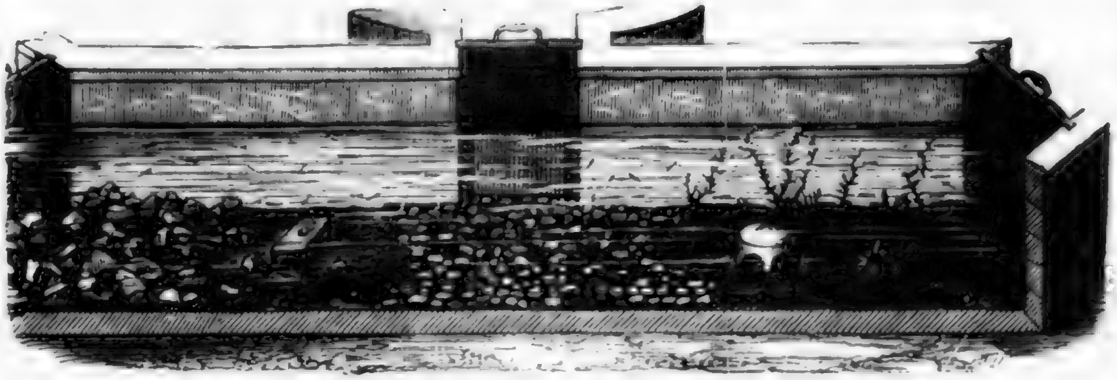


FIG. 19.—TANK FOR YOUNG FISH.

ladders for fish, and after the rivers have again been stocked from artificial spawning establishments, it is believed that they will not again become deserted.

As a result of modern investigations in embryology, the most fabulous computations are made of the number of eggs which different species of fish can carry. The following are some of the figures which have been published on this subject: Perch, 28,320 eggs; herring, 36,960; flounder, 1,357,400; sturgeon, 7,635,200; and M. Valenciennes has calculated that there are 9,000,000 eggs in the turbot and 14,000,000 in the mullet. It is evident from this that only a small proportion of eggs are ever hatched, out of the immense number that are spawned. The loss in the artificial hatching establishments must be considerably less than in the natural streams.

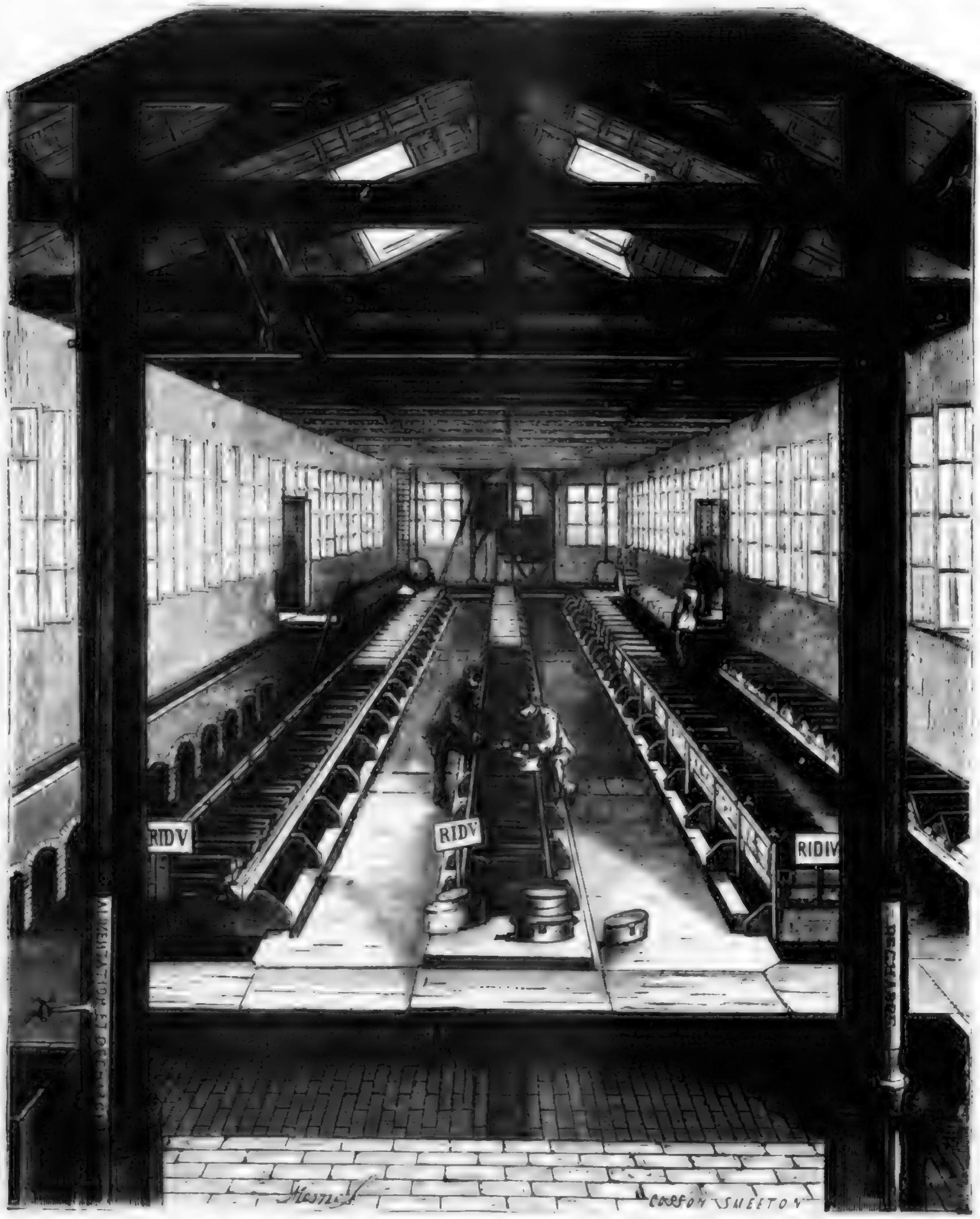


FIG. 20.—FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE.—THE HATCHING-ROOM.

In the artificial spawning for salmon it is important to take the female when she is working high up the stream. The redness and pear-shaped protrusion of the vent shows when the fish is ready to have the eggs taken from her. This must be particularly attended to, or the mother may be destroyed in the operation. The manner of accomplishing the removal of the eggs is indicated on the diagram (fig. 8); the appearance of the young fish is also shown in the cut. After the eggs have been taken from the fish, the parent will be found extremely faint, and the manipulator must be very particular in holding them for a short while with their heads up-stream, and slightly raised, that they may receive the revivifying effects of the current, or they will die. When the fish is born it has an umbilical bag attached, situated between the pectoral fins. (Figs. 9-12.)

This contains oil globules and albumen, and serves to maintain the fish for at least six weeks. When it is absorbed, the fish begin to feed, but not before. Often the little fish stick in the egg, and have to be helped out of it by a delicate hair pencil. A great variety of hatching-boxes and other contrivances have been invented for the artificial raising of fish, a description of which could very well occupy a considerable volume. They are generally so simple that a wood-cut of them explains itself, and leaves little to be added in the text. (Figs. 13-19.) It may be well to give a summary of the conclusions to which Mr. Buckland, a good authority, has arrived, especially relative to the artificial breeding of salmon. He believes that the plan of slate or wooden breeding-boxes, placed one above the other and fed by a half-inch tap, is much preferable to boxes let into the ground. These boxes should contain about one-third of their depth of fine gravel; the gravel should be well washed and boiled before being put into the boxes. Covers of wood should be placed over the boxes to keep out the light, as light is unfavorable to the germination of the ova. The great advantage of these boxes is, that the eggs can be counted into them, and the young counted out, so that the result in the number of fish hatched can be clearly known—a matter of great uncertainty in the rough out-of-door boxes. The eggs can also be easily removed as they die off. The young fish should be turned out when the umbilical bag is nearly absorbed. They should never be let free in ponds or anything approaching stagnant water. The best plan is to put them into cans, the water of which should be kept cool with ice during the journey, and send them to the upper tributaries of the river. V-shaped weirs, distributed up-stream, should be built with the stems in the stream, and a large stone, slate, or other covering should be put over the arms of the V, so as to form a hiding-place for the young fish. From five to ten little fish should be put into each of these artificial hiding-places. Fish thus turned out grow much faster than those kept in captivity; they obtain of their own accord the quality of food best adapted to their wants, and the wages of a man to look after the nursery-ponds is saved. The slate receiving-troughs can be

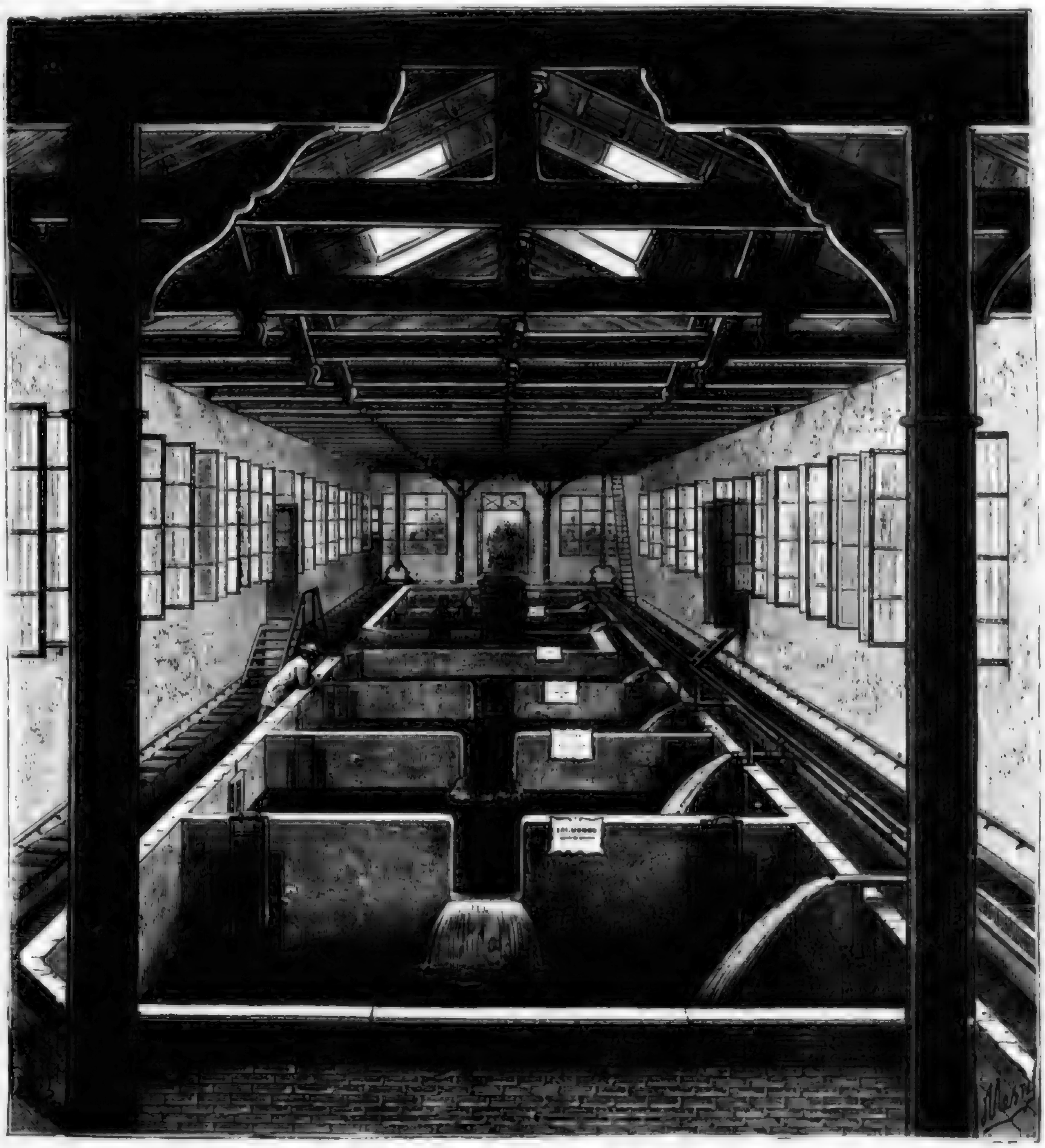


FIG. 21.—FISH-BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE.

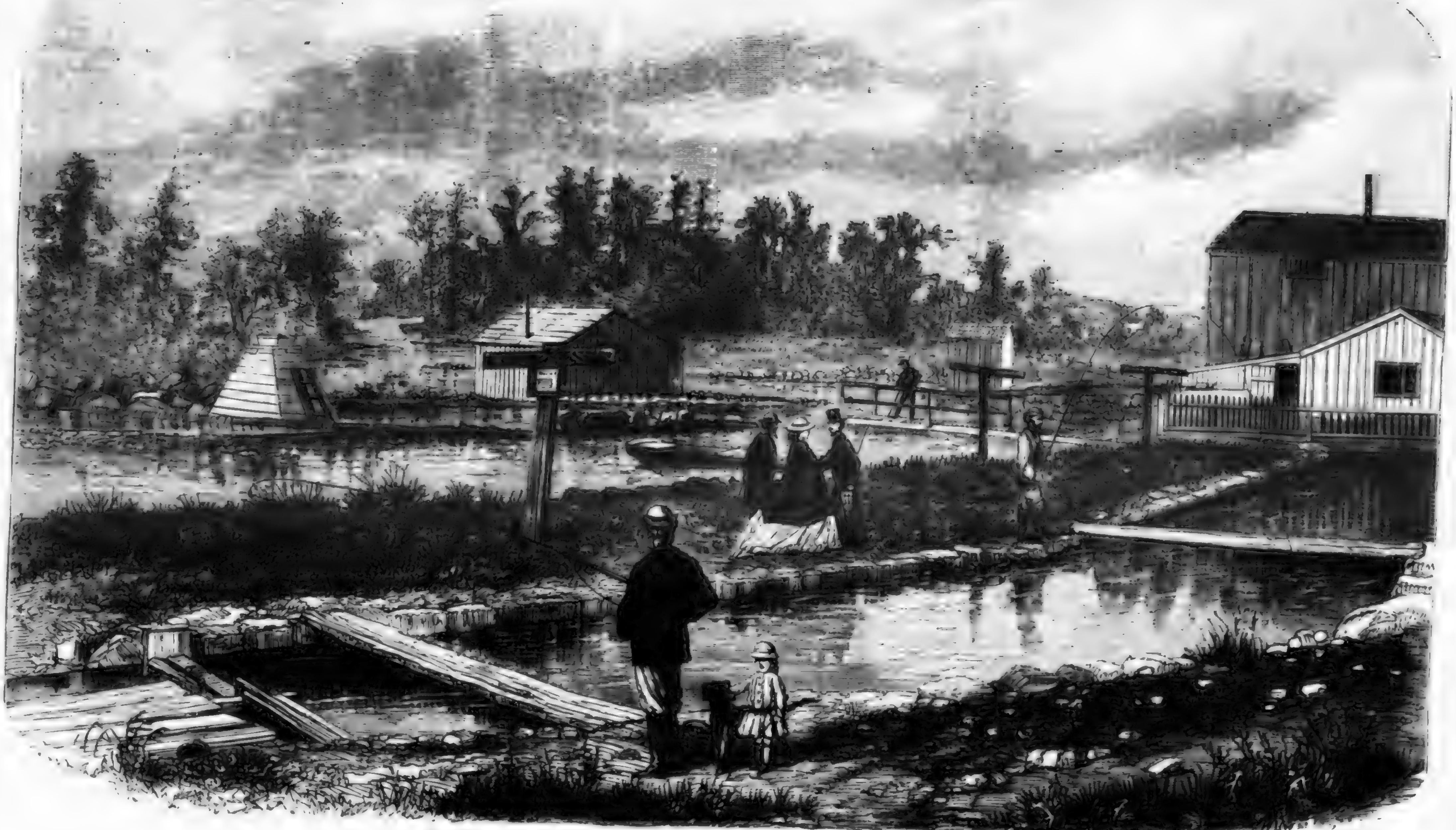


FIG. 22.—SETH GREEN'S TROUT-PONDS ON SPRING CREEK, NEAR MUMFORD, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

set to work in gardens, stable-yards, cold greenhouses, or any other suitable locality under cover, where there is a cistern or other water supply large enough to afford the requisite flow of water. A half-inch pipe flowing day and night will furnish an ample supply. Natural obstructions, or even small waterfalls in private gardens, may be easily rendered available for hatching fish. When the fish come to the obstruction they should be taken out by a net from the pond below, their eggs taken from them, and returned to the river; the boxes being arranged by the side of the waterfall, a leaden pipe with a stop-cock can be easily introduced into the water above the fall, and thus be made available for supplying the boxes. The boxes, as shown in the illustration, can be readily made. The gravel should be about the size of large peas, and the proportions should be one-third gravel to two-thirds depth of water. The dead eggs are best removed with a wire forceps, and should be taken every day. Plenty of water-weed is most valuable in the nurseries, as they produce aquatic insects, of which all fish are very fond and on which they live and thrive. Watercress beds are particularly favorable for bringing up young trout.

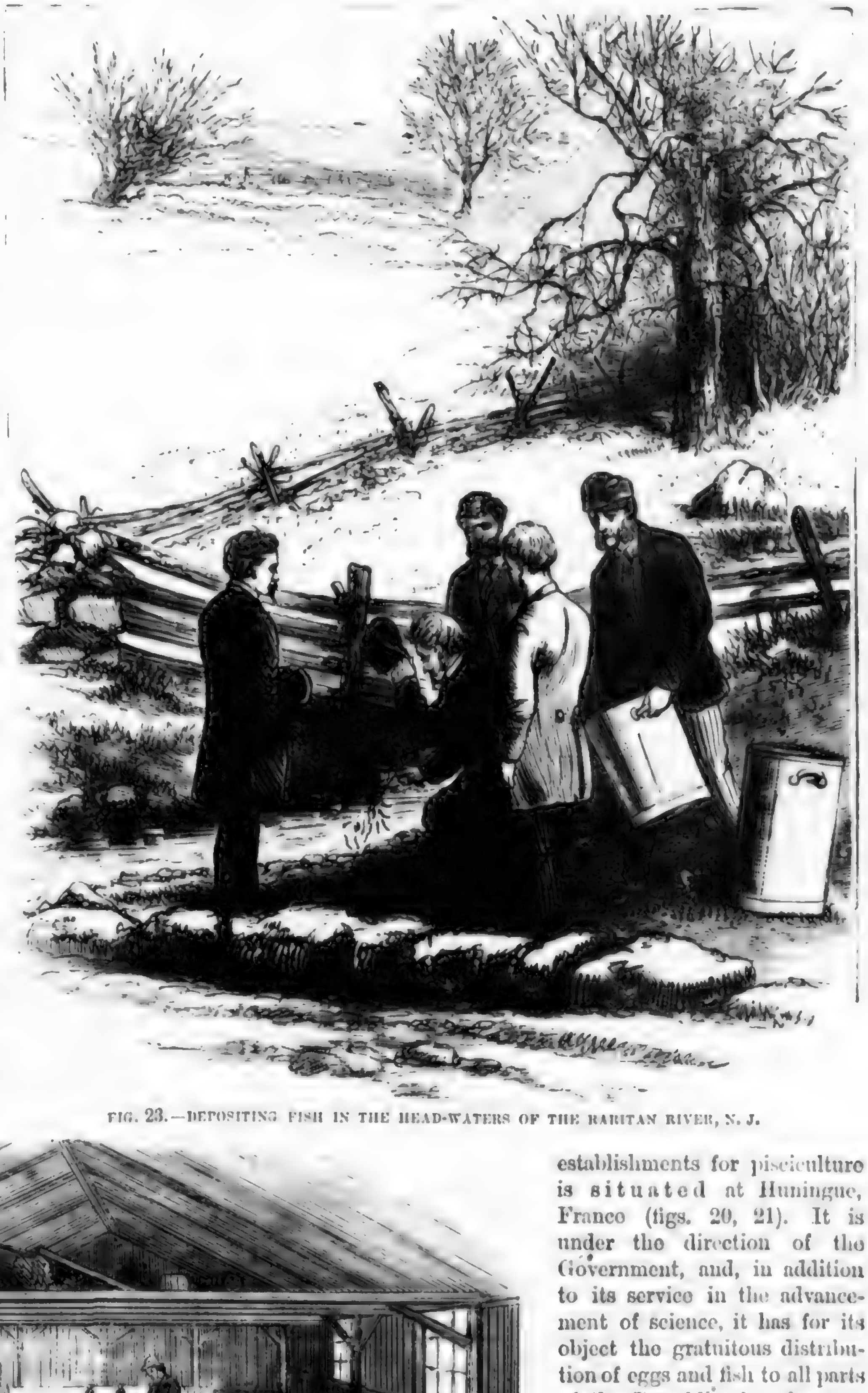


FIG. 23.—DEPOSITING FISH IN THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE RARITAN RIVER, N. J.

One of the most extensive establishments for pisciculture is situated at Huningue, France (figs. 20, 21). It is under the direction of the Government, and, in addition to its service in the advancement of science, it has for its object the gratuitous distribution of eggs and fish to all parts of the Republic, for the purpose of restocking lakes and rivers, and of adding to the supply of food for the people.

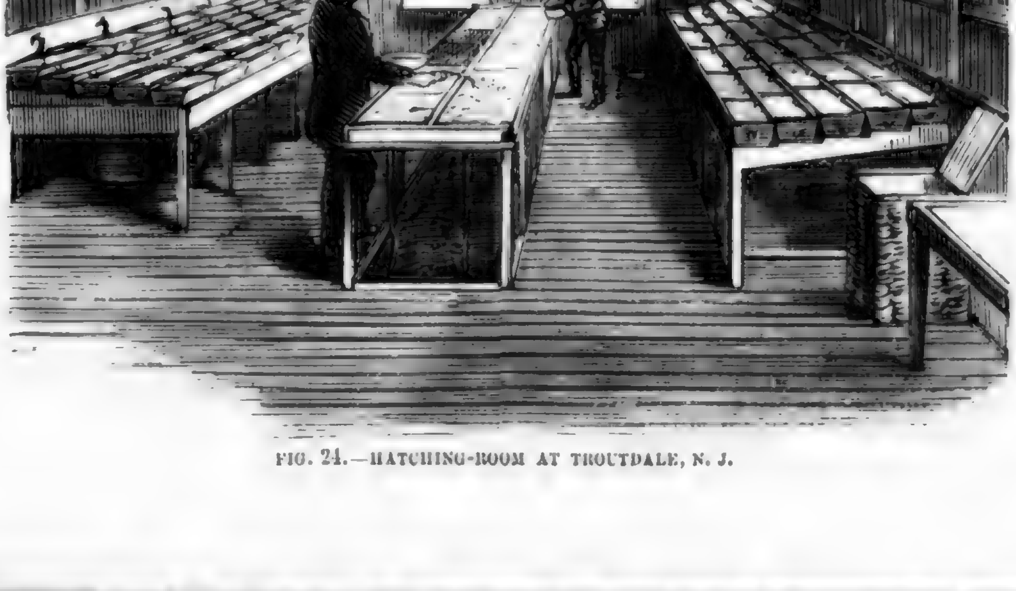


FIG. 24.—HATCHING-ROOM AT TROUTDALE, N. J.

The establishment is situated at Blotzheim, near the Rhine and Rhone Canal, where there is an abundant supply of pure water. The buildings are constructed on the model of a railroad station, and are amply provided with laboratories, offices, tanks, and every necessary appurtenance for successfully carrying on the business of hatching fish. In the grounds outside are numerous ponds for the rearing of the fish when they are sufficiently grown to be turned out of the hatching-boxes. In these ponds are perforated boxes with sliding doors, to which the fish resort when they wish to hide themselves, and in which they are captured whenever it is desired to send off a supply to any applicant. By creating a disturbance in the pond, the fish are frightened, and swim for the boxes in which to hide; the door is quickly closed, and the little creatures are securely caught.

The breeding establishment at Huningue has been visited by delegates from all countries, and it has been the means of disseminating a vast amount of information, as well as of furnishing immense quantities of fish, which have been supplied most liberally to all applicants. It has been taken as the model for other countries, and is justly regarded with pride by the citizens of France.

It may naturally be supposed that success in pisciculture would invite attention to mollusks and crustacea, and the artificial production of their species would be regarded as of sufficient importance to be worthy of careful experiments.

The first recorded experiment in the artificial propagation of fish in the United States was made in South Carolina in 1804. Nearly fifty years after, Dr. Garlick and Professor Ackley, in Ohio, succeeded in hatching brook-trout. The first extensive establishment for the purpose was that of Seth Green, at Caledonia Springs, Livingston County, N. Y. Its success led to action by the State. Mr. Green was placed at the head of a State hatching-house, erected at the Springs in 1870, where great numbers of salmon, trout, and white-fish have been bred. (Fig. 22.)

Legislative action was first taken in the New England States, and now commissioners of fisheries exist by law in fifteen States. The General Government, also, in 1871, appointed a commissioner to examine and report on the diminution of food-fishes, and propose remedies from time to time.

Among the other State fish-culture works, we may notice those at Troutdale, in New Jersey. (Figs. 23, 24.)

The result of these efforts has been most encouraging, and many streams from which fish had begun to disappear again teem with finny inhabitants.

Great success has attended the efforts to rear oysters artificially, and the business is now conducted on a large scale in France. There are two systems for collecting and preserving the young oyster—one fixed, the other movable. Blocks of stone are so placed as to form an irregular surface. These are left in quiet for a year, and then, at the spawning-time, they are turned over in such a way as to expose the young mollusks adhering to the under surface to the light, and the bottom again becomes covered with the young. After the lapse of three years, the shells are detached from the stones and put in proper beds for further development. In localities where stones are scarce, resort is had to baked tiles, which have the advantage of uniformity in size, and also admit of separating the shells more easily than from stones. The oyster attaches itself to the concave surface of the tile, and can easily be transported from one bed to another. Large seashells and branches of trees have also been employed as suitable resting-places and nests for the oyster; and, on a large scale, planks holding bundles of brush are placed in staging (fig. 23), in a way admitting of inspection and removal of the crop when the proper time arrives.

As the raising of oysters is limited to a few localities, there has been less interest bestowed upon this branch than upon the hatching of fish which can swim in all waters. Still, it is a trade worthy of study, and very remunerative when intelligently followed.

The artificial culture of crustacea requires so much time and skill, that it is not likely very soon to pass from the scientific laboratory to the rank of an art. In the course of time, however, as the number of mouths to be fed increases, we shall probably hear of many new devices for multiplying all kinds of fish, mollusks, crustacea, as well as land animals and birds of the air, to be used as food for mankind. The domain of science is unlimited; there are always new worlds to conquer, and every generation adds to the number of those who are willing to devote their lives to the task of unraveling the mysteries of nature for the benefit of their fellow-men.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Lead Poisoning.—Early rising has its pains and penalties as well as its profits and pleasures. A merchant in New York City, who was obliged to rise early, in order to reach his place of business before banking-hours, was served with a breakfast of cracked wheat before the rest of the family, the water for which was drawn from the pipes where it had been standing over night. He thus secured the small amount of lead that had become dissolved, and by a process of cumulation was soon prostrated by lead-poisoning. The case was investigated, and the true cause of the mystery explained, and, after proper remedies, the patient recovered. Unlike the proverbial "early bird," he no longer attempts to catch the poison from the worm, but now prefers the pure Croton after the tap has been thoroughly washed out. A similar case of poisoning has just been reported in London. A cab-washer, who was in the habit of drinking deeply during the day, and of sleeping in an omnibus until the time came for him to wash forty cabs, was taken very ill, and, on being questioned at the hospital, stated that as he usually finished his work just as the public-houses opened, he always had the very first glass of beer or gin that was served in the morning; that is to say, the liquor which had remained all night in the drawpipe, in contact with the lead. It was found that he had completely lost the use of his upper extremities, while his voice was reduced to the merest whisper. His gums showed the well-known blue lines, indicative of lead-poisoning, and his urine gave 1-3400th of a grain of lead per fluid ounce. He was cured by electric treatment—being placed in a warm bath, the water of which was charged with twenty-eight cells of a Voltaic battery. At first the current was passed from the positive pole placed at the nape of the neck, to the negative, which was attached at the feet. After ten minutes, the negative pole was moved along his legs and arms for twenty minutes or more. The treatment was continued daily, and at the end of a fortnight he was so much better as to be able to move his arms freely; and in two months and a half was able to return to his work. The fourth bath was acidulated, and tested by a chemist, who found well-marked traces of lead in it; showing that the metal was eliminated from the body by the electric current.

Ancient Toughened Glass.—The secret of the manufacture of malleable or toughened glass is regarded as one of the lost arts. There are so many references to this artifice in ancient works, that one is forced to believe that they must have had their origin in fact. In one old book, it is related of an artificer of Rome that he could make vessels of glass so tenacious that they were as little liable to break as those that were made of gold and silver. He sought an interview with Cæsar, and presented a vial of the purer sort. After the gift had been duly praised, and the artist's skill applauded, the vial was taken out of Cæsar's hand and thrown violently upon the floor. Much to the amazement and fright of the emperor, it sustained no other injury than a slight bruise, which was repaired on the spot by the artificer, who had brought the necessary implements in his pocket. The story further goes that the emperor inquired of the workman if he alone of all men was possessed of the secret, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, he gave orders that the man should be beheaded, so that the secret might die with him. Cæsar was afraid that if malleable glass could be so easily manufactured, all implements of gold and silver would become comparatively worthless. The story is so suggestive of one of La Fontaine's fables that scientific men are prone to look upon it as a myth. Again, in 1610, we read that among other rare presents then sent from the Shah of Persia to the King of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered, that they could not be broken. And now, in 1876, De la Bastie, of France, claims to have discovered the secret, and we are promised toughened and malleable glass in any quantity. The process is thus far only partially successful, but it bids fair to prove a valuable contribution to the arts as soon as certain difficulties in the way of practical manipulation have been removed.

Vanadium in the United States.—It is asserted by Dr. Isidor Walz, that vanadium is a frequent constituent of American magnetites. This conclusion is based upon an examination of twenty-seven specimens of magnetic iron ores from different localities in the United States and Canada. Dr. F. A. Geuth, of Philadelphia, has also found considerable quantities of vanadium in California ores. The importance of this element in the manufacture of an indelible black ink and dye makes its discovery in marketable quantities very desirable. Thus far it has only been found in small quantities in Europe.

Uses of Dextrine in Photography.—A solution of dextrine suitable for photographic purposes should not give a blue color on the addition of iodine, no precipitate on the addition of oxalate of ammonia, and not redden litmus paper. Starch is more generally employed for mounting prints, but it does not keep so well, and could be advantageously superseded by dextrine. Dextrine dissolves readily in hot water, and, with the addition of one drop of carbolic acid to each ounce, or, better still, a few drops of an alcoholic solution of salicylic acid, will keep indefinitely, and never be subject to attacks of insects. Dextrine is used for the reproduction or strengthening of negatives by the "dashing-on" process, and as a preservative it also has a high value. For several years, dry-plate pictures have been taken with success, the preservative being dextrine alone, or dextrine and albumen. A solution of dextrine, made in as strong alcohol and water as will dissolve it, can be applied with good effect to an ordinary emulsion plate, in which there is a trace of bromide in excess; without washing, this will give a greater degree of rapidity than any of the organifiers in general use.

The Largest Photograph in the World.—Mr. F. Gutekunst has recently completed a photograph of the Philadelphia Exhibition Grounds, which is probably the largest photograph, on a single sheet of paper, in the world. Its merits as a panoramic view of the buildings are no less worthy of notice than its great size. The sheet of paper on which it is printed is 10 feet long and 18 inches wide, and special baths for the silvering and toning of so large a sheet had to be made. The negatives from which it was printed were exposed from a scaffold erected near the Belmont Reservoir, and seven of them carry the view of the buildings from Agricultural Hall to the Observatory on George's Hill. The buildings are shown with great distinctness, and without any glaring faults of perspective, so apt to be displayed in photographic views. There were great difficulties in printing a picture of this size from seven negatives on a continuous sheet of paper; but it has been successfully accomplished, and the picture is a most interesting souvenir of the Centennial Exhibition.

A Canal across the Isthmus.—The Commission—consisting of General Humphreys, Superintendent Patterson, of the Coast Survey, and Daniel Ammen, Chief of Bureau of Navigation—appointed by the President of the United States to ascertain the practicability of an inter-oceanic ship canal, have reported in favor of the Nicaraguan route, beginning on the Atlantic side, at Greytown; running by canal to the San Juan River; following it by slack-water navigation to Lake Nicaragua; across the lake to the Rio del Medio, and thence by canal to the Rio del Brito, on the Pacific Coast; a distance of 181 33-100 miles, and attaining a height of 108 feet at the top of the slope. The cost of construction of this canal and harbors, with all the necessary adjuncts, will be at least $100,000,000. The President believes, as the result of his correspondence with foreign powers, that the prospects of an early beginning of work on this canal are very favorable.

Overflow of the Thames.—The Metropolitan Board of London have given notice of their intention, during the next Parliamentary session, to introduce a Bill called "The Thames River Prevention of Floods Bill." The cost of the improvement it is proposed to lay on the ratepayers who inhabit the districts adjacent to the banks. It appears that the probable cost, as estimated by the engineers of the Board, will amount to five to six millions sterling. The owners of riparian property have entered a protest against such a heavy assessment. They say that the total ratable value of some of the districts is not so much as will be charged upon them, and they prefer the floods to such a drain of their resources. It is probable that the Bill, with its long Teutonic name, will be thrown out very soon after it is presented to Parliament.

The Amsterdam Canal.—This canal, connecting Amsterdam with the North Sea, has just been completed. While it must prove of vital importance to Holland, it will also beneficially affect the maritime interests of the whole world. It is about fourteen miles long, will allow the passage of the largest ships, and is enlarged at intervals with basins, on the plan of the Suez Canal. This colossal work has been executed by English contractors, after the plans of two English engineers, Sir John Hawkshaw and Mr. Darnton Hutton.

Sheep Husbandry in Georgia.—"A Manual of Sheep Husbandry in Georgia" has been prepared under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia. From it we learn that sheep-raising is more lucrative than cotton-growing, the average annual profit on capital invested in sheep being 63 per cent. The great drawback lies in the number of worthless dogs with which the United States are more infested than any part of the world, and which in Georgia destroy 28,000 sheep yearly.

American Blast Furnaces.—At the close of 1875 there were 713 blast furnaces in the United States, as compared with 693 at the close of 1874. There were also ten more furnaces in the course of construction at the close of last year. On the other hand, there were, at the same date, 420 furnaces out of blast. Two million three hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred tons of pig-iron were manufactured in the United States in 1875; an increase of about 500,000 tons since 1871.

A Marble Rink.—A new rink has just been opened in the Clapham Road, London, the peculiarity of which is, that the floor is of marble. The entire skating surface thus laid is 60 feet wide by 270 feet long, of which length 120 feet is roofed in. A smaller rink, called The Nursery, 60 feet by 25 feet, is laid with a new patent oak parquet floor from Hungary. It is said that the marble floor is about to be adopted at the Prince's Club and other rinks.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Mr. Simms says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

A teetotaler's arguments are pretty sure to be sound, for he is certain to make use of nothing which will not hold water.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

A New York paper says: "What this country really needs isn't so much reform as it is a new style of pants that won't bag in the knees."

No Joke.—A woman suffrage meeting out West adjourned without transacting any business. Somebody let down a bushel of mice through the skylight.

By a Cold-Blooded Wretch.—It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

Discussion between a wise child and its tutor: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't." "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

A barrister was held to be in contempt for simply making a motion in court. It was ascertained, however, that he made a motion to throw an inkstand at the head of the judge.

The most important event in a man's life is commonly supposed to be his marriage, but it is not always so; as the most important event in a Kansas editor's life is his triennial change of shirt.

"**You** can't drink so much brandy with impunity," said a New York physician to a gouty patient. "Perhaps not with *impunity*, doctor, but with a little peppermint I fancy I can go it," was the serene reply.

A gushing but ungrammatical editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend Mr. Tompkins, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly one inch in diameter."

There is a man in Chicago who claims that all he has to do in order to foresee the future is to get good and drunk. This looks improbable. How can a man with the horrors cope with the mysteries of the horoscope?

There is a growing feeling among the American people that the man who can hear a fellow-mortal complain of a cold in the head, and abstain from telling him what to do for it, is the man who should be the next President.

"**It** is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

Why is it that two young people never do get so divinely spoony and sentimental over a hot oyster stew, as they do at the same table, in the same restaurant, over plates of ice-cream? We don't know why it is, but they never do.

Progress.—A hundred years ago when you called on a girl she kissed you good-by. Now, if you suggest anything of the sort, her father calls you into the library and asks you what you are worth. Are we a nation? And is this progress?

A Good Cigar.—An odd bit of dialogue occurs in a novel now publishing in a French paper: "Where is your husband?" asks a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" "Eighteen years." "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically; "he wants to choose a good one."

Demosthenes was, probably, a more effective orator than any whom the late political campaign brought before the American people; but it should be remembered that he didn't have to hurry through his speeches for fear that the committee would go out and take a drink without him.

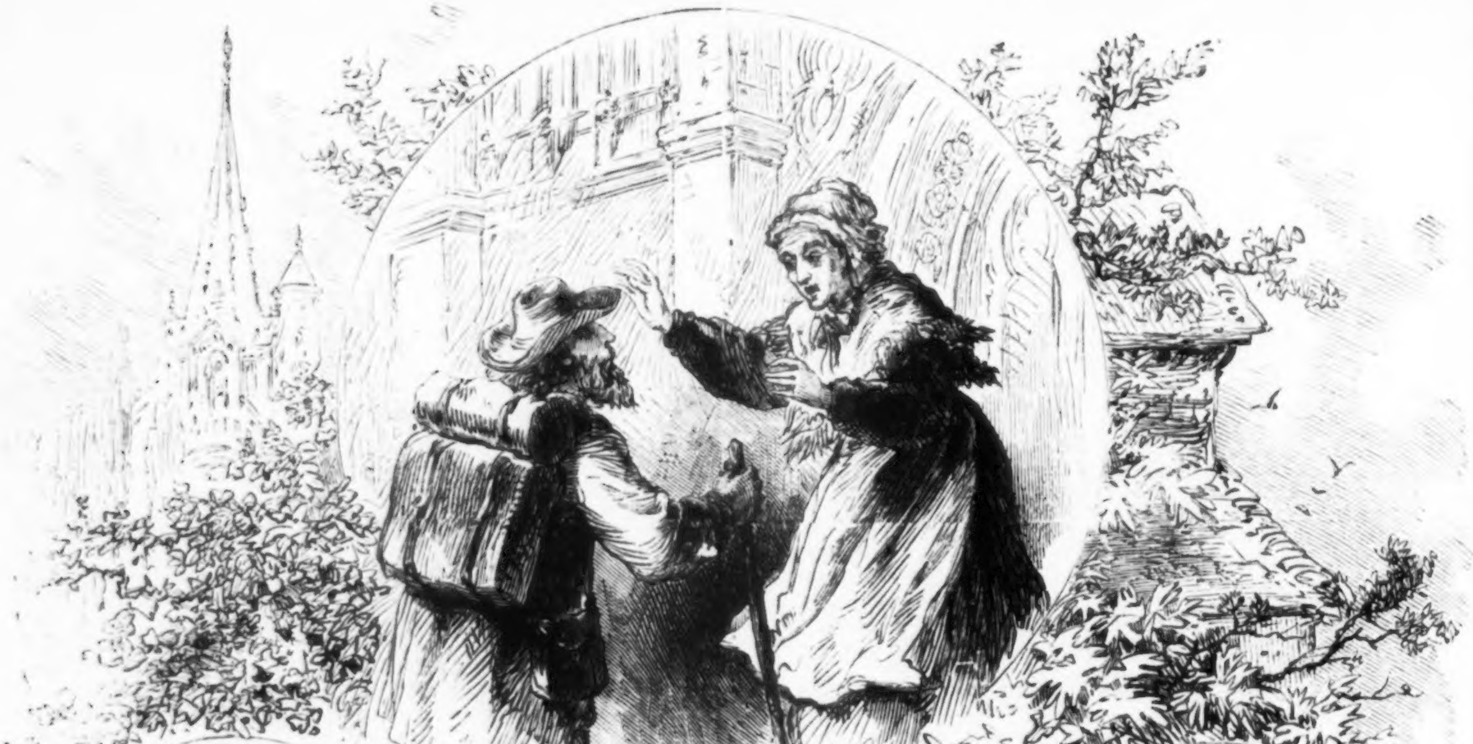
Artemus Ward thus describes his perils at sea: "Deth stared us into the face. But we had rather the advantage of Deth While Deth stared us into the face, thar was about seventy of us starin' Deth into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I didn't know how Deth liked it."

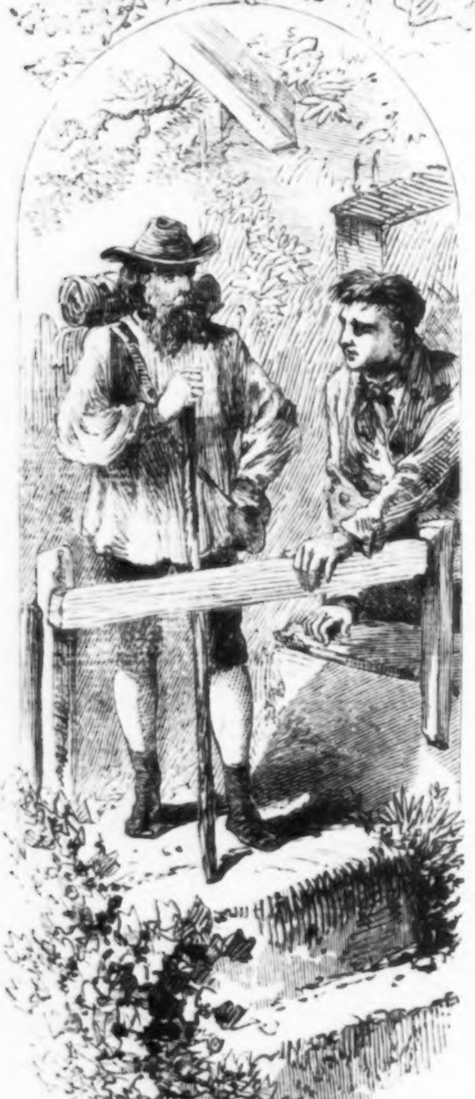
Mold.—A shopman having put some candles in a cellar, his employer told him that he thought it was too damp a place, that they would be likely to mold. "Likely to mold!" replied the shopman. "If that is the case, we had better put our tallow there also, and perhaps it will mold into candles."

Liberality.—Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the Church so much as to see him run his hands down in his pockets when he sees the contribution-box traveling his way, then look astonished, and remark to the person sitting next to him: "I have got on my other pants."

Two friends, an Englishman and an Irishman, traveling, had a double-bedded room at an inn. Being awoke by a noise in the night, the Englishman called to his companion to light the candle. "Where is it?" asked Pat. "At your right hand, on the table. "Are you crazy?" cried Pat. "How can I see which is my right hand in the dark?"

XUM





THE FIRST HOME GREETING.

(From the German of J. R. Vogl.)

A WANDERER, tired, with a staff in his hand,
Was returning home to his native land.

His hair was dusty, his face burnt brown,
Now, who greeted him first in his native town?

He passed up the well-known pathway straight,
Where the tollman stood at the turnpike gate.

Now, the tollman had been his old crony and
friend;
They had drained together full cups no end.

But the tollman did not know him again,
He was so changed by the sun and the rain!

So on he went, with a nod and a smile,
And a little sigh to himself the while!

Then out of her window his sweetheart peeped,
And up in his bosom his full heart leaped!

But his sweetheart did not know him again,
So changed was he by the sun and the rain!

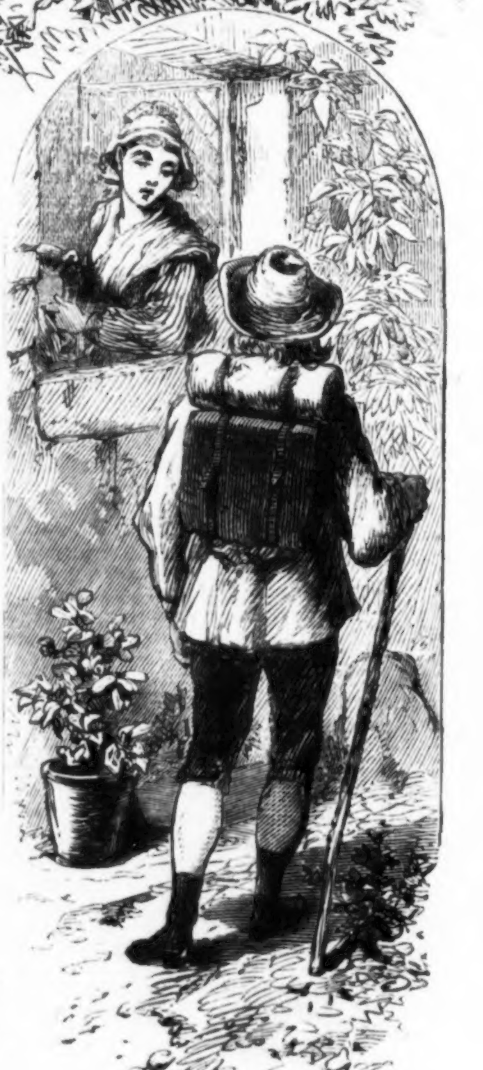
And as he wandered further yet,
His sunburnt cheek with a tear was wet.

His poor old mother was tottering down
The steps that led from the church to the town.

"God save you!" said he; but she cried with joy,
As she fell on his neck: "My boy! my boy!"

Let the wind and the rain do what they will,
A mother's eyes will defy them still!

—COOMBES DAVIES.



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